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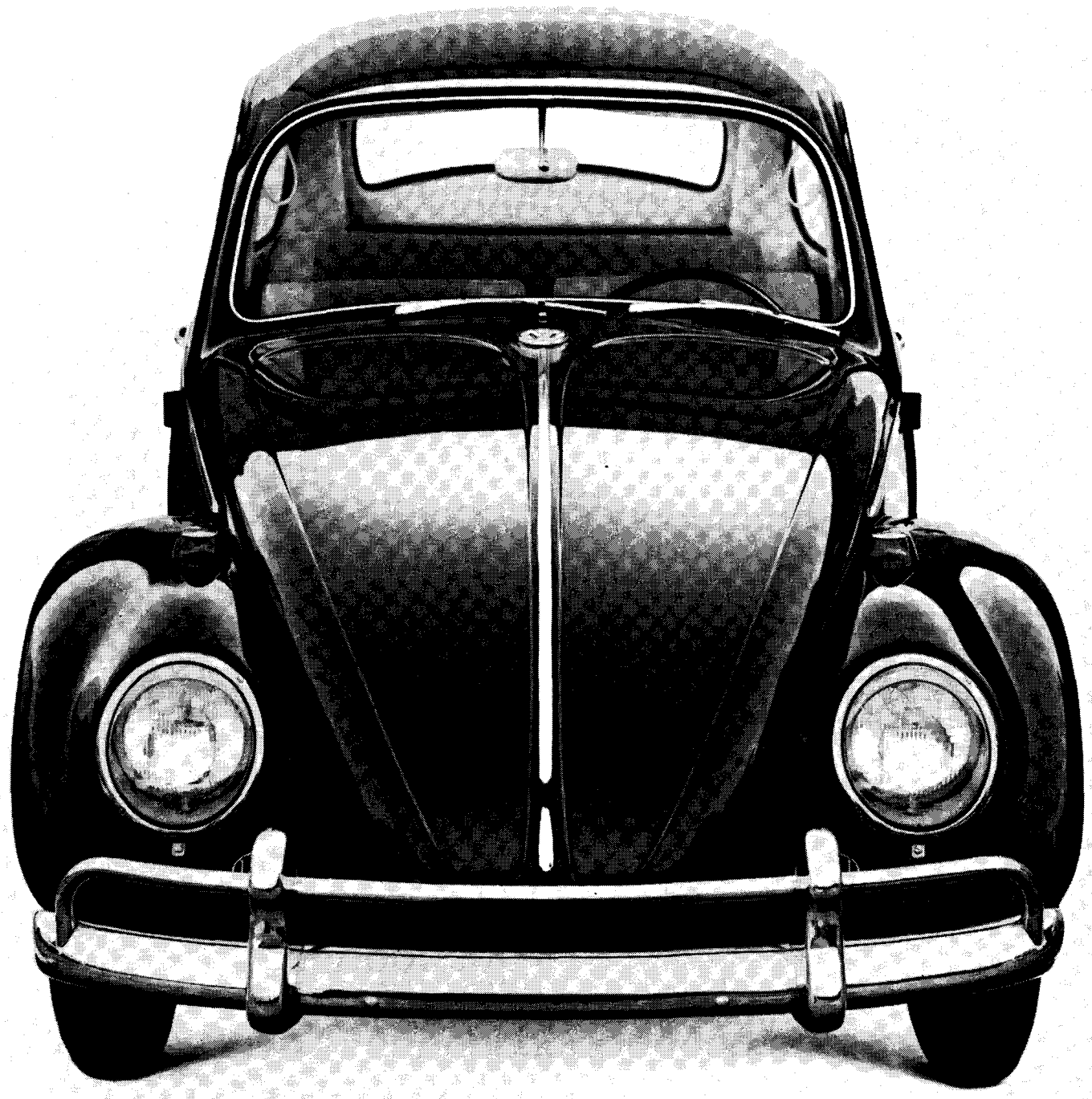

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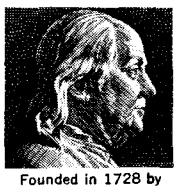
The Saturday Evening
POST



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About this issue

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, author of THE RAPE OF THE LAND, has just won Sigma Delta Chi's annual magazine-writing award for his story on unemployment published in the *Post* last year. . . . Producer-director TED YATES, winner of three of TV's Emmy awards, and ROBERT ROGERS, an associate producer and writer at NBC News, tell of the week they spent in Guatemala in the mountain lair of anti-government guerrillas. . . . ROGER KAHN, whose article on Cub manager Leo Durocher appears in this issue, first met Durocher in 1952, when Roger was a sports reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune* and Durocher was managing the New York Giants. Kahn worked with him again in 1963, when Roger was sports editor of the *Post* and Durocher and Edward Linn were collaborating on the feisty manager's memoirs, I COME TO KILL YOU. . . . The cover photo was taken by JERRY IRWIN, a locomotive fireman and professional parachute jumper who has made a total of 568 jumps.

Jerry Irwin

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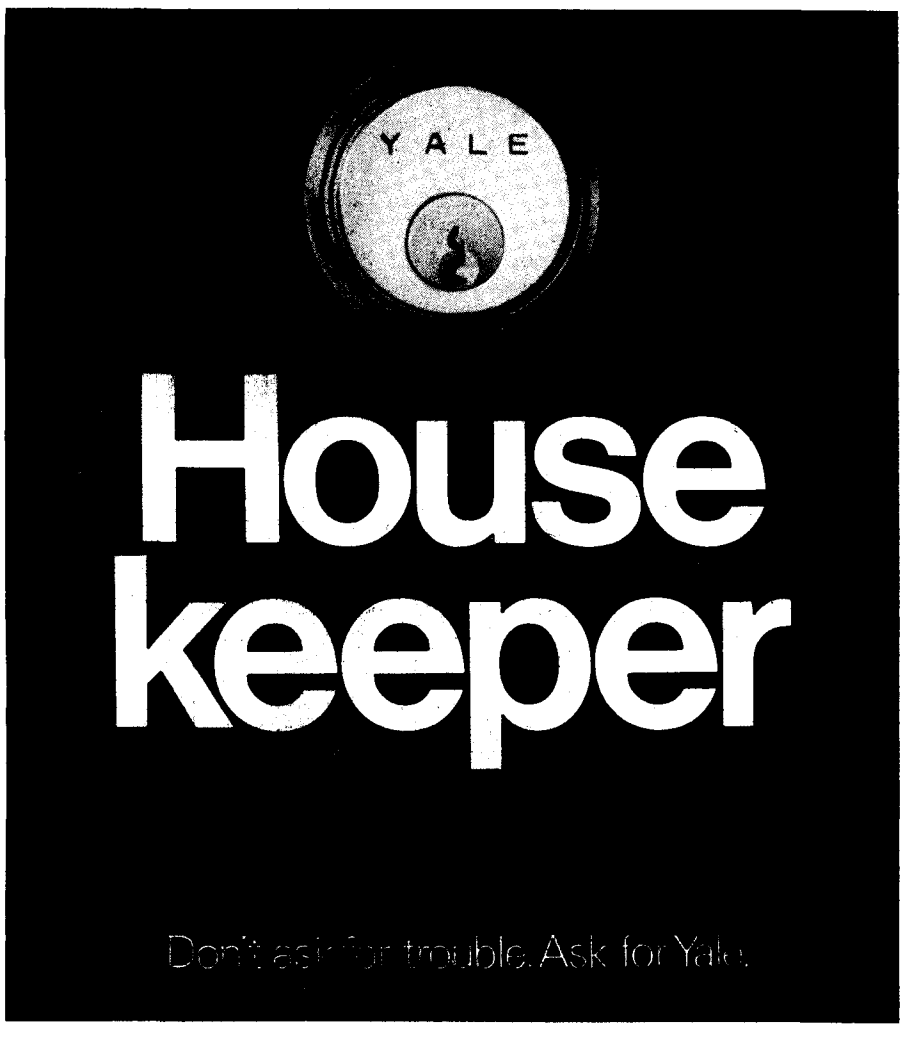

Letters

Judging cops

Dear Sir:

It is hoped that every civic and political leader will carefully read this fine piece [CIVILIANS SHOULDN'T JUDGE COPS, by Walter Arm, May 7]. Few things could be more detrimental to the discipline and effectiveness of the police, and nothing could be more detrimental to the protection and welfare of the decent people of a community than the establishment of a civilian review board. The organization I represent is unalterably opposed to the establishment of civilian review boards.

E. C. UPTON JR., *President*
Metropolitan Crime Commission
of New Orleans, Inc
New Orleans, La.

Gentlemen:

A suspect's right to object to embarrassing questions is meaningless in the face of a clenched fist or tapping blackjack. It is not necessarily brutality, but the threat of it that does the harm. There has to be some kind of outside board to police the police.

HERBERT GORDON
Yuba City, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I am not a cop and don't know any personally, but I'm sorry for them, because they have a very important job to do and don't have the right to do it. Children should be spanked when they need to be, and adults should be punished too when they need to be. This cannot be done if a policeman is not allowed to perform his duty.

MRS. RUBYE STEELE
Newark, N.J.

Dear Editor:

Every time I read an article about giving the police more power, or that there is never anyone to help them, my blood boils. This has a faint sound like something that a little paperhanger in the '30's advocated. It turned out to be the *Geheime Staatspolizei*, better known as the Gestapo. We are heading for it, and I am sure it will come.

PAUL R. TOWNSEND
Santee, Calif

Will the real Dr. Spock . . .?

Dear Sirs:

Thank God for a doctor who not only cares about the health of American babies ["NOT THE DOCTOR SPOCK!" by Robert K. Massie, May 7], but is also concerned that the glorious labor of motherhood is not wasted in needless wars. I can only say "Amen."

RUBIN FALK
New York, N.Y

Dear Sirs:

Permissiveness, permissiveness
It makes a child a brat.
Dear Dr. Spock,
You forgot to tell us that!

MRS. R. ZELINA
Bensenville, Ill.

Alabama politics

Dear Editor:

I must congratulate Harold H. Martin regarding the gubernatorial situation in Alabama ["THE RACE OF THE THOUSAND CLOWNS," May 7]. However, he has overplayed his hand in some instances. Mr. Martin used the term "hatred for the President." These are strong words. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson recently spoke in the state and received a genuine red-carpet treatment. We disagree with President Johnson, and a lot of us disagreed with Presidents Kennedy, Eisenhower, Truman and Roosevelt. But hatred, no. Not toward Johnson or any of them.

JACK R. GURLEY
Birmingham, Ala.

Sir:

It would be comical if it were not so sad that you "intellectuals" in the North and East know what to do about the ills you think exist in other parts of the country, yet have so little success in curing your own. Your article is a classic example of trashy insolence. Why don't you let the people of Alabama elect their own officials?

U. R. DIXON
Alvord, Tex.

About (Groan!) Batmania

Gentlemen:

Popular contentment with Batman [HAS TV (GASP!) GONE BATTY? by John Skow, May 7] and kindred trivia makes pretty sad commentary on the public mentality. I hate to imagine the crestfallen "adult" faces and cries of outrage if some of that precious air time were given to a program of classical music or a lecture series.

DONALD R. BURLESON
Alamogordo, N.Mex.

Holy disillusionment!!!

My three-year-old spotted your photo of the Dynamic Duo in the batcave, and HOLY COVER-UP Robin without his mask! ZOWIE!

G. MACKECHNIE
Holyoke, Mass.

The charm of foxes

Dear Sir:

In this age of accelerated living and all-out cynicism, it is a rare pleasure to read such a story of extraordinary animals and warmly interesting human beings [THE RUNNING FOXES, by Joyce Stranger, May 7]. The best part was discovering it didn't happen several decades ago but *now*.

VIRGINIA A. IRELAND
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Sir:

You have published a story so moving and so beautifully written that it was a joy to read. Congratulations!!

MR. & MRS. RICHARD WOLFE
Los Angeles, Calif.

America, America

Dear Sir:

Shame on you for allowing the caption AMERICA, AMERICA to appear with that low-grade cartoon [May 7]. It is an absolute insult to one's thoughts of what America stands for.

VIRGINIA DAVIS
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

Continued on page 6

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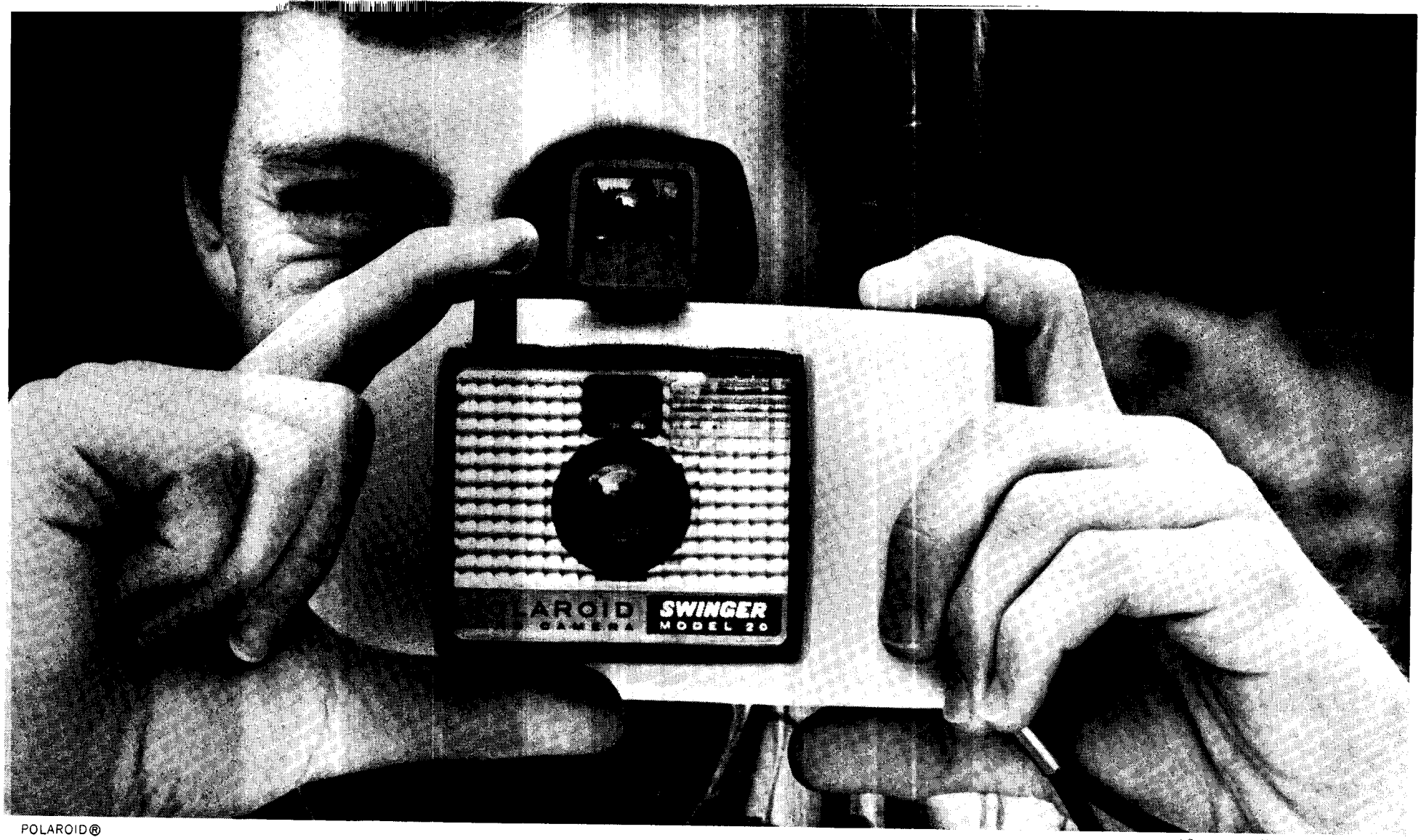

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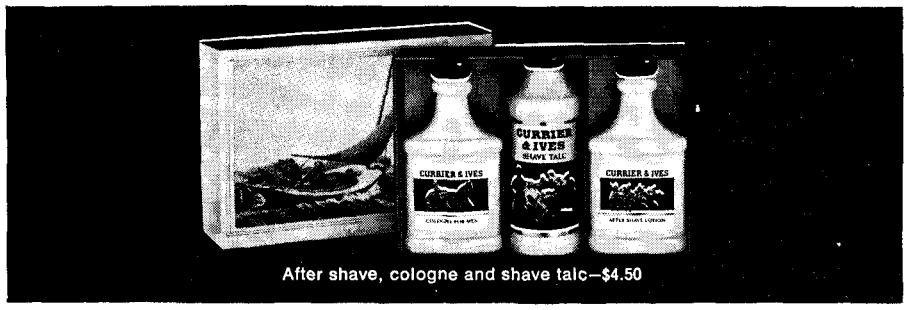

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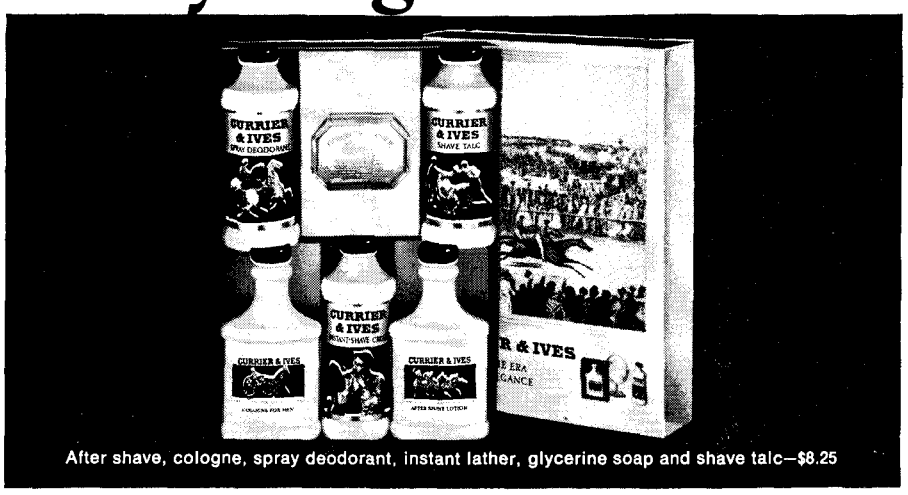

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Letters

Miller murder

Dear Sir:

In reference to your article by Joan Didion ["How Can I Tell Them There's Nothing Left?" May 7]: In her efforts to create an air of sensationalism—a factor needed in every murder story—the author has deviated from that important ethical element of truth which every newspaper writer always tries or should try to keep.

In describing the physical characteristics of the San Bernardino area and the moral and religious make-up of its population, Miss Didion has certainly presented an entirely different picture from the truth. Ours is not a "harsher California, haunted by the Mojave just beyond." The fact is that our valley is surrounded by beautiful towering mountains with a multitude of forest and lakes, which attract thousands of hikers, snow and water skiers.

How far from the truth is the statement that "this is the California where it is possible to live and die without ever meeting a Catholic or a Jew." For Miss Didion's information, our Catholic population right here in the city of San Bernardino is well above 30 percent with dozens of parochial schools and one of California's finest Catholic hospitals. Likewise, our community has a large, fine group of citizens of the Jewish faith.

The facts mentioned above are but a few of the many which we are proud to have. Will these not suffice to make a logical conclusion that your author did not present the truth?

AL C. BALLARD, *Mayor*
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Joan Didion's treatment of the Lucille Miller story provided color and pace not often found in the female writing fraternity, yet contains an objectivity meeting the highest journalistic standards. Thank you for recognizing quality writing.

VINCE DUCETTE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I am worried about Joan Didion. In describing the beautiful and progressive San Bernardino Valley she speaks of things that "work on the nerves" and inspire a "prickly dread." We recognize these feelings as symptoms commonly observed in young New York writers who venture into the Great Unknown beyond the Hudson. It is good for them to discover that Gotham is not the whole but only part of a great, wide world.

HOWARD B. WEEKS
Vice President for Public Relations and Development
Loma Linda University
Loma Linda, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Joan Didion's sordid rehash of the Miller trial was the writing of a sob sister in a pulp magazine. She deliberately distorted the physical, cultural and social amenities of San Bernardino. It was a bilious and brittle portrayal of a community. San Bernardino is no more Kinseyville than any other city.

PAUL A. PREVO
Northside Press
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Lest you believe that all people in the San Bernardino area are bigots, I for one did not feel offended upon reading your article. I believe the story to be well written, and if it is not altogether accurate then I can only believe that the author was honestly mistaken or that she decided to dramatize her story as the clergy so often do. Strange that those who "love their enemies" are so quick to yell "Slander! Libel!" It does feel good to see bigotry giving itself a kick in the pants.

CHARLEY GREER
San Bernardino, Calif.

Sir:

It surprises me that the *Post* editors would release such an assortment of half-truths, exaggerations and misrepresentations.

D. C. RUGG
Highland, Calif.

Dear Sir:

From all the fuss kicked up by the locals, one could suspect that the key to the Golden Gate had been stolen by your writer. If Joan Didion wanted to be unkind, she could have written about the odorous Sewer Plant, the roof-shaking sonic booms, the water problems, etc. This is the Golden State of opportunity: a thousand shattered dreams, and so many nightmares; and a thousand tons of aspirin.

G. JULES KAYE, PH.D.
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I am wondering if you will do the kindness of offering Miss Didion an expense-paid trip back to our county. My Lady and I will meet her and be delighted to escort her personally throughout an area which is steeped in wonderful history.

We would like to have her see our palms in the evening sunset, the feathery eucalyptus against the sky, smell the fragrance of our orange blossoms, and taste some of the finest food anywhere. Incidentally, my mother lives in a mobile home and wouldn't live anywhere else. Mother would like to invite Miss Didion to lunch while she is our guest.

CONGRESSMAN KEN W. DYAL
33rd District, California

We are sure Miss Didion would be delighted to accept your invitation. She lives only 45 minutes from the Miller home, and visited San Bernardino at least two dozen times besides the several months she spent there working on the article. While she still believes this to be a true picture of the people and environment she wrote about, neither Miss Didion nor the Post *meant to suggest that San Bernardino did not have its fine, respectable citizens.—The Editors.*

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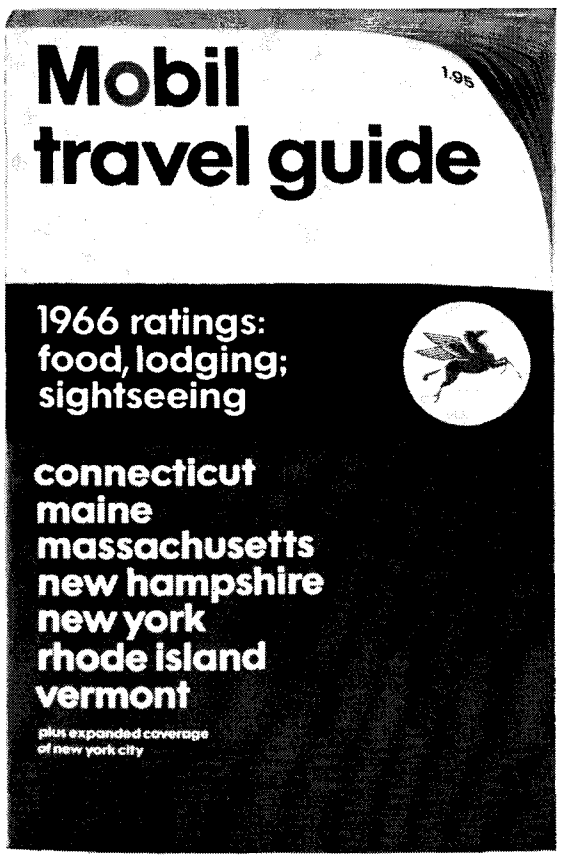

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DIAL "O" FOR HELP

("OPERATOR")

Jimmy had almost stopped breathing.

He was only two and he didn't know the deadly danger of the plastic bag he'd pulled over his head.

When his frantic mother found him, he was turning blue. She grabbed the phone, dialed "Operator," and screamed, "My baby is dying! My baby has suffocated!"

The operator who answered quickly got the address and phoned for an ambulance and medical aid. Then she signaled her supervisor who took over the call, calmed the mother as well as she could, and began teaching her the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in which many telephone people are trained.

A tense silence followed as the desperate mother struggled to obey instructions and blow the breath of life back into her boy.

Finally, the supervisor heard a happy shout, "He's breathing! He's breathing!" By the time the ambulance crew arrived, Jimmy was nearly normal again.

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But if you can't find the correct number quickly—if you're frantic with fear or excitement—just dial "Operator." *And be sure to give the operator your address and telephone number*—so she can follow through even if you faint or hang up or are forced from the phone.

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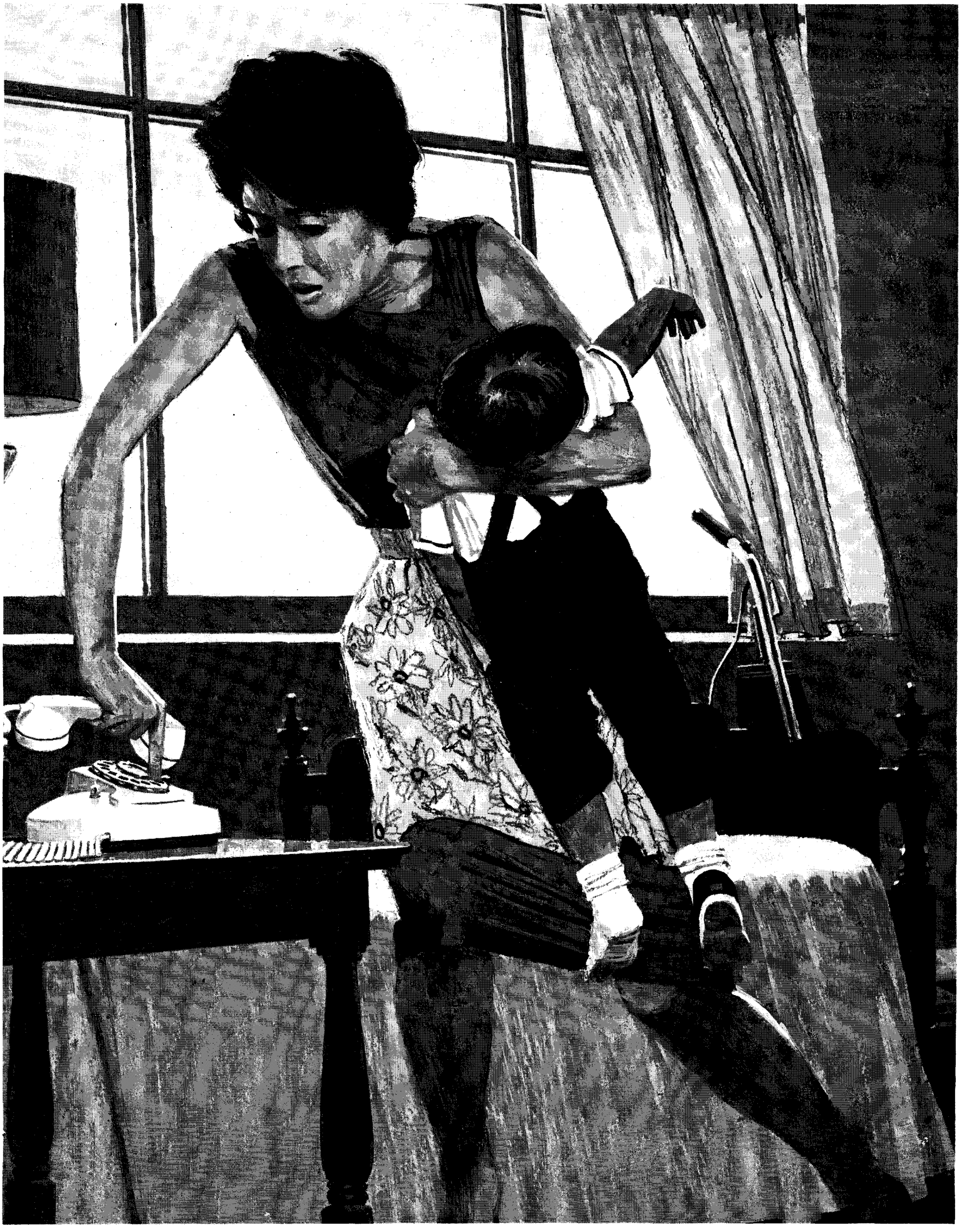

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Speaking Out

LET'S DRAFT WOMEN TOO!

BY CAROLINE BIRD

The author has a daughter, a granddaughter and a son. She is a public-relations counselor in Manhattan as well as a writer, and recently published 'The Invisible Scar,' a chronology and analysis of the Depression and its aftermath.

Is the draft unfair? A number of critics have charged that it discriminates against Negroes, the poor, the uneducated, and particularly the high-school graduate who is through school in a neighborhood where the other boys are going on to college. Even if these charges are true, there is a greater inequity in the draft, one so big that nobody sees it. The draft is unfair to the whole male sex. Women are not drafted, and they should be.

When we talk about the obligation of men to bear arms in defense of their country, we have in the back of our minds a picture of a farmer leaving his plow in the field to shoulder a gun. Once it really was this way. In the Civil War, for instance, only one out of every 10 men did anything comparable to civilian work. But during World War II, the Pentagon is embarrassed to admit, military-manpower specialists figured that half the men in uniform had jobs that women could have done just as well as men. By 1960, a study showed, almost nine out of 10 servicemen were doing something that could have been a civilian job.

The citizen-soldier seldom has the rifle anymore, let alone the farm. In World War II, only one out of four in uniform served in what Pentagon manpower expert Harold Wool calls a "man-with-gun" job. Now only one in eight is in this category. One serviceman in eight is also needed just to keep the electronic hardware of the armed forces going.

The obligation to bear arms, in other words, is often not that at all. Instead, in the name of patriotism, most draftees are conscripted to do exactly what they did or might have done for a living back home—drive a truck, punch a Teletype, keep records, file letters, run a store, interpret foreign languages, do bookkeeping work or swab floors. The draft has become detached from battle and transformed into a means of shifting manpower from the civilian work force to the military work force. Since women are now a major part of the civilian work force, it is only common sense to declare that women should be called into service.

Even Pentagon traditionalists concede that a modern army moves on paperwork, and this involves abilities and experience on which women have a near-monopoly. In particular, women in civilian life dominate such jobs as computer programmer and data processor, which are vital to military operations. There are important military jobs men simply cannot do. For some reason, men cannot run a telephone switchboard. In World War I, Gen. "Black Jack" Pershing broke down and cabled Washington to send 100 French-speaking women telephone operators to save the sanity of the American Expeditionary Force in France. In World War II, at least one Air Force general publicly grumbled that his men would be a lot safer if he were allowed to take his women phone operators into battle areas. Mata Hari to the contrary notwithstanding, women make lousy spies, but for some reason they are extraordinarily good at making sense out of pictures taken from U-2 planes.

In spite of all the rich folklore which labels almost all jobs "his" or "hers," psychologists know pitifully little about what difference, if any, sex makes in aptitude for the work most people do today. But public policy is now clear. For nearly a year now Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 has forbidden employers to discriminate among their workers on the basis of sex (as well as race or religion) except where a bona fide sex qualification exists. There are unusual jobs, such as working in washrooms. Consistency demands that the armed forces abandon sex-typing of work that is now proscribed for private employers.

Equity demands that women be drafted for jobs they can do as well as men. Draftees often suffer simply because they must accept soldiers' pay while postponing a career. It does not make sense to demand this sacrifice of men while women are left free to demand whatever they can command in a shrinking labor market.

Drastic as it may sound, the idea of drafting women is not really so unusual. The crack Israeli Army, for example, drafts all boys and single girls at 18 and gives them both basic training with weapons. Girls who marry during their draft terms—and three out of 10 do—go into the reserves. Pregnant women and mothers are excused, but women officers in the regular army get four months of fully paid leave beginning with the ninth month of pregnancy, much as some women in U.S. civilian employment now do. Israeli women no longer serve with men in fire fights as they did—and gallantly—during the height of the Arab war, because Arab soldiers would literally rather die than surrender to a woman. Now women are assigned work in administration, communications, the medical corps, and the education of newcomers to Israel. Commanders report higher morale where men and women soldiers work together.

The British drafted women along with men in World War II. Our forces, meanwhile, had so much trouble competing with war industry for workers that two of our most celebrated military leaders, Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mark Clark, warned Congress that women would have to be drafted in future wars. The Women's Army Corps grew so desperate it spent an average of $125 to recruit each woman. Pentagon staffers proposed a proclamation stating that military service is an obligation that "rests upon women as well as men."

During the Korean War, a women's draft very nearly happened here. Women were so afraid of ridicule and humiliation that they would not come to recruiting offices and had to be interviewed in their homes. But women were needed, and Washington planners debated tactics for getting them with as little public outcry as possible. In 1950 President Truman hinted that he was thinking of registering women as a first step in the event of an "emergency."

"All the social forces which make women hesitate to volunteer for military duty would vanish if women were drafted," World War II Wave Director Mildred McAfee pointed out in urging conscription for women. To this day, the reluctance of women to volunteer is cited in the Pentagon as proof that women should not be drafted because "they don't want to serve." The reasoning is parallel to the notion that racial integration was unnecessary because "Negroes don't want to go to school with white folks."

Today, all the Pentagon manpower specialists agree that we will *have* to draft women if we get into a major ground war—for instance, with the Communist Chinese. It is a hoary tradition at the Pentagon that public opinion is against drafting women except in the direst straits. Actually, public-opinion polls have rolled up respectable and sometimes majority votes for drafting women, depending on the military outlook of the moment and the way the question is worded.

Almost anyone you ask in Washington tells you that it's someone else who stands in the way. Daniel Flood, Pennsyl-

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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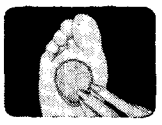

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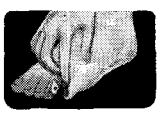

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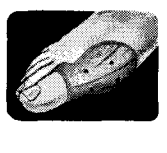

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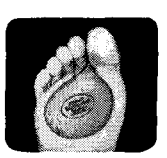

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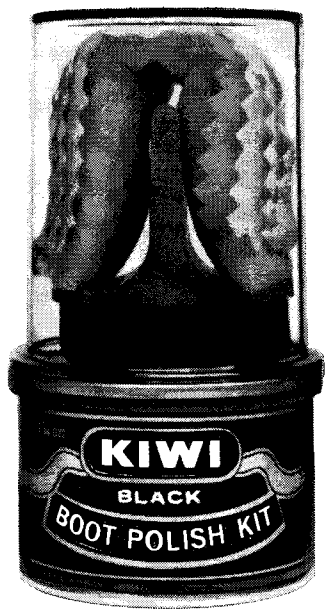

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vania Democrat on the House subcommittee that handles the armed forces' appropriations, chimes in that "Congress won't stand for a draft of women now." The Selective Service Director, Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, says that "the public is still just not ready to see women as draftees, rained on, out in the cold, and getting killed. We might get to drafting women if we were near complete mobilization—say more than 12 million in the armed forces." What Hershey is reluctant to talk about is that he already *has* plans—classified, of course—for drafting women. Hershey goes on: "If Congress were to call me up and say, 'We're going to draft women,' I'm not going to just say, 'Huh . . . women?' as though it had never occurred to me."

If eventually, why not now? We now need three million in uniform, and a lot of people think we're going to need more. Draft calls currently running over 25,000 a month pinch our tight labor market. Waiting to draft women until we run out of men is like waiting to hire Negroes until all the white men have jobs. Discrimination is easier but just as objectionable when there are more qualified people than there are jobs, or more young men of draft age than the armed forces really need, or more qualified applicants for college than the colleges can take. What we do with the young people heading toward college and the draft today is just what we did with the young who queued up at the employment office during the Depression. Rather than let the power possibilities of this choice go to waste, we invent qualifications which protect the status quo. In an "easy labor market" you can, if you wish, insist on hiring a blue-eyed white male Protestant clerk who plays the cello you need to complete your string quartet. Under full employment, you find that the office work proceeds swimmingly with a brown-eyed Catholic Negro woman who has no musical talent of any kind. So long as we need no more than half of the boys coming of draft age every year, we prefer to take those who might otherwise be unemployed and defer those who manage to get good grades in college. We can, in other words, afford the luxury of discriminating on rather tenuous grounds. I submit that if we are willing to accept such gross inequity, it would make better sense to spread it as thin as possible.

As I've discovered, you can sometimes get a policymaker to admit that women could serve and women should serve. Then he leans back with a smile and says, "Of course, but it's not practical." If you ask him why, he laughs. Plato had the same experience when he advocated military service for women as well as men in *The Republic*, and he did not let the laughers get away with it. "In his laughter," Plato wrote sternly, "he himself is plucking the fruit of unripe wisdom, and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at."

The "practical" reason that seems most obvious to Pentagon manpower researchers is cost. Women simply must cost more than men to maintain. You have to put doors on the toilets, and women need bathrobes and lounge chairs. And if you have them on a military post, you've got to maintain a guard of men soldiers to keep off-duty GI's from breaking into the female quarters. In fact, however, a staff study of 1948 showed that a Wac cost the Army $77 *less* a year than the man she replaced. Her clothes did cost more, but her food cost less, she smashed up less furniture, and she saved the Government the money that might have been spent on moving the man's dependents. What is truly impractical is the military folklore which says that all servicemen, even the I.B.M. operators, must spend a lot of time marching up and down dusty fields and wasting ammunition on rifle ranges, and I trust that most female draftees could be spared foolishness of that kind.

For some reason, the idea of women in uniform produces highly emotional reactions and even fear. There were allegations that our women soldiers in World War II were issued contraceptives so that they could more readily bolster the morale of male soldiers. Some fear, in all sincerity, that military life will somehow "damage" women. To these objectors, Gen. Eisenhower had a notable remark:

"Like most old soldiers, I was violently against women soldiers," he testified at hearings on the bill to integrate the women's services in 1948. "I thought a tremendous number of difficulties would occur, not only of an administrative nature . . . but others of a more personal type that would get us into trouble. None of that occurred. In tasks for which they were particularly suited, Wacs are more valuable than men and fewer of them are required to perform a given amount of work. . . . In the disciplinary field, they were . . . a model for the Army. More than this, their influence throughout the whole command was good. I am convinced that in another war they have got to be drafted just like men." Unfortunately the bill that emerged from those hearings put a quota of two percent on women in military service.

In our military, the notion persists that women are nothing but defective men. "There is no question but that women could do a lot of things in the military service," Gen. Hershey admits. "So could men in wheelchairs. But you couldn't expect the services to want a whole company of people in wheelchairs." The analogy is revealing—about the Selective Service experts. Confronted with a proposal that women be drafted, one of the manpower specialists wailed, "Think of the humiliation! What has become of the manhood of America?" I doubt that working alongside a woman draftee in a Pentagon office would do any more damage to American manhood than working beside a woman civilian on Madison Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. For that matter, I doubt that the American man is in such a precarious state of manhood that a woman's draft would destroy him.

Caroline Bird

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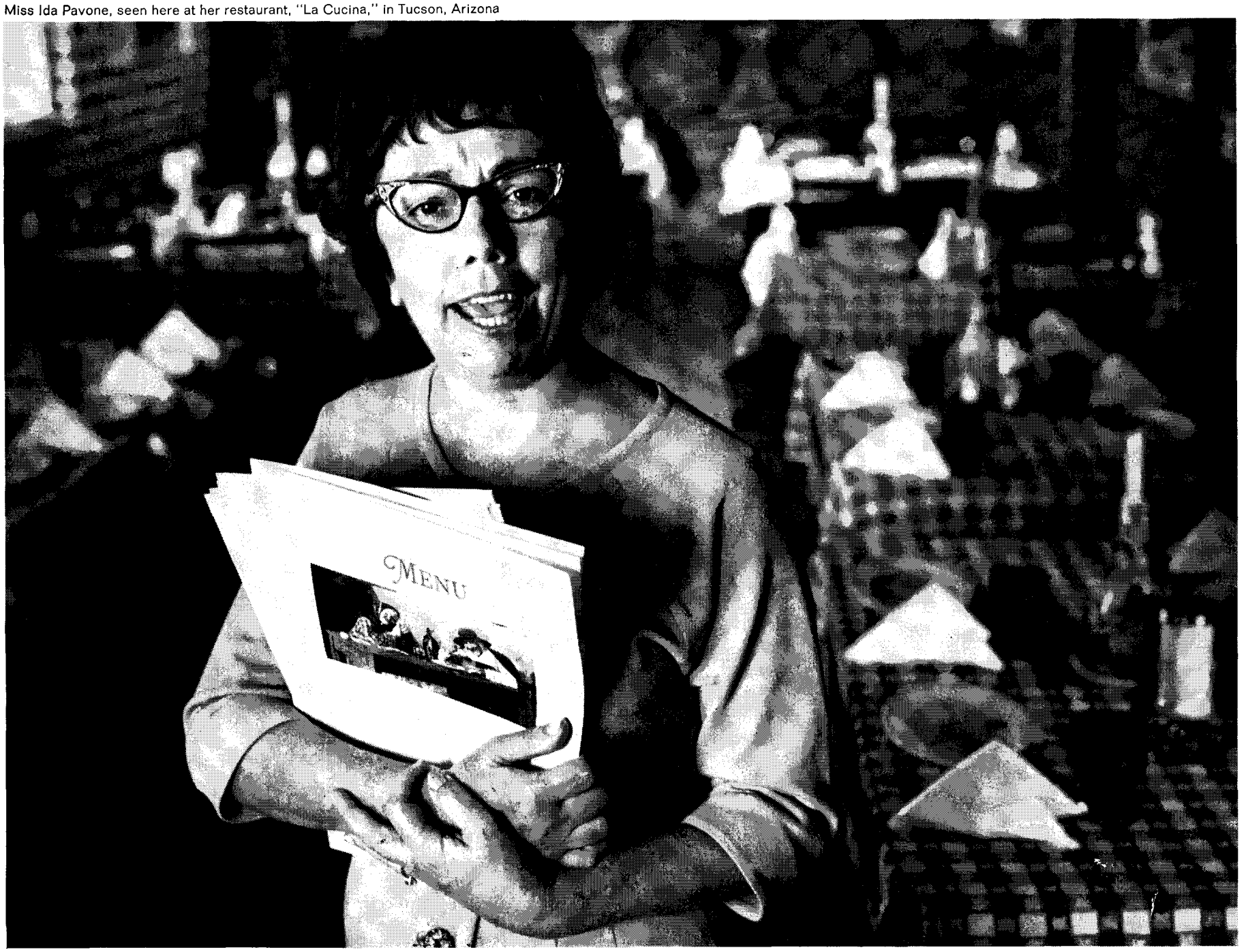
Miss Ida Pavone, seen here at her restaurant, "La Cucina," in Tucson, Arizona



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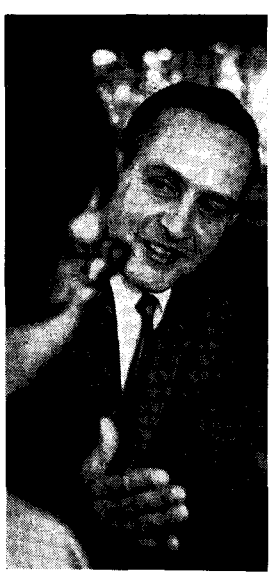

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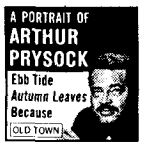

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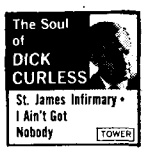

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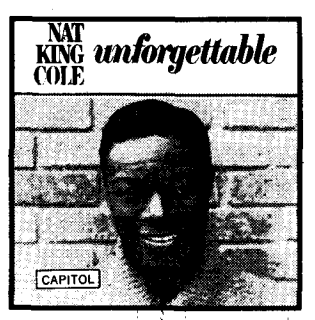

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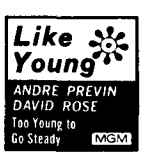

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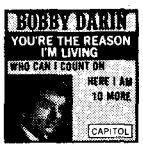

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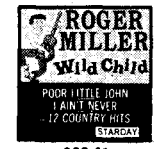

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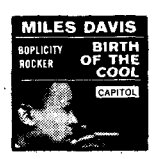

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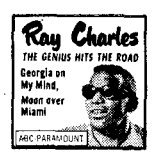

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If card has been detached, write for enrollment form to
CAPITOL RECORD CLUB
Hollywood & Vine
Hollywood, California 90028

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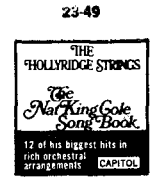

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Mr. Dove and Mr. Hawk

WASHINGTON:

Secretary of State Dean Rusk and his leading critic, Senator William Fulbright, have a good many characteristics in common. They were both Rhodes scholars and thus certified intellectuals, and they both have southern accents and smoke too much. Moreover, they were both candidates for the job of Secretary of State in 1960, when John Kennedy seriously considered Fulbright for the post. In the end, Kennedy decided against Fulbright because of his civil-rights record and chose Rusk instead.

Suppose Fulbright, not Rusk, were Secretary of State today. What would he do—or what does he think he would do—that Rusk is not doing? And why is Rusk not doing these things that Fulbright thinks ought to be done?

Recently, to try to answer these questions, this reporter interviewed both Fulbright, the Senate's leading dove, and Rusk, the Administration's leading hawk, on the same day. It was an interesting experience, for both Fulbright and Rusk are interesting men.

Bill Fulbright is a likable fellow—as most politicians are, for an unlikable politician has a hard time getting people to vote for him. But Fulbright does not mind being disliked. In fact, he enjoys being in an unpopular minority—in the early 1950's he was briefly, to his credit, a lonely minority of one against Senator Joe McCarthy. Over a pleasant two-hour lunch, Fulbright named three specific actions which he wanted to take, and which Secretary Rusk and President Johnson did not want to take. Here they are:

First, Fulbright would "cease to oppose" the seating of Communist China in the U. N.

Second, he would propose to Communist China a treaty calling for the "neutralization of the entire region as between China and the United States." He would "indicate to the Chinese Communists that we are prepared to remove American military power from all of Southeast Asia in return for a similar prohibition on her part."

Third, he would cease bombing North Vietnam, cease further reinforcement of American forces in South Vietnam, and cease all offensive operations there. As Gen. James Gavin proposed, he would adopt instead a defensive holding posture in Vietnam, in "enclaves," which he compares to Gibraltar or Guantánamo.

The purpose of this Fulbright program, which is in essence the program of the more rational members of the senatorial "peace bloc," is to achieve "accommodation by negotiation." The accommodation would include internationally supervised free elections leading to a government in which the Viet Cong, if successful at the polls, would take part. On this score, there is no difference between Fulbright and Rusk, for Rusk has the same announced purpose.

Fulbright is convinced, he says, that "de-escalation" of the war would "increase rather than decrease the chances of negotiation leading to accommodation." Rusk and the Administration, Fulbright says, believe the opposite, and this is the "key difference" between them.

Dean Rusk refuses to be drawn into a debate at second hand with Fulbright, but there are certain obvious points to be made about Fulbright's program. The senator says that he would defend Formosa against Chinese Communist attack, and the Chinese Communists have made it abundantly clear that they will not join the United Nations, or seek any accommodation with the United States, unless this country abandons Formosa. They have made it equally clear that they are not interested in an agreement with the United States to "neutralize" Southeast Asia, because they do not want a neutral Southeast Asia. They want a Communist Southeast Asia, which is hardly the same thing, as Fulbright acknowledges.

As for Fulbright's key proposal—a cessation of the bombing and a withdrawal of American forces to defensive positions—Fulbright agrees that it is "possible" that this would lead to a quick victory of the Communist forces over the South Vietnamese forces outside the "enclaves." All military observers on the spot are absolutely certain that it would lead to such a result. It is hard to see how a Communist victory would induce in the Communists an accommodating mood. It would seem far more likely to lead to a neutralist or pro-Communist government in Saigon, which would order the American forces to leave South Vietnam.

Queried on this point, Fulbright was amiably fuzzy. "I'm not an ideologue," he says. "These countries want mainly to be independent. Tito proved a Communist can be independent, and Tito's a lot better for Yugoslavia than King Peter or the Turks. Anyway, what is it worth to prevent these places going Communist? Nixon says, 'We won't give an inch anywhere in the world,' but some inches are more important than other inches."

Dean Rusk is convinced, and quite obviously deeply and genuinely convinced, that to give the "inch" that Fulbright is willing to give will lead to disaster. The Secretary is outwardly an impassive man. He himself has said that he looks like "your friendly local bartender," and he does. But he also looks a bit like the Gautama Buddha. His round face, behind black-rimmed round glasses, is expressionless, even inscrutable, as he sits straight up in a leather chair, chain-smoking cigarettes.

But when he talks about the importance of halting Communist aggression in Southeast Asia, it is easy to sense the conviction, even the passion, behind the exterior.

"Why is Southeast Asia important?" he asks. "There are the resources, the geography, the two hundred million people. But that's not all. If aggression succeeds, it invites larger and more dangerous aggression, possibly leading step by step to world war. That's a lesson we learned, or ought to have learned, thirty years ago. I'm not the village idiot. I know Hitler was an Austrian and Mao is a Chinese. I know all the other differences between this situation and the situation in the 'Thirties. But what is common between the two situations is the phenomenon of aggression."

Rusk does not pretend to know precisely how the war in Vietnam can be won, but because he is certain that aggression cannot be allowed to succeed, he is deeply sure that the war cannot be allowed to be lost. As between Rusk and Fulbright, Rusk seems to this reporter to have far the better of the argument.

Both men are certainly honorable men and patriots, with more than their share of intelligence. But this reporter's deepest impression was that neither of them really knows—or even really *thinks* he knows—just how this country is going to get out of the mess in Vietnam with its national honor intact. Like most of the rest of us, both are groping earnestly in a great dark.

Stewart Alsop

Rusk *Fulbright*

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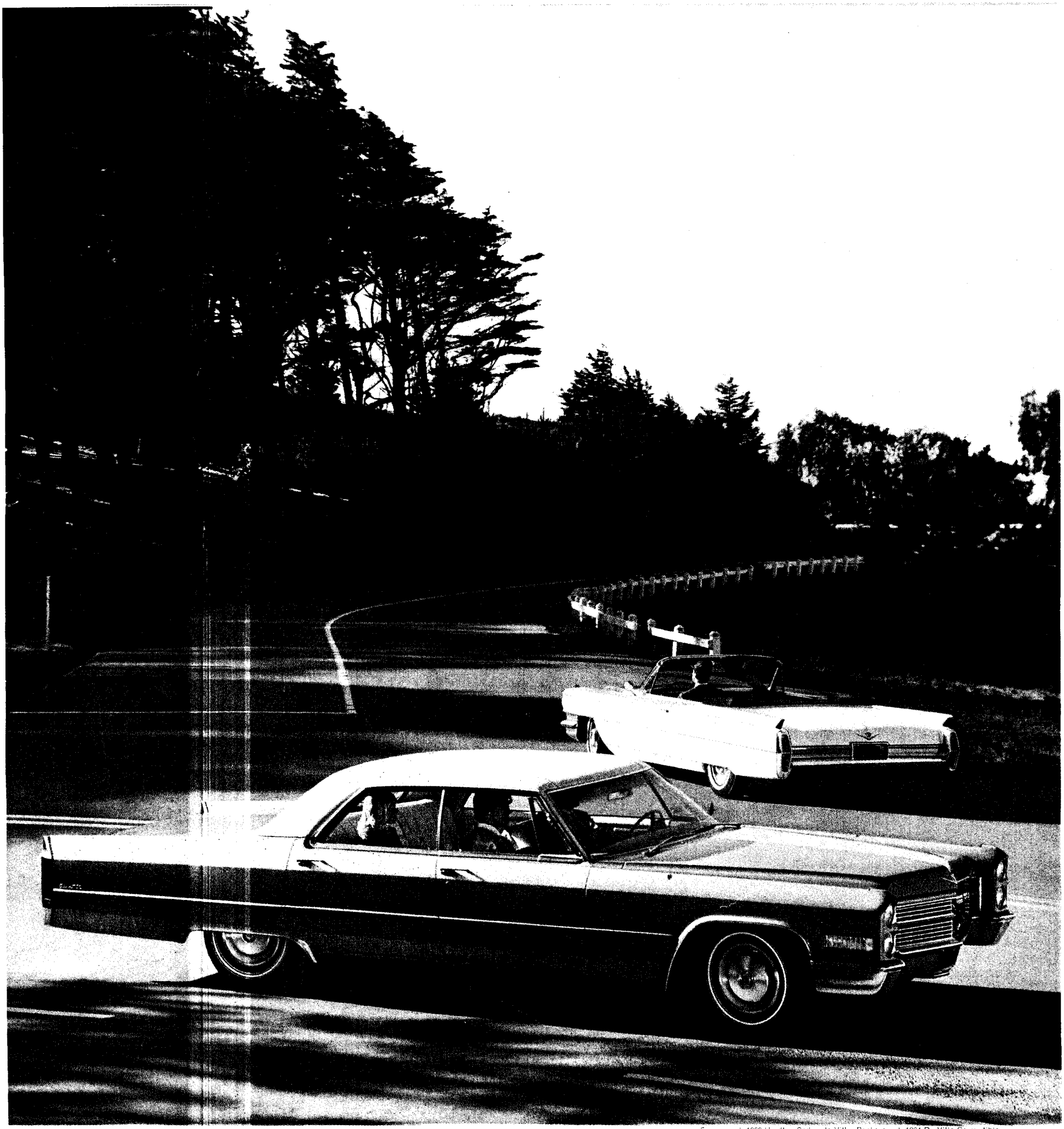

Foreground: 1966 Hardtop Sedan de Ville. Background: 1964 De Ville Convertible.

IT'S GREAT... GOING CADILLAC! There is absolutely no other driving experience to match that provided by a Cadillac—whether it is a new 1966 model or one that has seen previous service. The car is so smooth and so elegantly quiet, its conveniences so complete, and its safety features so reassuring that Cadillac owners are the most satisfied motorists in the luxury car field. Thanks to its solid reputation, a Cadillac continues to represent the finest automobile investment in the land. See your authorized dealer soon. His long experience in serving fine car owners is your assurance of lasting motoring satisfaction.

GM

Cadillac Motor Car Division

IT'S GREAT... GOING *Cadillac*

Standard of the World

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LIFE OF A SALESMAN

(A television epilogue)

Salesmen are said to be sore about the . . . two-hour television production of *Death of a Salesman*. . . . The Sales Executives Club of New York . . . says . . . that the story of Willy Loman "has been plaguing our 'selling as a career' efforts for years" . . . Recently Harry R. White, executive director of the Sales Executives Club . . . had an idea that *Death of a Salesman* might add a brief epilogue called *Life of a Salesman*, which would point out "that with modern, customer-oriented selling methods, Willy Lomans are ghosts of the past." [The sponsor], he said, had a golden opportunity "to enlighten the public about what a well-trained modern salesman really does, and dispel the idea that the rewards of a selling career are often disillusionment and death."

—from *The New York Times*

A melody is briefly heard, played hauntingly upon a slide trombone—it is We're in the Money. *A long night view reveals the Salesman's house, a fourteen-room layout in Bethpage, Long Island, on one-and-a-half professionally landscaped acres with handsome lawns, spacious fieldstone patio and two-car garage. Cut to a medium shot of a 1966 car easing smoothly into the graveled driveway. As the camera moves in for a close-up, Wally Lubman, the Salesman, hops out and strides forcefully across the lawn to the side door, effortlessly carrying two large sample cases. He is past sixty years of age, but, sporting a deep St. Croix suntan and nattily turned out in a madras sports jacket, sage-green trousers and black loafers, he could easily pass for forty-five. He unlocks the door, briskly enters a decorator-designed eat-in kitchen and, putting down his sample cases, gets a bottle of soda from the pastel-green refrigerator. Meanwhile his wife, Laverne, who has been lolling in the home's gracious early-American-style living room reading* Vogue Pattern Book *and watching the Johnny Carson show, has heard him enter and wanders out to the kitchen, taking a shortcut through the dining-room wall. She is slim, tanned and not unattractive, a bleached blonde of fifty-three who is wearing turquoise Capri pants and a blue turtleneck blouse.*

Laverne: Hi, lover. Whatcha doing home so soon?

Wally: I came back early—decided to skip West Hartford. Frankly, I was selling so many gross I got writer's cramp filling out all the orders.

Laverne: You had a good trip, Wally?

Wally: Mangled' em in Pawtucket, fractured 'em in Framingham. I'm well liked in Framingham, Laverne. The whole trip came to roughly eighty-two hundred gross of tennis sneakers.

Laverne: You sure can sell footwear, Wally. Let's see, at twenty-seven-and-a-third cents a gross commission, that's . . . two thousand two hundred and forty-one dollars and thirty-three cents. And you only left home yesterday.

Wally: That's the wonder, the wonder of this country, Laverne, that a man can end up with a lavish $85,000 estate-type home, a portfolio of blue chips and a forty-two-foot yacht just on the basis of being liked.

Laverne: And you're not just liked, Wally, you're *well* liked.

Wally: Well liked, nothing—I'm universally beloved. I tell you, Laverne, selling is the greatest career a man could want!

(Cut to an exterior shot of a 1966 convertible skidding to a halt next to the Salesman's car. Leaping from the convertible and breezing chipperly into the kitchen come Bluff and Cheerful Lubman, the Salesman's sons, a pair of flashily dressed and enormously self-confident young men in their early thirties.)

Wally: Ah, it's the boys, home from their Florida trip!

Bluff & Cheerful: Hi, Dad, hi, Mom!

Laverne: Hi, offspring!

Wally: *(eagerly)* How did it go, lads?

Bluff: Creamed 'em in Tampa . . .

Cheerful: . . . left 'em for dead in Tallahassee!

Wally: The Lubman Brothers sporting-goods line. I always said that was a ninety-eight-thousand-dollar idea!

Cheerful: We sold thirty-two hundred gross of bowling balls in Fort Lauderdale alone.

Bluff: But what about you, Dad, how did your trip go?

Wally: I broke records, boys, broke records. I got on the road and went north to Waterbury. Waterbury is a fine city. Big pizza-pie city, the famous Waterbury pizza. Sold a nice bill there. And then Boston—Boston is the birthplace of Arlene Francis. A fine city.

Bluff: *(aside to the Salesman; with a grin)* You still got that bimbo on the side in Boston, Dad?

Wally: *(aside to Bluff; winking)* You said it, kiddo.

(Cut to an exterior shot of Charley, the Salesman's next-door neighbor, a sixty-two-year-old broken hulk of a man, knocking tentatively at the kitchen door.)

Wally: *(cheerfully)* Come in, Charley, come in! How's life in the bankruptcy courts?

Charley: *(shambling nervously into the kitchen)* Wally, I need your help.

Wally: Of course, kid. What is it, money again?

Charley: Wally, I'm strapped, I'm absolutely strapped. I need a hundred dollars.

Wally: *(taking a wad of hundred-dollar bills from his wallet)* Here, take fifteen hundred.

Charley: *(pathetically)* I'm keeping accounts, Wally, I'll pay every penny back.

Wally: Forget it—I've got more money than I know what to do with. *(He lights a two-dollar cigar with a five-dollar bill and blows the smoke in Charley's face.)* Frankly, Charley, I'm sorry that things have worked out this way. If you'd gone into sales, kid, like me, instead of becoming an orthopedic surgeon, you wouldn't have ended up groveling and sniveling around like this.

Charley: You're right, Wally, I was a total fool not to have chosen sales as a career. *(He wanders off into the night, mumbling something to himself about suicide, as Uncle Burt, an aged, white-haired man in a battered pith helmet and a ragged African bush jacket, suddenly looms out of the woodwork.)*

Uncle Burt: When I was seventeen, I walked into the jungle with my pockets filled with diamonds, and when I was seventy-one I walked out again. And, by God, I was broke—nothing left but forty-four cents, a secondhand elephant gun, and a case of the yaws. What's the secret, Wally, how did you do it?

Wally: Bug off, Uncle Burt. There's no secret. It's simple—you shoulda gone into sales, kid, instead of the jungle.

(Crestfallen, Uncle Burt exits into a utility closet. Meanwhile, the phone rings and Wally has a brief, enthusiastic conversation with someone who is evidently in the market for footwear.)

Wally: *(hanging up the phone)* That was Harry Caboodle at Kit & Caboodle in Bangor. They want me to show the line at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Dammit, I can sell them! You know, there could be seventy-two hundred gross of ballerina slippers in it!

(He snatches up his sample cases, races out the door, leaps into his car, and goes tearing off into the night, in the process running over Uncle Burt, who had materialized in the driveway.)

Laverne: *(in the doorway; forlornly)* Good-bye, Wally.

Bluff: *(picking up Uncle Burt, who has suffered only a ruptured spleen)* Gee, Mom, it's about time Dad started driving a little more carefully. He's been to blame for running over six pedestrians in the past four weeks.

Charley: *(wandering out from behind the garage)* Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand: Wally is a salesman. And for a salesman, using modern selling methods, the client comes first. A salesman don't put a nut to a bolt, he don't tell you the law or give you orthopedic surgery. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile, a shoeshine, an A.A.A. membership, a gas credit card, and the Connecticut Turnpike. And when they don't get out of his way when he's headed for an appointment, he has to run them over. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to be customer-oriented, boy. It comes with the territory.

(As the slide trombone swings raucously into Merrily We Roll Along, *the camera draws slowly back and there is a slow fade to black, which is followed by a quick cut to the commercial.)*

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

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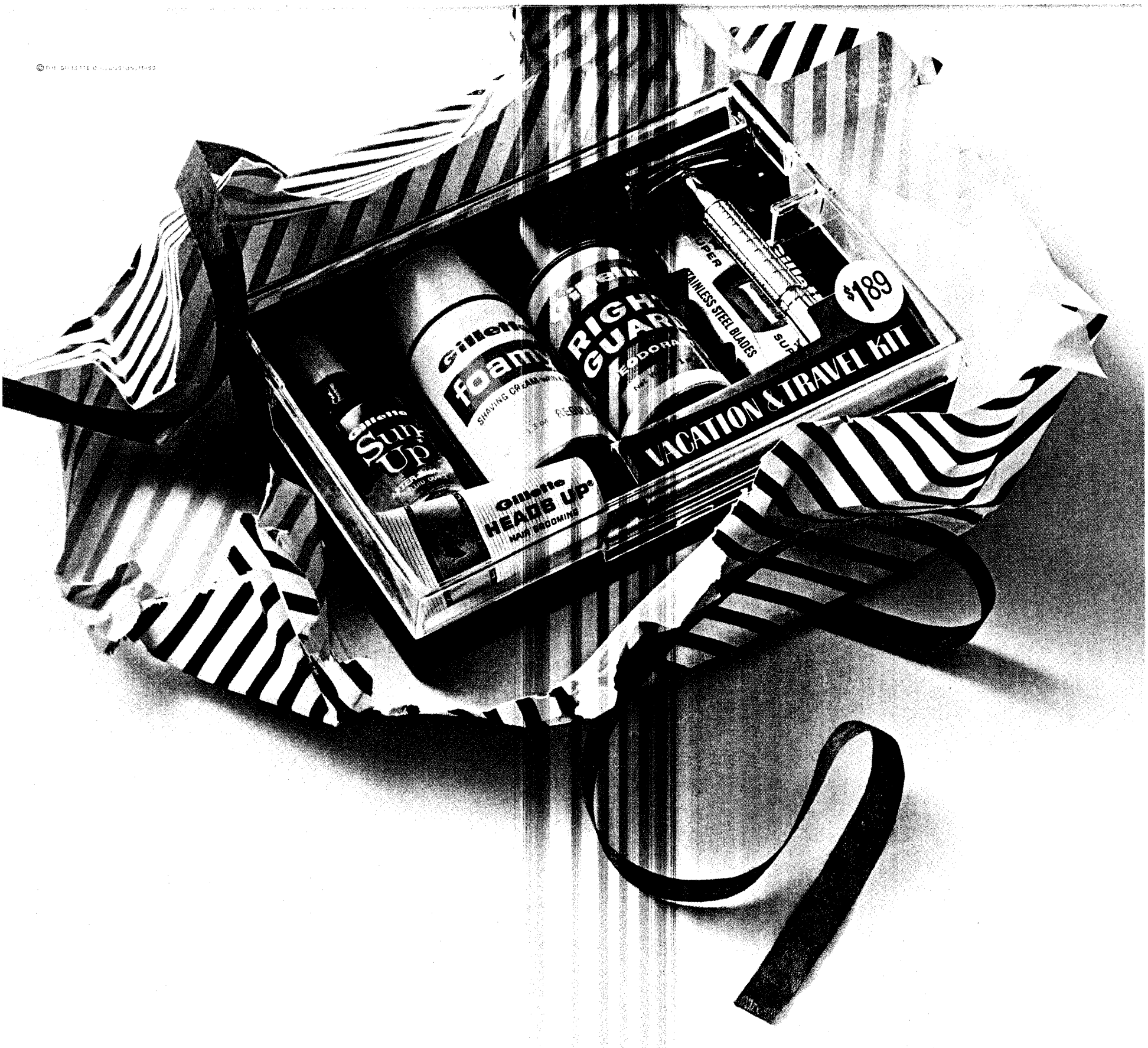

It's enough to make a Father leave home.

When you give Dad this marvelously compact Gillette Vacation & Travel Kit:

1. Tell him it'll give him enough extra room in his suitcase to pack a pocket-size radio and a miniature chess set and a paperback novel and two more pairs of sox and three handkerchiefs and one more change of underwear.

2. Tell him it'll supply him with enough Gillette hair cream, spray deodorant, shaving cream, blades and after shave lotion (give or take a few shaves) to fly seven times around the world by jet.

3. Tell him it'll save him all the time it usually takes to switch his bathroom stuff from the medicine chest to the suitcase (and hunt around for missing caps from containers), so he'll probably be able to catch his plane without running for a change.

4. Tell him "Happy Father's Day."

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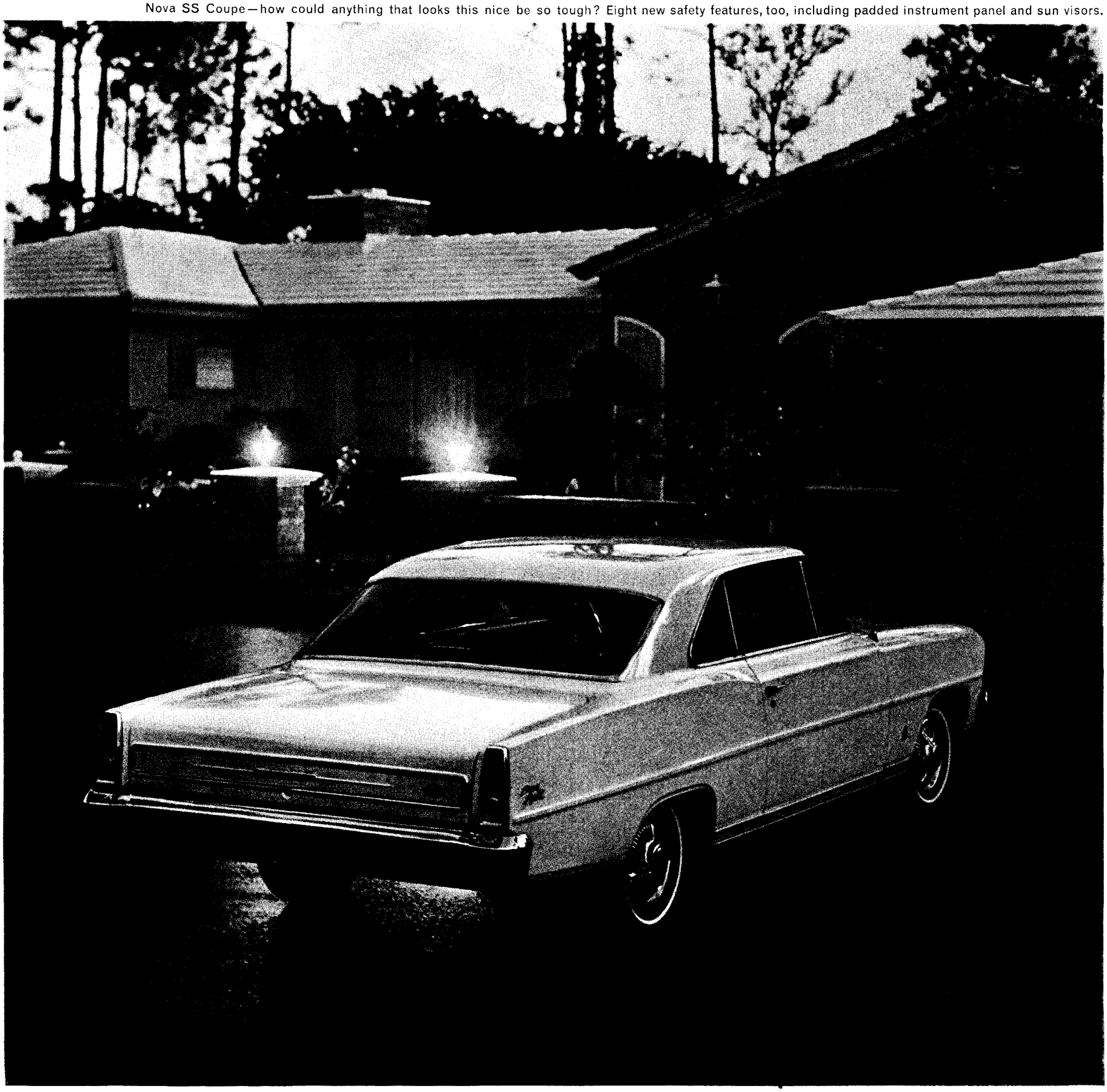
Nova SS Coupe—how could anything that looks this nice be so tough? Eight new safety features, too, including padded instrument panel and sun visors.



The perfect car for people who hate to take care of cars

Chevy II's have an acrylic lacquer finish that keeps its shine. Saves you a lot of wax jobs.

Chevy II's have steel inner rear fenders, aluminized exhaust systems and rocker panels that clean themselves of road salt, dirt and grime. Saves you a lot of trouble with rust.

Chevy II's have a Delcotron generator that prolongs the battery's life, brakes that adjust themselves and engines we've been refining for years to make them as economical to run and as trouble-free as possible.

Chevy II's make a little go a long, long, long, long, long, long, long way. That's the Chevrolet Way.

CHEVY II—BUILT THE CHEVROLET WAY

CHEVROLET GM

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The camera for people who never owned a camera.

Introducing the new $14.95 Agfa Isoflash-Rapid C

We know you're out there.

As eager to record blushing brides, cooing infants and proud graduates, as the next guy.

But not so eager to tackle film spools and fussy loading problems. Or waste a lot of money trying to get good results.

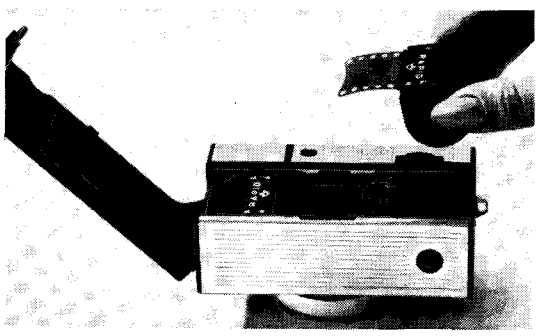
We have a camera for you.

The $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C.

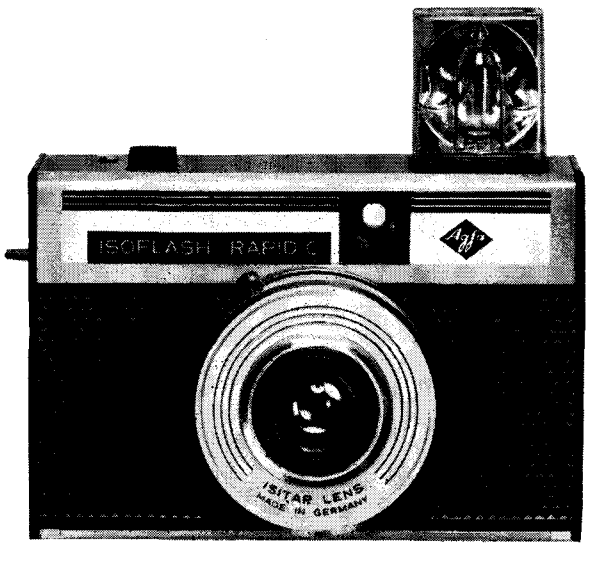
Don't let the low price tag fool you. It isn't a toy.

It's a fine precision instrument. Capable of taking superb photographs in black and white or color, indoors or out.

And it doesn't expect you to know anything about photography. So it's a lot of fun to use, not a lot of work.



"Rapid" means you don't have to thread the film to load this camera. Just snap in a film cassette and start shooting: 16 trouble-free pictures.



An extra-large viewfinder helps you frame your subject.

An automatic film counter tells you how many shots you have left.

A unique pressure plate keeps the film in perfect alignment, a must for clear, sharp pictures.

And a new rotating flashcube lets you take four shots without changing bulbs. (So if Billy moved on that last one, you can shoot it again. Instantly.)

The Rapid C won't give out on you just when you're beginning to enjoy it. Why? Because of the way we make it.

Though it looks simple, it has 110 precision-built parts. As meticulously put together and inspected as the expensive cameras.

The Rapid C can be a real friend of the family.

When your kids get tired posing for you, you can let them take pictures of you. (It's that easy to operate.)

It's a perfect first camera.

It's a marvelous gift idea for anyone, of any age, who takes a delight in the people and events around him.

About the only thing it can't do is say "Smile!"

That's where *you* come into the picture.

Ask for a demonstration of the new $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C at your drug, department or local camera store.

AGFAPAN
AGFACOLOR
AGFACHROME

Agfa®

AGFA-GEVAERT

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Family room with mirrored entertainment wall. Floor is Kentile Chantilly Vinyl Asbestos Tile with feature strip. Individual 12″ x 12″ tiles permit quick, easy installation. 5 colors. Wall base: black KenCove® Vinyl. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

Yours for about $55—this elegant vinyl floor of Chantilly!

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

Do-it-yourself with Kentile Chantilly—have a 12′ x 15′ floor like this for only about $55. Chantilly vinyl tile is greaseproof, easy to clean. Comfortable, quiet underfoot. Textured, too.

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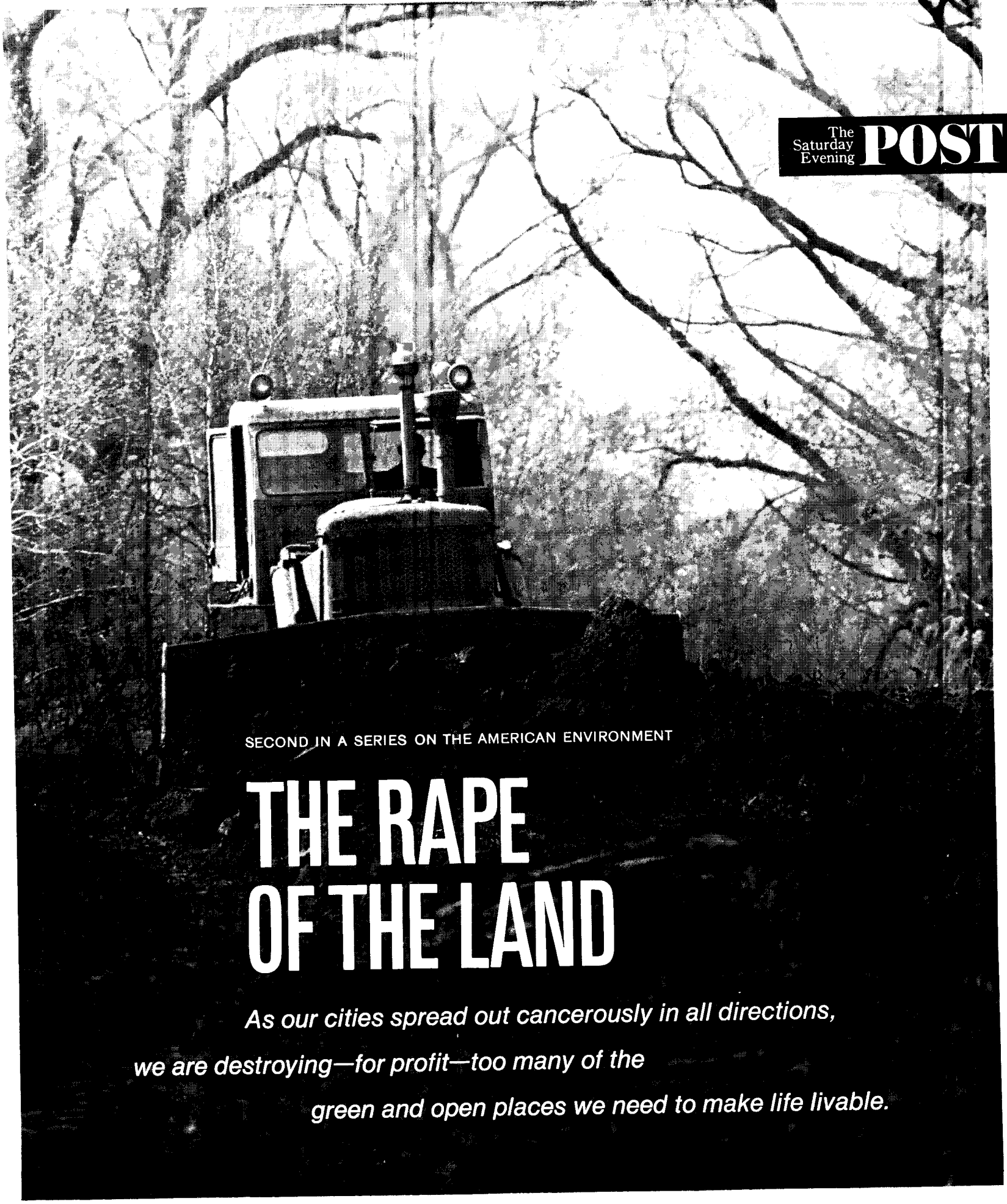
The Saturday Evening POST



SECOND IN A SERIES ON THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT

THE RAPE OF THE LAND

As our cities spread out cancerously in all directions, we are destroying—for profit—too many of the green and open places we need to make life livable.

Francis P. Burling was born and brought up in New York City, went to Columbia University, had a good job in an advertising agency but after World War II decided he wanted to live in a town with lots of trees, sea and sky. So he and his wife, a brown-eyed, firm-jawed Yankee girl from New Hampshire, moved to Orleans, Mass., then a community of 1,000 souls and Atlantic simplicity, where Marjorie's family had summered for 75 years. One day last spring Marjorie came home from town and stared unbelievingly across the street. When she had left that morning, everything had been normal. From their plain and sturdy house they looked out on a swampy thicket of 60 ancient elm trees. Like all the old elms in the Cape Cod town, these were planted over 100 years ago by enterprising local skinflints who occasionally had business in Boston, a city they regarded then and regard now as a place of inexcusable wastefulness. Accordingly, they pocketed fallen elm seeds from the trees on Boston Common and transplanted them into the more deserving soil of Cape Cod. Now, as

BY BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

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Americans feel impelled to vanquish the open land and to subdue nature.

Developers obliterate the natural terrain of the Santa Monica Mts., near Beverly Hills, Calif., to create "rice paddy" housing sites. Later, slides wrecked many homes.

Marjorie watched, two bulldozers uprooted the trees and pushed them over like dead soldiers. By five o'clock that evening the trees and swamp were gone, and in their place was a field of reddish churned earth ready for a swimming pool and twin two-story motels.

As the trees fell, Marjorie wept.

"Did it have to be here? It's just a plain old Cape Cod road with trees and swamp. Now it will never be the same again. It's gone forever."

All over the United States—in the cities, the suburbs, the countryside, at the seashore—Americans are waking to share the shock and dilemma of Marjorie Burling. The shock comes from the loss of natural open space, which men now realize they need in their neighborhoods to sustain the spirit and relieve the stresses of 20th-century living. The dilemma is symbolized by the motels across from the Burlings: As more and more Americans rush to the few remaining convenient open spaces to build their homes or to take vacations, they destroy what they seek.

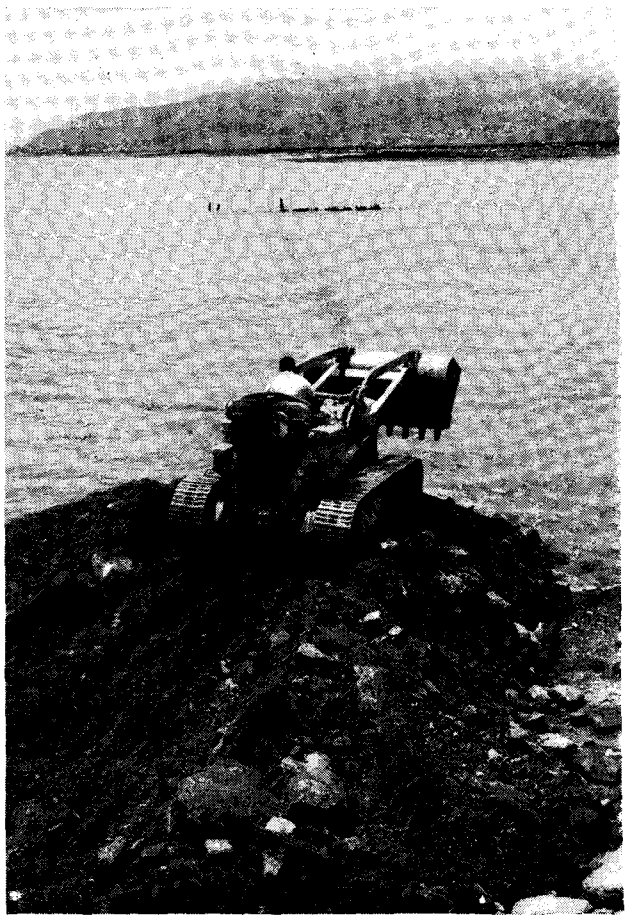
Is there an answer to this dilemma? The President of the United States thinks there is. President Johnson has proposed, and Congress has already enacted, measures to preserve naturalness where it already exists. He has challenged Congress to help insure that there will be "a patch of sky for every person, a chance to live near an open space and to reach it on a safe street."

Mrs. Johnson, equally concerned, has traveled widely to remind Americans that the beauty of their country is as precious as its coal and iron.

Already the Government has taken some tentative steps. A new Department of Housing and Urban Development is beginning to look at urban life. New programs will try to salvage the best in the American environment. Last year the Federal Government spent $1.3 billion to end pollution of air and water, to study urban chaos and to preserve natural beauty. This is twice its expenditure of five years before. But it is still picayune compared to the vastness of the problem and the speed with which open space is disappearing.

But a start has been made. More than ever before, scholars, scientists and planners are concentrating on the natural and the human environment. The most hopeful sign of all, however, is that this is not a revolution imposed from above but one rising from the bottom. In every city and in thousands of towns and obscure neighborhoods, there are housewives and homeowners banding together to fight, block by block, sometimes tree by tree, to save a small hill, a tiny brook, a stand of maples. The fight to preserve the spectacles of nature—the majestic rivers, the remote mountains, the wild canyons—is 100 years old. The struggle to save the modest beauty of men's own backyards is new and promising.

But it is a confused struggle. It conflicts with men's frantic demands for new homes, broad highways and easy vacations, and with businessmen who are doing what comes naturally to meet these demands. It is even at odds with an old American



Near Candlestick Park, San Francisco's ballfield, a bulldozer helps convert San Francisco's beautiful Bay into filled land for future housing developments.

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tradition. For most of our history, space—the unused air, the primitive place, the vast silence—has been considered the enemy. Americans found themselves alone on an immense and wild continent, and progress, to them, meant destroying the wilderness, taming the rivers, filling the landscape with buildings. This idea of progress is deeply imbedded in the American character; even today there is something in us that impels us to vanquish an open place rather than leave it alone.

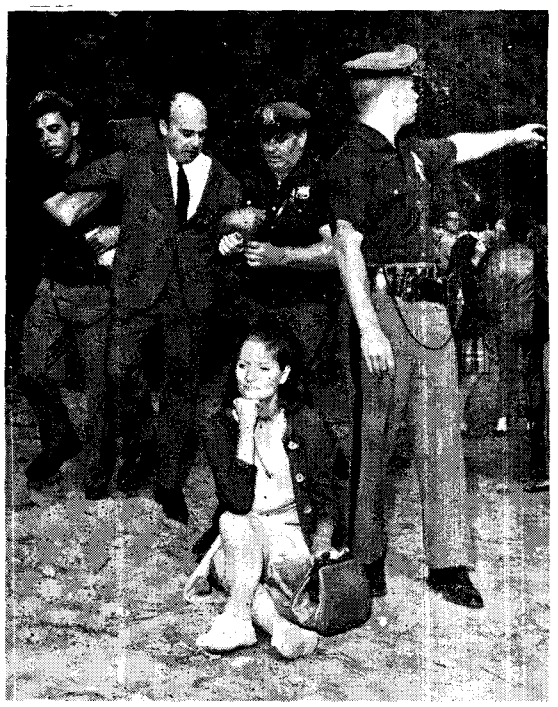
The mindless destruction of natural places has affected every region of this country.

- In California's Santa Monica Mountains, the wild range that runs from central Los Angeles to the Pacific Ocean, builders have "developed" 70 percent of the slopes, denuding the hills and gashing the terrain with ugly scars. So careless were they about the land that dozens of the new structures, including large apartment houses, have fallen down the mountain.
- In Missouri, St. Louis's most bucolically named road, the Daniel Boone Express Highway, which ran alongside the city's Forest Park, was widened by taking parkland. The highway project paid the park system $858,000 for the acreage it took. To replace those acres the park would have to buy other developed land costing more than two million dollars, which probably means that the city has forever lost precious parkland.
- In Maryland, the town of Greenbelt no longer has its belt of greenery. During the Depression the Federal Government created three such "greenbelt" communities to act as models. But in the early 1950's, the Government sold all the greenbelt space to private developers, and now the Maryland "model" has lost 70 percent of its green acreage to apartments and shopping centers, with more losses planned.
- In Wisconsin, the second model greenbelt town, Greendale, 10 miles from Milwaukee, has lost its greenbelt in the last 14 years. One thousand acres have already gone to residences, and there is a chance that the remainder may go, too.
- In Ohio, the third model town, Greenhills, 15 miles from Cincinnati, is fighting in the courts to keep green what remains of its greenbelt. Two thirds of its original open space already is covered by real-estate developments.

Despite man's incursions, the American continent in the 1960's is still largely unoccupied, but the open space is not where the people are. Families have crowded into the urban areas and will continue to, for a good reason: It is in and near the city that one finds jobs, good libraries and hospitals, museums and attractive stores. The urban complex remains the basic unit of civilization, where large groups live close enough to interact, to specialize their work, to share their purchasing power and their talent.

In the last generation something has happened that until recently few people understood. In 1910 a majority of Americans still lived in the countryside on farms; most of the 2,300 towns had less than 10,000 population, and were clearly defined units, each separated from other communities by dozens or hundreds of miles of open land and virgin forest. By 1960 most Americans lived in 6,000 urban places, 25 of these over 500,000 in population; these great sprawling masses had begun to touch each other, so that in photographs taken from space there appeared to be continuous stretches of city, like the 500 miles from Chicago to Buffalo, or the 800 miles from Richmond to Bangor. Today, in these vast conglomerations of house, factory, office building, highway and parking lot, ever larger masses of human beings—35 million between Washington and Boston alone—try to live and try to find convenient open, green space.

The crisis is worsening. Each year three million more Americans move into existing cities, the majority to places with populations already greater than 500,000. Fields, woods and hills near urban places are disappearing at the rate of a million acres a year, so that more people find themselves returning home from nervous (rather than physical) work by way of jammed cars, buses and trains to graceless neighborhoods and homes from which they see mostly the walls of surrounding buildings.



Police remove two citizens protesting the chopping down of trees for a highway-widening in Mount Vernon, N.Y. All over the nation men and women are organizing to oppose ill-planned growth and the waste of open land.

In desperate need of relief, solitude and beauty, they find themselves among awkward, ugly man-made structures that take a growing toll in bleakness of spirit and mental disease.

There are rational and graceful ways for communities to grow, but as action is delayed, the civilized neighborhoods and the natural places are rapidly disappearing.

Dirk Mattheisen is a bright young man of 12, as is his twin brother, Mike. Their best friends are Ricky Cooper, 12, and his brother, Little Mike, a tiny towhead of seven. The four of them share an unusual awareness of all living things. One day I walked with them along Holmes Run, a creek about eight feet wide running through woods in Fairfax, Va. As we walked, the boys' eyes and ears sensed a delicate and teeming world.

Dirk spotted a goldfinch and a nuthatch. Little Mike ran to a hollow mound of mud along the

Almost 8,000 tons of garbage go into San Francisco Bay each day. Citizens' groups, afraid that the Bay may soon be spoiled, have aroused public sentiment to save it.

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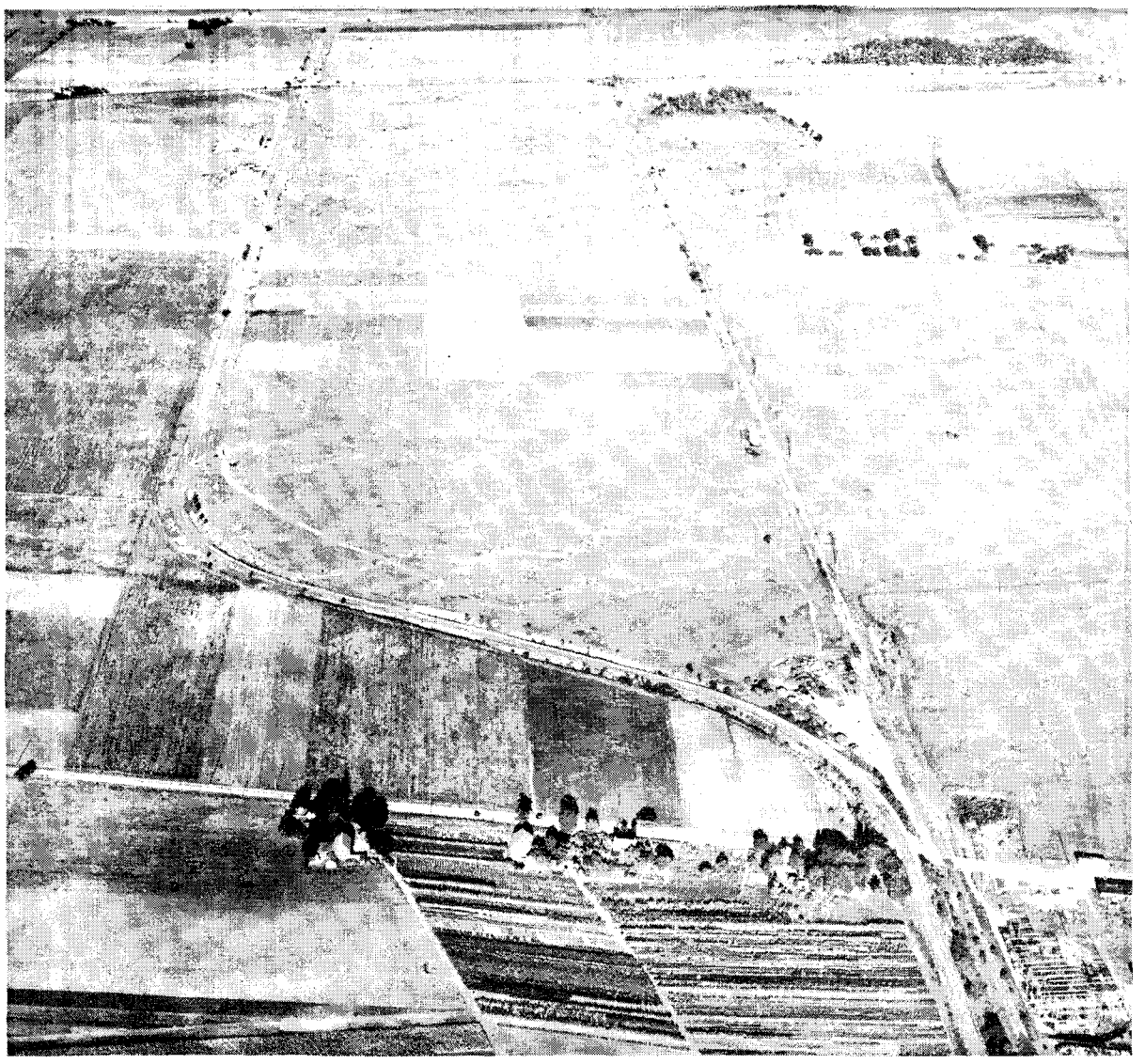
Congested housing takes a growing toll in mental illness.



creek, yelling, "A crawdad!" Big Mike said, "The proper name is crayfish, but we call them crawdads." We came to a young maple fallen across the creek. The 12-year-olds went across swiftly, letting their momentum keep their balance. Little Mike went step by step, slowly. On the other side was a stretch of moss, livened by tiny blue blossoms. Just beyond were yellow trumpet-shaped flowers opening upward in the dappled sunlight that streamed through oak and sycamore.

"See that yellow flower?" Mike asked. "It's too bad you can't see them at dawn or when the sun goes down. They open in the daytime and close at night. When we camp out here we can watch them close up at night, and if you're up at dawn, gee, you ought to see them open up, like a whole field just opening up."

A voice out of nowhere called, "Halt!" Dirk stepped out of a hollow tree, laughing. "When the grass grows around it you can hide perfectly and look through that knothole."

Little Mike's bright-red jacket flicked through a forsythia bush. "Hey, raccoon tracks," he yelled. Big Mike looked carefully. "You're right," he said. "A baby raccoon."

"Some more," Little Mike pointed. "Nah," said Big Mike. "Dog paw."

The dogwood, tulip trees and black cherry gave way to marsh grass and cattails and mushy ground underfoot. "Hey, our hockey rink is still there." Ricky pointed to a ridge of mud enclosing a shallow stretch of water.

Mike Mattheisen said, "We made that last winter, and when the water froze we could play hockey. And you can skate along the little creeks here just like taking a walk through the woods, except you skate. It's really keen."

"A muskrat hole!" Little Mike yelled.

Big Mike looked and said, "Nope."

"Last winter," he said, "someone put a lot of traps in our woods. About a dozen. We tripped them all with sticks and piled the traps in one place. When we came back all the traps were gone, and they never came back. I guess whoever it was got the point. Trapping is illegal, I think."

We were walking up a gently rising greensward when Dirk jumped onto a tree stump. "The second-best Tarzan vine in the woods." He reached up and grabbed the end of an inch-thick vine hanging from the obscure top of an oak. He pushed himself backward and then, yelling, swung in a long, low, gentle arc across a small stream. He let go and dropped into some tall, lush grass.

Dirk was picking himself up when both he and Mike saw the same thing at the same time. It was a six-inch-thick elm that had been blown over, its top coming to rest in the crotch of another elm 20 feet above a bed of wild lilies. They raced for the slanting trunk. Mike got there first and ran right up the incline, his squishing sneakers throwing off drops of water. He reached the fork and surveyed the forest. "Hey, I can see the circum."

Dirk said, "That's short for circumferential. You know, Route 495, the beltway around Washington." For the first time you could hear the *whoosh-whoosh* of speeding cars. And for the first time, the boys were subdued.

The "circum" is like a thousand other highways in the United States, bringing the wooded outskirts within minutes of downtown. From a helicopter a thousand feet above Mike Mattheisen in the elm tree, the most obvious mark on the landscape would have been the cloverleaf where the beltway intersects Route 50, the highway running westward from the Lincoln Memorial through the burgeoning suburbs of northern Virginia.

Driving from the cool white-and-green elegance of the Lincoln Memorial onto Route 50, one soon leaves coolness and elegance for the usual strip of apartments, motels, shopping centers and regiments of cottages. After nine continuous miles of this, one reaches a cloverleaf with the sign, INDUSTRIAL INTERSECTION. In one quadrant of the intersection is a factory. In another, a herd of bulldozers is at work behind a sign, COMING—ULTRA-MODERN SHOPPING COMMUNITY. In a third, some dump trucks and a power shovel are making way for apartments. In the remaining quadrant is the elm tree on which Mike Mattheisen was standing, in a thicket that looks from the highway like any unremarkable half mile of untended woods.

At the edge of the same woods, on a curving suburban street with one-story middle-class houses invisible from the main highway, is the home of Mrs. William Hammerschmidt, an austere-looking blue-eyed woman with a deceptively quiet air.

Builders' signs herald a development in Fairfax, Va., near the woodland described in this article. Residents of the area are fighting to save at least part of the woods.

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A comparison of Levittown, N.Y., today and in 1945 (opposite page) shows the way land is often squandered. Better planning would have allowed the same number of houses, with far more open space for residents to enjoy.

in beautification of all our land and preservation of public lands, parks and scenic spots. But on our level we seem to face juggernauts of destruction, disinterest and active and powerful opposition to saving any land in rapidly growing areas. .

By special-delivery letter, in time for Mrs. Hammerschmidt to read it into the record of the hearing with considerable effect, came a reply from Mrs. Johnson:

"You know, if I were to change the names and change the figures in your message, it would correspond with truly hundreds of letters that have come to me from suburban counties all over the nation. The very attraction and appeal of suburbia—its fresh mantle of open greenery—is disappearing at an alarming rate, and I share your concern that these suburbs will be deficient in the amenities they seek to promote if positive action is not taken, and taken soon. . . ."

Mrs. Johnson said she did not know the merits of this particular struggle but she wished the neighbors well, and signed the letter, "Lady Bird Johnson."

Like most suburbs around great cities, Fairfax County had been filling rapidly in recent years. When World War II started, the county was largely an empty land of rolling hills and woods with here and there a (*Continued on Page 86*)

Recently I sat in the Hammerschmidt living room—like most of the houses in the neighborhood, this one was designed with large windows looking onto the woods—and listened to Mrs. Richard Cooper, mother of Ricky and Little Mike, describe a routine meeting of the Holmes Run Recreation Association held one Sunday last September. The meeting had been called to discuss the possibility of a swimming pool, and someone had brought a map from the local planning commission on the chance that it might be helpful.

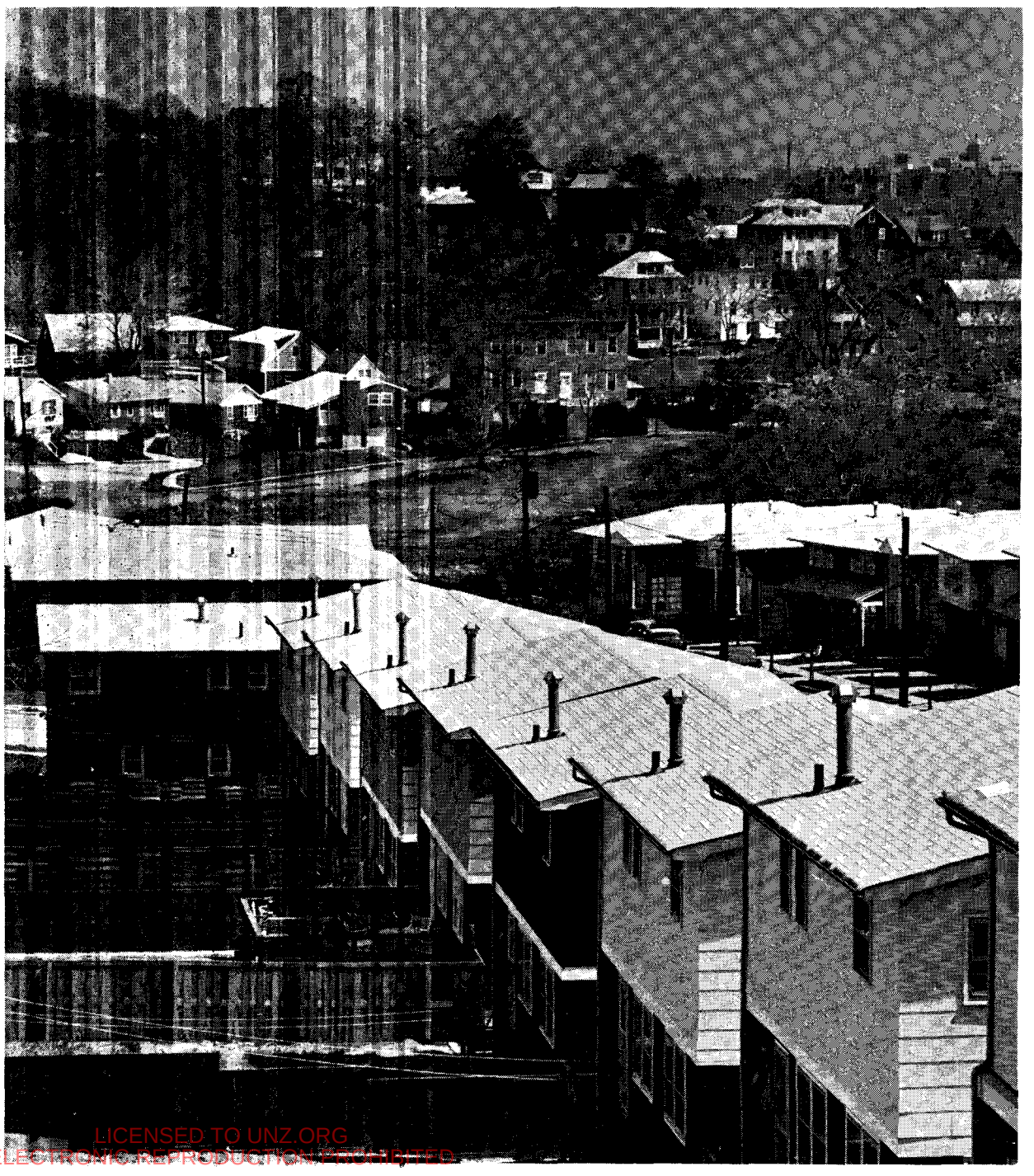
"We were standing around talking," Mrs. Cooper said, "when someone said, 'Say, look at this map. It shows a road going through—Hey, it's going right through my house!' We all looked, and sure enough, there was a planned road going right through some houses and right through these woods, too. It was rather a shock on a quiet Sunday afternoon."

The 276 acres of the Holmes Run woods, the neighbors discovered, were to become the site of new dwellings for 11,500 persons. The neighbors began organizing. They learned about planning commissions and hearings. They attended a hearing and protested the destruction of the woods. The commission listened politely and recommended to the County Board of Supervisors the "development" of the woods. The neighbors had one month before the supervisors passed final judgment.

"I got cauliflower ear from being on the phone," Mary Lou Cooper said. "Morning, noon and night we talked, talked, talked. One of our members would come home from office crises in Washington and spend all night on the phone working up the fight over the woods. His wife had to bring his supper to the telephone. I reached a point where I couldn't answer a phone anymore."

Dorothy Hammerschmidt, a writer of children's stories, took what she called "unilateral action." She wrote to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

"We citizens of the United States," she wrote, "have been much encouraged by your interest . . .



On Staten Island, tightly packed housing rises in steep, monotonous tiers on some farmland that New York City once owned and then foolishly peddled to developers.

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THE UNDECLARED WAR IN GUATEMALA

The military dismiss them as "bandits," but just south of Mexico well-organized Communist guerrillas are in daily clashes with the government.

By Robert Rogers and Ted Yates

The sun dropping behind the Guatemalan peak left a dank chill in the air. The soft-spoken young man who called himself Tito pulled his collar up and settled back against the damp roots of a soaring gumbo tree. Massaging his thigh, where some months earlier a .38 bullet had ripped into his flesh, he lit a foul-smelling Payaso cigarette. Then he fingered the grip of the Thompson submachine gun in his lap, and idly traced six neatly carved notches, each representing a dead Guatemalan soldier or policeman. "I only count the ones I am sure of," Tito explained. "This year I think will make many more notches. Is not much good really, the Guatemalan army," said Tito, himself a graduate of Guatemala's West Point, and a former regular officer. "In two more years, I think the army is finished, and our revolution will build the new Guatemala. Except," Tito said, eying his American listeners without malice, "we think your government will intervene here just as they did in 1954. But we will win because all the peasants are with us.

"You think you have a big problem in Vietnam. Wait until the Marines come to Guatemala." He puffed his cigarette and smiled.

It was our first evening among the Fuerzas Armada Rebelde (F.A.R.) Their camp in the heart of Guatemala's Sierra de las Minas Mountains was the headquarters of rebel leader Luis Augusto Turcios Lima, who had been a speaker at last January's Communist Tricontinental Conference in Havana. Together with cameraman Richard Norling and soundman Al Hoagland, we had made the long trek to Turcios's lair to obtain sequences

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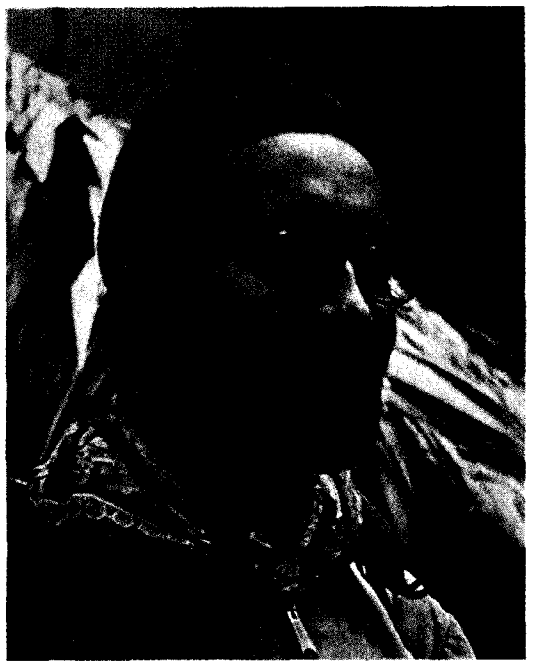
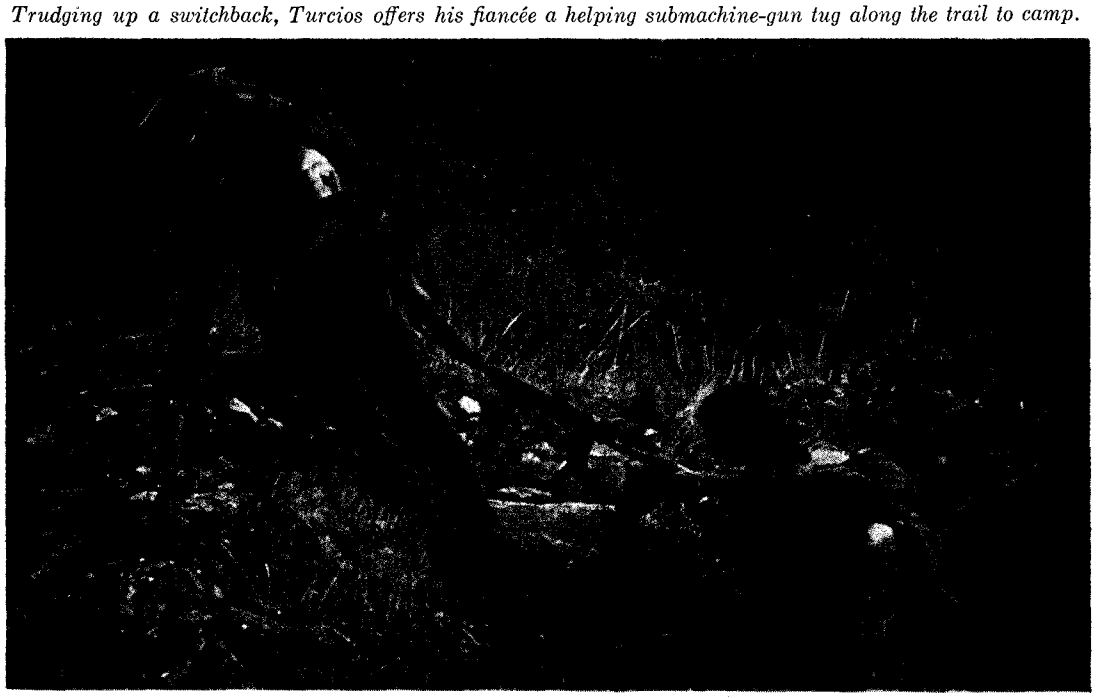


Comandante Luis Turcios (above, left) leads a diverse group of combat veterans. Chino (glasses) is a former university student. Ouicho, an Indian (below, left), and Pedro, father of two, are both skilled at ambushes.

Trudging up a switchback, Turcios offers his fiancée a helping submachine-gun tug along the trail to camp.



Photographs by Robert Rogers and Ted Yates

for a television special report (*Undeclared War*, to be broadcast by NBC June 15). After making contact with student members of F.A.R., we had waited five weeks in Guatemala City while the guerrilla network debated whether their cause would benefit from publicity. We debated whether the guerrillas might decide we were worth more as hostages for ransom than creators of publicity.

Kidnaping for ransom is a common feature of Guatemala's guerrilla war that began with a leftist army-officers' revolt on November 13, 1960, and has since intensified under Chinese-line Marxists. The kidnaping of landowners has put at least $300,000 into the guerrilla treasury, and, as an American military adviser said, "That can buy a hell of a lot of fireworks in this country."

It is a wretchedly poor country. Seventy percent of its 4.5 million people have an income below $90 a year, while a few rich families own 72.2 percent of all Guatemala's farmland. This helps Turcios in his fight to win the allegiance of the peasantry. His opposition is the Guatemalan army, which has run the country for more than a decade. For the last three years the army has been supported by almost two million dollars annually in U.S. military aid—which has been added to nearly $170 million in economic aid that Guatemala has received since 1954. The American influence extends far beyond finances, however, and has involved U.S. intrusion into Guatemalan politics, including the 1954 CIA overthrow of the leftist regime of President Jacobo Arbenz. Last March 6, Guatemalans elected as president Julio César Méndez Montenegro, a left-of-center educator who is to take office July 1, succeeding a military junta that has ruled for three years—in recent weeks under a declared state of siege. Despite this move toward democratic government, an American official describes the situation in Guatemala as "the most critical in the hemisphere."

Finding guerrillas can be difficult, even with a guide supplied by the guerrilla network. We started off from Guatemala City at 5 P.M. on April 6, dressed according to instructions as "typical *gringo* tourists," in two rented cars loaded with equipment. About 100 miles to the northeast, near the major Guatemalan army base of Zacapa, we pulled into a brightly illuminated parking lot outside a restaurant, where we met Claudio.

In slacks, straw sombrero and a loose sport shirt that did not quite conceal the bulge of the 9-mm. Belgian automatic pistol stuck in his trousers, Claudio greeted us and announced that he was second in command of the Sierra de las Minas guerrillas. He was short, with soft, mistrustful brown eyes. Despite the pistol and a wispy goatee, he looked more like a defrocked choirboy than a guerrilla chieftain. But as we sped along, he pointed to a high bank where he said he had led a 36-man ambush of a convoy a few weeks before. "Did you kill any soldiers?" he was asked. "Um-hum," he said, "five *muertos*, more wounded."

Claudio stopped the car. "There was a *feria* in Santa Cruz," he explained. "We knew the soldiers from Zacapa would have to take this road to the fair. They came in two trucks with machine guns. Then, brrrrttttt." He sprayed the road with an imaginary Tommy gun. "Was two *muertos* fall out of truck right here. Now the people know we are the boss here, and the army knows it too." He shoved the car in gear and drove on, chuckling.

Then we were off the main highway, banging along a rocky trail. After a few hundred yards we stopped, a creek nearby in the moonlight.

Claudio informed us that they had been expecting us two days before. The five-man guerrilla patrol that was to escort us to the mountains had already departed. "You should have been with them," Claudio said cheerfully. "See that hill? Yesterday when your patrol was leaving here they meet an army patrol coming down. Was very funny. Camillo, our patrol leader, called, 'Who is there?' And the major in command of the soldiers shouted, very proud, 'Is the army,' And Camillo

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'You think you have a problem in Vietnam—wait until the Marines come to Guatemala.'

shot him in both legs, and shot the soldier behind him, too." Claudio laughed as if describing some college prank. "Too bad you're late."

Claudio left us at 3 A.M. in thick forest. By then we had been joined by a squat Indian named Ouicho, who was to be our guide for the rest of the journey. The Sierra de las Minas Mountains, like Pacific breakers, are accordioned one after another to the horizon. For the next two days we slipped, crawled and fell over seven ranges of mountains in pouring rain or wet snow, depending on the elevation. We slept briefly in an adobe shack before plunging on through the rain, following the sound of Ouicho's machete. In midmorning on Friday we encountered a five-man guerrilla patrol, appearing magically from some cornstalks. All were in their early 20's, carrying rifles and submachine guns. They looked impressively tough.

The next several hours' walking was practically straight up. We passed an outpost—a peasant wearing a beret crouched with a machine gun behind the roots of a vine-draped tree. The trail followed a creek bed for 100 yards, ending in a 15-foot bank. Another outpost was atop the bank, with three more guerrillas hidden behind a veil of orchid-laced creepers. One of them was an olive-skinned woman holding an oversize Mexican army rifle. She did not smile at us.

The camp consisted of one small *champa*—an open-sided, thatch-roof structure with a dirt floor—a fallen tree with the upper side shaved flat to make a table, and a palm-roofed cooking pit. In the surrounding forest, squares of varicolored nylon shower curtain had been set up as pup tents. There were about 30 people in the clearing. It was here that we met *Comandante* Turcios, a lean, high-strung, 24-year-old with dark hair, deep-set brown eyes and a wispy beard. Besides the pistol on his hip, he carried a shiny new Swedish K submachine gun slung over his shoulder. He has a $25,000 price on his head. After explaining that most of the group used cover names for security reasons, he introduced us to a tall man named Monsanto. Monsanto was one of his original band of 23, Turcios said, explaining that 18 of these men were now operating elsewhere with his other guerrilla groups. It was highly unlikely the army could surprise the camp, Turcios said, but if it happened, or if there were an air attack, we were to stick with Monsanto. The rest of the group would be too busy fighting to worry about us. Turcios said that in a few days they would seize a large town to explain to the people the aims of the revolution, but he had to await the return of his reconnaissance patrols.

Our conversation ended when a small blonde girl emerged from the smoke of the cooking shelter to announce "*comida*"—chow. Half-cooked black beans were ladled from a five-gallon oil can, and with these came leaden tortillas sprinkled with a mixture of salt and cheese. This turned out to be the standard breakfast and supper menu. There was no noon meal. "We could have better food," Turcios explained, "but we eat exactly as the peasants. When the peasants have enough to eat, we will worry about our own stomachs."

Next morning we chatted with Tito, who, despite his notched gun, was the friendliest of the guerrillas. He seemed genuinely to like *gringos*, and missed no opportunity to chat. He was also absolutely devoted to Turcios. They had been friends since childhood and been commissioned 2nd lieutenants together in 1959. In the same year they had spent six months at the U.S. infantry school at Ft. Benning, Ga. Shortly thereafter they had both become involved in the November 13 revolt. Tito told us that Turcios's father, a watchmaker, died when he was young; his mother was a "reactionary" who disapproved of the revolution. Tito also spoke wistfully of a former girl friend. "But now my only sweetheart is the revolution."

Turcios had both his revolution and a flesh-and-blood sweetheart. His fiancée, a pretty brunette, wore an oversize pistol on her hip. Her *nom de guerre* was Lolita. Also 24 years old, her job was to teach the illiterates in the group to read, but she spent most of her time gazing at the *comandante*.

Luis Turcios, who calls himself a "Communist without a party," claims that the only road to progress in Guatemala is "following the road of China, Algeria, Cuba and Vietnam. We cannot make any reform except through a war against the reactionary forces, *and* probably against the North American Marines." Che Guevara and Mao Tse-tung are his heroes. He considers the Viet Cong "the world's most heroic people."

By Sunday, four days after we had set out, there was still no word of the patrol scouting the village. There was little to do but talk, and we came to know the guerrillas. The youngest was 17-year-old Byron, who wandered about, eyes closed, twisting to the beat of a transistor radio slung on his cartridge belt. At 49, Raul was the oldest of the band. An emaciated peasant, he had come to the mountains for revenge. The army shot his brother, he said, in cold blood. Chino, a bearded, burly man who was the camp intellectual, was constantly filling notebooks with tight script, recording what he called "the lessons of our revolution." Then there was mustachioed Jeneas, and sallow-faced Ernesto who suffered from migraine headaches. Both were *campesinos* in their mid-40's who carried hunting rifles they had brought from home. Camillo was 23, a former law student. It was he who had shot down the army major the previous week. Claudio, whom we had last seen as we started out, had returned to camp sporting a beret and Schmeisser submachine gun. He had been in the movement since he was 16 and had spent time both in jail and in Cuba. The positions of leadership in the band seemed divided between the ex-military men like Turcios and Tito and former students like Camillo and Chino. But two thirds of the guerrillas were Ladino peasants and full-blooded Indians like Ouicho.

Besides Turcios, Claudio and Tito, the only guerrilla who spoke English was Rose Marie, the sweet-faced blonde who had summoned us to dinner the first night. In all the muck, she always managed to look neat. Rose Marie had spent four years in a convent school that she would not name, in Nashville, Tenn. Christina, a trained nurse, was the group's medical expert. She had left her two children with her parents and come to fight in the mountains because she "felt I had to."

After four days in that mountain camp, we were sure that we were hostages. Then, muddy, armed to the teeth and two days late, the patrol arrived.

"*Vámanos!*" In an hour the camp was empty, and 47 of us were moving fast through pine woods a mile high. The sun was beautiful. Far in the valley could be seen the green ribbon of the Rio Hondo. *Comandante* Turcios and his fiancée led the column. After seven hours, we began to pass through mountain villages, and the beauty ended. At each straw hut and village barefoot *campesinos* carrying worn machetes came forward to greet us. And each received a brief lecture about the need for revolution. "Nobody is going to help you but the guerrillas, and nothing is going to take you out of your misery but the revolution." With nods and an occasional *abrazo* we were under way again.

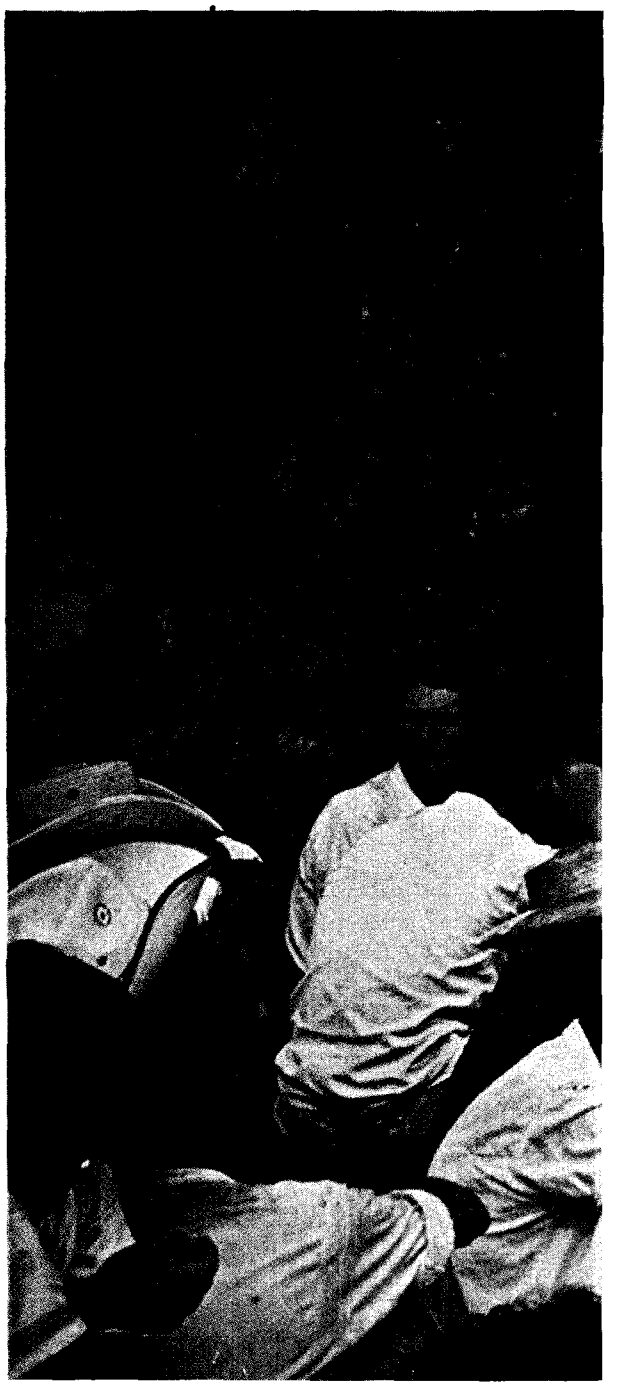
Coming down through the pines, we met two barefoot and ragged boys. One was 15, the other 11. Followed by a skinny brown dog, they were alone on the trail. At first silent and withdrawn, the boys became animated when they understood that the men were guerrillas rather than army troops. *Comandante* Turcios gave them both cigarettes and, turning to us, said, "I will also give them a revolution." A little farther along, someone yelled, "*Avión! Avión!*" In a second the trail was empty except for four straggling *gringos*. "You wanna get cooked by your own napalm?" Claudio asked indifferently after the plane had passed. "They haven't killed anyone yet, but we don't stand on the trail when airplanes fly over."

Downhill, winding and sliding, we'd been traveling 18 hours when we came to an abandoned adobe farm hidden in a deep valley. We had not eaten since five in the morning or had anything to drink. A patrol went after food. The rest of the guerrillas lolled around under the banana trees.

"I liked Fort Benning," said Tito. "It was very nice, and I made a good friend, called Walker. Now maybe I have to fight him. But Morrison's Cafeteria was wonderful. I got pretty friendly with a waitress there. When your country goes communist, I go back to Morrison's Cafeteria."

Suddenly, at 3 A.M., that word, "*vámanos.*" Our destination was Jones, a mountain hamlet named for an escaped slave who came there from British Honduras. The 400 people who live there are poor even by rural Guatemalan standards. Turcios told us that the Guatemalan army marched into the village last November and killed 14 hostages and left their bodies to rot in the mountains. "The army told the government that those killed were guerrillas," explained Turcios. "They didn't kill any guerrillas, but instead they made everybody here a guerrilla."

The occupation of Jones that morning was precise and military. Before dawn four patrols set up roadblocks on all trails and roads into town, completely sealing off the village. On the main road into town, Tito and five men with submachine guns lay hidden on a bank overlooking a hairpin curve. "Just like they teach me at Fort Benning," Tito called as we trudged into the village with the



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main body of guerrillas. By the time we arrived, nearly 100 peasants had gathered at the center of the adobe village to hear the guerrillas, and about 50 more drifted in as the talks went on.

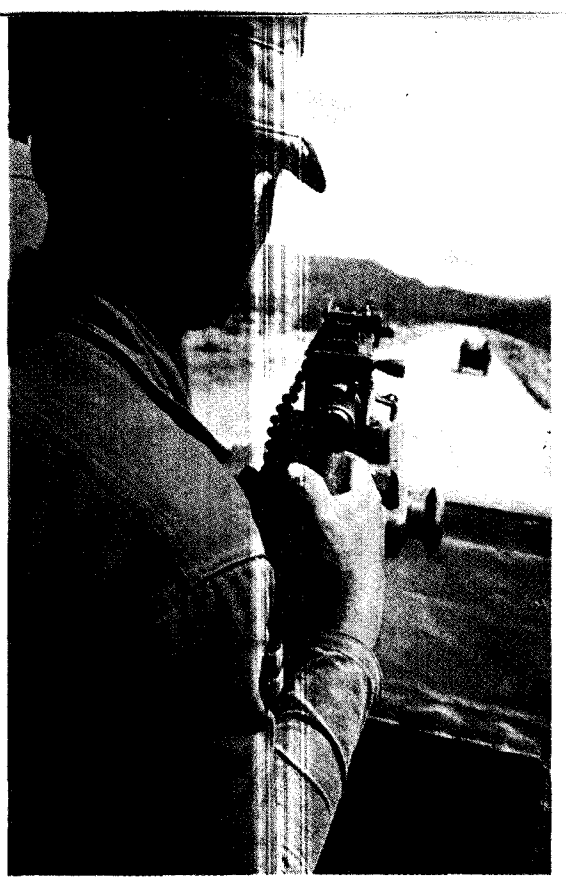
The audience was quiet. Most of the men squatted under shabby straw sombreros. Cows, dogs and chickens attended the lecture. So did women and children. Quietly Claudio leaned on his gun and began to talk.

"Now we want to tell you, above all, not to worry because we came today. There are people watching the road. Before the army arrives, there will be many dead spread on the road. But not the peasants. Our dead. And even more dead from the army. Now, my comrades, Monsanto has something to say to you."

"In the first place," Monsanto began his hour-long speech, "we are going to start the fight by taking the land from the rich landholders, and we are going to give you the land to cultivate." There was a perceptible stirring among the peasants. "You pay taxes. And where is that money? They put it in their pockets, they become rich, they establish their plantations for you to work on, and then they go abroad to live!"

His speech was followed by silence and shifting in the squatting throng. The speech had been long, and the sun was brutal. A few men from the village came forward to fight.

Next to speak was Rose Marie, the lady guerrilla who had gone to school in Tennessee. "Ladies, as you see, there are three of us women in the guerrillas, which means *we* can fight this oppression, too. You can fight with guns"—Rose Marie carried a U.S. Army carbine with a pistol-grip stock—"or you can learn about nursing so you can heal our wounded, and you can serve as messengers between our comrades, because the army will not suspect a woman. It is the duty of all women who are suffering the exploitation of the rich to help the revolution as they can, just as the women of Vietnam help."



A Guatemalan machine-gunner patrols the road near Zacapa, where Communists recently ambushed an army convoy and killed five soldiers. In the temporarily occupied village of Jones (below), U.S.-educated guerrilla Rose Marie lectures peasants on the role that women ought to play in the revolution. One of three women in Turcios's band, she not long ago executed three men that the movement believed had been aiding the army. "To tell you the truth," she said, "it did not bother me a bit."

That was all. No applause, just some quiet talking as the peasants began to melt away. We began to pack our equipment after filming the scene.

"We have caught a spy from the army," Claudio said. "We may shoot him. You want to film it?"

"No," we said, "we want to get out of here."

"No sweat, we already steal a jeep to take you. You sure you don't want to film us kill the spy?" He gestured to a troubled-looking man being closely questioned by Turcios and Chino. In minutes the man's expression changed from smiling protest to stony resignation.

Chino was now reading from a document. The prisoner stared expressionlessly away. Our jeep rattled into the village at this moment. We quickly climbed in. Turcios left the condemned man and came to say good-bye. We offered to pay him for the food we had eaten during the last week. "If we had wanted any money from you," he said, "we would have kidnaped you. We just want you to tell the truth."

The jeep pulled off, and the driver handed us each a cold beer. Through the dusty rear window we could see Turcios walk toward his prisoner. □

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THE BERKELEY SCENE

I AM A U.C. STUDENT DO NOT FOLD, BEND OR MUTILATE

In plaza of University of California at Berkeley, students champion odd assortment of causes. Administration objection to tables like this set off 1964–65 revolt.

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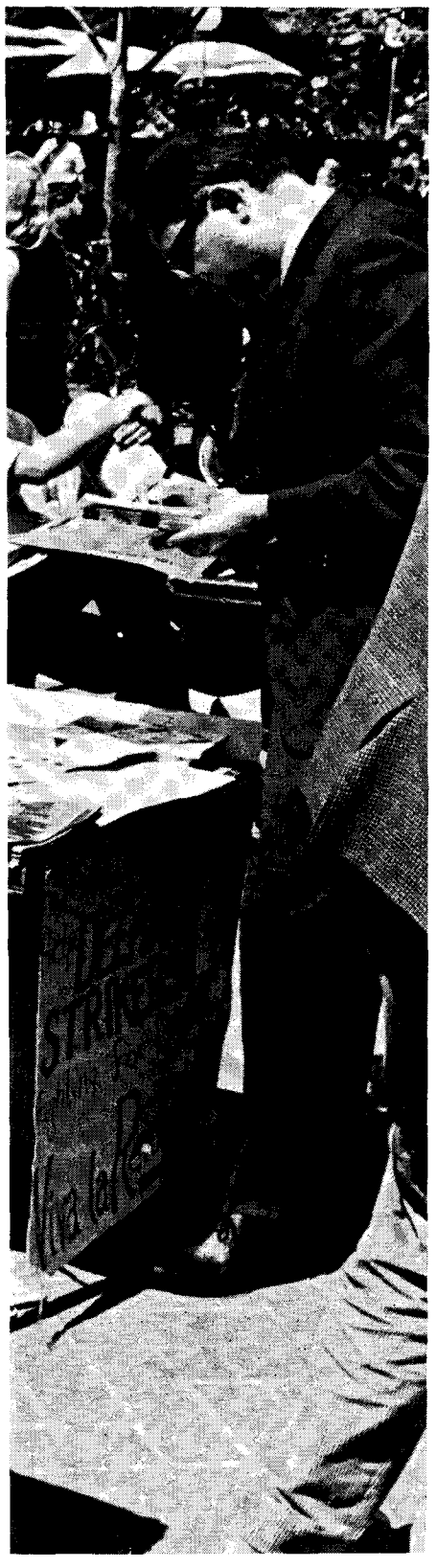
It is a great university racked by dissent. But it may be the advance post of a new American style.

BY HERBERT GOLD

Telegraph Avenue is gathering spot for students and large colony of dropouts.

The coffee shops, a few steps off-campus, are principal lure along Telegraph Avenue.

At entrance to campus, couple champions Kerista, a group favoring the Utopian life.



In Berkeley it all begins with the university. The University of California at Berkeley is, according to the English scholar Marcus Cunliffe, second only to Harvard as a great American university. And this peculiar, troubled, massive state institution, with its Nobel Prize-winning scholars and its concentration of elite students, spins at the center of the peculiar, troubled, flowered, hilly, sweet-smelling town rising off the hills on the east side of the San Francisco Bay.

Berkeley houses a large population of the prosperous retired. The hills provide an elegant dormitory for commuters from industrial Oakland; the flatlands near the bay are an extension of the poor-white and Negro slums of Oakland. It is implicated in the turmoils of its big-city sister, where many observers believe that a Watts type of riot is brewing. Within Berkeley's comfort and prosperity, a collection of sex and drug cranks are stirring up serious unease, and the famous university is racked by troubles which have threatened to destroy it. And with all these complications, Berkeley is also the advance post of what may be a new style in American life—a radical disaffiliation from the traditions of industrial civilization, a radical concern with meaning, value and personal salvation. What is happening at Berkeley is happening also on the in-touch campuses all over the country—at the University of Colorado at Boulder, at New York University, at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. There are echoes even in Texas, Montana and Yale. It is not merely a matter of experimentation with drug trips into "inner space," with sex, with the new radicalism. There is the sense that the young must take the control of things away from the palsied hands of those over 30. The folk-rock voices are wailing. The times are a-changing, and perhaps first of all the clothes—turned-on, tough, a new uniform of self-assertion. Even at the chic little girls' colleges, there is a stretching out toward the Message—revolution, Bobby Dylan, vinyl coats.

But Berkeley is surely the leader. It is the most serious and committed to change. Berkeley is, as they say, "out of sight." It is the model of the rebellious enclave within the affluence of mid-century America. Sometimes the protest and rebellion take a comical form, such as picketing the Berkeley Cinema Guild because the movie-lovers were tired of *Chushingura,* a Japanese film that had been held over for six months by a devoted management. But sometimes Berkeleyans organize like outlaw samurai to strike at the most cherished assumptions of contemporary American life. They are not content with things as they are, and the shining young faces are shining with eagerness for change.

Berkeley's troubles are compounded by the blessings of youth, health, energy and idealism. But sometimes these blessings may seem odd to the eyes of less complicated communities.

A sunny spring day last March provided the setting for a dramatic instance of the complication and turmoil in Berkeley. This was Charter Day on campus, celebrating the 98th anniversary of the University of California, with a mass gathering in the outdoor Greek Theater, the pomp and circumstance of academic processions and addresses, music and salutes, flags and banners flying. Mrs. Grace Fisher Richards of the Class of 1889 marched in to the *Hail to California Fanfare,* by Charles C. Cushing ('28), followed by banners and more alumni. To the music of Handel, and accompanied by the university flag and color guard, the faculties made their entrance, and then the official party, including the governor of California, the president of the university, and honored guests, including Arthur J. Goldberg, American ambassador to the United Nations, who was scheduled to receive an honorary degree and deliver the major address of the day.

And there was the rub. As a spokesman for American policy in Vietnam, Arthur Goldberg had been the object of ardent discussion during the previous weeks. Two campus groups which opposed American involvement in Vietnam—the Vietnam Day Committee and the Peace-Rights Organizing Committee—debated the form their protest would take. A riot was predicted; the outdoor theater was packed with several varieties of uniformed police, fraternity men and plainclothesmen identified by little colored tacks in the lapels of their suits or on their shirts. They attempted to dilute the masses of students carrying such signs as NO DOCTOR OF WAR! and OBEY THE GENEVA ACCORDS! and GET OUT OF VIETNAM! The student organizations had decided on a dignified silence during the assembly, and then a mass walkout at the moment when Ambassador Goldberg would rise to receive his honorary degree. While the band pumped away under the mild California sun, and the brave lady from the class of '89 hobbled in, there were little bursts of excitement and anticipation from the crowd—perhaps 15,000 admitted by ticket to the Greek Theater and many thousands lounging about and listening to loudspeakers outside. Two gowned professors marched in the academic procession with signs proclaiming the message: I OPPOSE THIS WAR IN VIETNAM. Photographers and reporters scrambled about. A pale and anxious dean whispered, "What a mess. We thought we were giving a degree to the Supreme Court Justice who stepped down to serve his country in the United Nations. Instead we find ourselves with the defender of Johnson on our hands."

Clark Kerr, president of the university, delivered an earnest, calm address in which he pointed out that more should be spent on education. Although the income of California is 20 percent higher than the national average, he said, the percentage spent on higher education is lower than any other of the 13 western states except Nevada. But money was not what everyone was worried about on this occasion.

Gov. Pat Brown looked out over the sea of protesting banners—about 40

Photographs by Eugene Anthony

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When Arthur Goldberg spoke, scores of teachers and students walked out.

percent of the students carried signs—and said with strained approval, "The university is a fortress of dissent."

The ceremonies proceeded, the speeches unrolled, the band played, the students responded sweetly. Ambassador Goldberg was introduced. And the exit began—professors in robes, alumni, students—quiet and determined, continuing while his voice boomed over the loudspeakers. Outside the Greek Theater, the thousands of students who had wanted to be admitted—so that they could then walk out—cheered the first group of professors to emerge. There was an air of triumph and rejoicing.

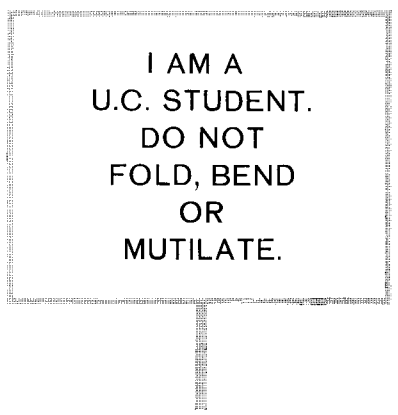
The students had been promised a discussion of Administration policy in Vietnam later in the afternoon. Graciously Ambassador Goldberg consented. It was thought that this would calm the students. Another ardent but orderly crowd appeared at the Harmon Gymnasium to hear a debate between a campus Asia expert and the ambassador. Outside, among the crowd, representatives of the campus political groups circulated, selling papers and buttons. LEGALIZE ABORTION was represented, as was SAVE OUR REDWOODS, and SMOKE MARIJUANA, AVOID CANCER. Smiling Maoists, boyish Trotskyites, lissome Castroites, a handful of Soviet-style Communists, anarchists, socialists of a half-dozen stripes, Democrats of several complexions, Republicans and supporters of Ronald Reagan, and even one die-hard Goldwaterite circulated blithely. A delicious girl with long, ironed hair hawked tickets to a rock-'n'-roll dance featuring a group called The Jefferson Airplane. But most attended seriously to the drama of events in Vietnam. The earnest and intense argument shifted back and forth in the gymnasium. Arthur Goldberg, an experienced negotiator, repeated a few simple points again and again: America wants peace, Communism is a menace, we are only helping the Vietnamese people find democracy. His opponent cited journalists and observers and the historical record to support an argument that war is not the means to peace and democracy in Southeast Asia.

A campus radical, listening carefully, remarked that liberal professors can sometimes be useful. "Radicals are the creators of change, but liberals are its brokers. We can get things done if we refuse to go along with each other."

The day ended with the crowds slowly dispersing, heading homeward, to dormitories, to the outdoor terraces, to the coffee houses, discussing the various positions on the war and the curious fact that no riot had taken place that day in Berkeley. There was hypnotized repetition of one of Ambassador Goldberg's comments: "We must all remember that Southeast Asia is as close to us as we are to Southeast Asia." A few days later a personal advertisement in the *Daily Californian* poignantly evoked some of the passions stimulated by that afternoon of ceremony and solemnity:

WANTED TO LOCATE: Person in blue jeans, sitting with friend outside main gate at Charter Day—who returned a message and was rebuffed. God! If I had believed you. Please reply Box. . . .

* * *



The Berkeley student revolt of 1964–65 has entered into history, but its spirit goes footnoting on. Books, articles, papers, studies rise from the debris in a continuing ghostly procession of analysis and polemics. What began as a quarrel between students and the administration over the placing of student tables on campus—the tables were propaganda stations for various political and social activities—ended in the victories of a student-protest group called the Free Speech Movement and an energized fret over the future function of the "multiversity."

The language of historical analysis has been joined with instant folklore to produce a growing mythology of this

Students engage in fierce debate. Unlike melancholy, apolitical beats of 1950's, many of today's students are joyous activists.

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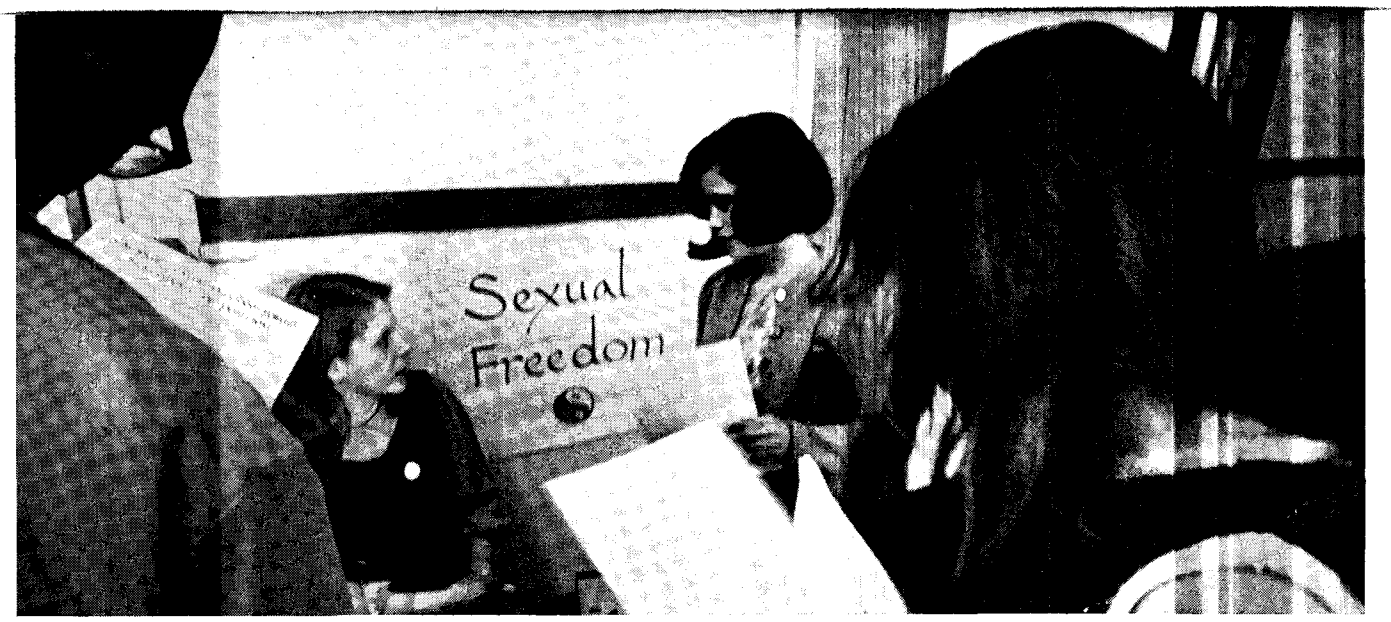


In the hall of a building at Merritt College, a seated volunteer mans a table for the League for Sexual Freedom. She passes out information on the organization and peddles 25-cent buttons which carry such friendly messages as MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR *and* IF IT MOVES, FONDLE IT.

Once an undergrad hero, John Searle now helps to regulate student political activities.

event so recently past. There were heroes, villains, buffoons, profiteers. There was violence against the administration, students and police. There were riots, sit-ins, boycotts, arrests and jailings. A happy throng of students besieged a police car which was attempting to carry off one of the student leaders, and all one balmy night and into the day, they kept the police car prisoner. They used its roof as their speaking platform. The university ground to a halt. Many of the personnel struck. Students invaded Sproul Hall, the main administration building, conducting their revolution with guitars and improvised seminars, folk singing and a bit of necking, and the police bumped heads and tore clothing as they dragged coeds and boys off to nearby jails. The Day of the Police Car, the Sproul Hall Sit-In ("The Siege of the Winter Palace"), the Faculty Revulsion, the Invasion of the Oakland Police are familiar elements in the story. But the main elements in the Berkeley struggle, which almost wrecked the university, are two: the student insistence, in a time of passionate decisions about war and civil rights, that they have the right to speak out for their ideas and advocate their causes with maximum freedom; and beneath this, a developing revulsion against the loneliness and depersonalization of what President Clark Kerr had called the "multiversity."

A curious example of the automatized university is the case of one professor, the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, Louis Simpson, who was telephoned one day by a secretary in the treasurer's office and asked if in the future he would mind signing his name "L-E-W-I-S."

Why? Because the I.B.M. machines mistakenly spelled his name that way on his paycheck.

"Sure," he said equably, hung up, and then thought about it. Why the devil should he change his own name because a machine wanted him to? He called back and said so. The story has become a joke among his friends, but the machines in the saddle and riding the students were no joke to the young people seeking meaning and truth, knowledge and a deepened personal experience in this factory of education.

The Berkeley campus sends more volunteers to the Peace Corps than any other school. Its students have been most active in the civil-rights movements. They are precisely the sort of American student, independent, bright and original, who would react worst to the kitchy-koo theory of student management and to regulation by your friendly local computer. Berkeley, and the Berkeley campus of the University of California, can be described as the left bank of the United States. As President Clark Kerr suspected, it was no willing place for a university on the industrial model.

Throughout modern history, students have initiated revolutionary movements. In the Soviet Union, Hungary and China, student disaffection has occasioned violent repression. And in fact, the most violent student political activity seems to be in countries where the police and army are most influential in politics—in other words, where democracy has not yet developed or has broken down.

The student revolt at Berkeley developed along with a strong sense of the police as enemy, the administration as repressive, cold and managerial, the Government as iniquitous and hypocritical in fighting the war in Vietnam. Even the progress in solving America's traditional racial dilemma did not satisfy those who witnessed unpunished violence in Mississippi. Perhaps, as some insisted, the riots in 1964–1965 represented a "generational conflict" or a panty-raiding love of excitement. But it did not seem so to most of those who have witnessed the discipline of the leaders of the group and the passion of the thousands who eventually filled the organizations behind them. The Free Speech Movement wanted the freedom to advocate change on campus, subject only to legal limits, not the pseudo-parental ones of the university. Its members were outraged at what they believed to be pressure on the regents and the administration from the right-wing former senator William Knowland, publisher of the Oakland *Tribune*, after a civil-rights picketing of his newspaper. But beyond the question of free speech no doubt lay the twin goads of a peculiarly high-powered and yet cold-running university and of a strong sense that the ills of society cannot be evaded, as the older beatniks tried to evade them. If the beatniks were nihilism's sad organization men, the Berkeley radicals are joyous small businessmen of causes and ideas. The ills of the world must be cured by action, not by hiding in pads with bongos and guitars.

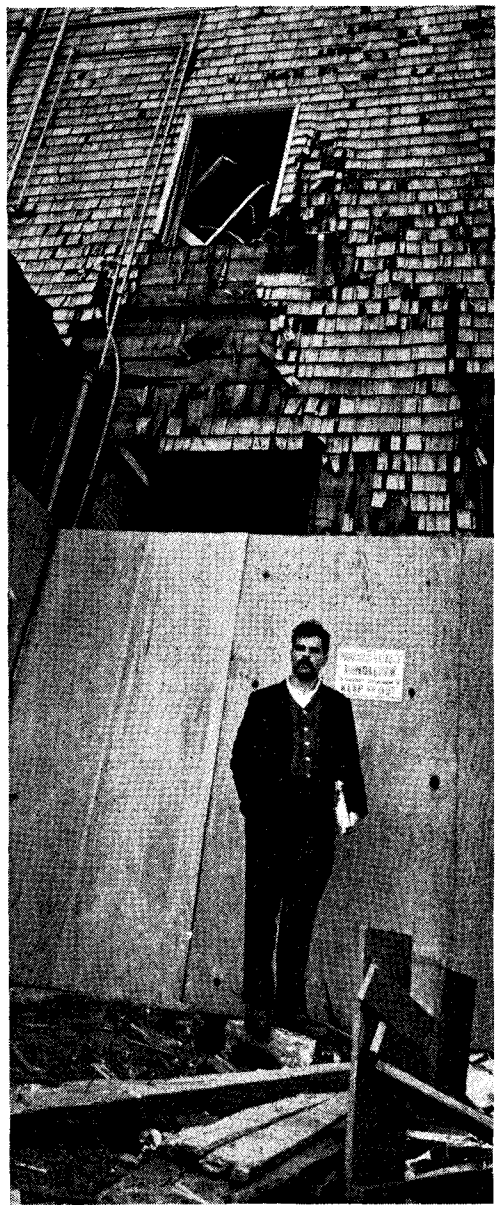
In many ways, despite police action, ranks of deputies, some beatings, jail sentences, fines, expulsions, it was a joyous revolt, full of good humor. For example, the Marine recruiting table on campus was an exception to the administration's rule against off-campus advocacy. And so the students picketed the unhappy Marine noncoms with ironical signs: IF THEY ARREST YOU, GO LIMP. Or: MARINES, BEWARE THE DEANS. Or: FIGHT UNIVERSITY REGULATIONS—JOIN THE MARINES.

But even during the height of the rebellion, when the campus lay under conditions reminiscent of civil war, it still remembered that it constituted a university, not a mob. Many classes stopped meeting, but at others professors led discussions of the issues, and at still others, the slow process of education in science, engineering or the humanities simply continued, oblivious. Library use was down, but students still did homework, wrote papers, took tests. Romantic couples held hands at the Fountain and discussed politics rather than each other, but from Mars it might look as if the important thing was that they were holding hands. Other research projects continued too. Committees met, students took notes, language labs operated. People were applying for grants and fellowships; government contracts were being fulfilled. From very far, from Mars, say, looking through a not-too-powerful telescope, it might have seemed as if the multiversity was going about its customary business.

But if the Martian observer had taken a better focus, he would have seen a pattern of intense street life, living in public, open debates and quarrels and occasional knots of violence that were at least reminiscent of revolutionary times. Education did not break down entirely, but it bent. The final step from protest to revolution, from ardent demonstration to hysterical mob action, was not taken. That final, irrevocable step was avoided, thanks on both sides to a surprising and touching will to assuage the ills and get on with the permanent work of the university.

"A lot of rioting," someone said, "goes a little way." But in this case it went the essential distance. The students won their freedom to advocate causes, subject only to the legal restraints put on all citizens; they dramatized their longings for action in the areas of social justice and political complaint. And the near-catastrophe shocked both the administration and the faculty into important reconsidera-

President Kerr's phrase, "the knowledge industry," rubbed students the wrong way.



Vietnam Day Committee leader Jerry Rubin stands outside bombed V.D.C. headquarters.

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tions of education. The immediate effect of the student-faculty alliance in the winning of the Free Speech battle was to draw the two groups together.

At the height of the rebellion, when agreements were being made and then broken and there was near-anarchy on campus, the popular slogan was: "Don't trust anyone over thirty." The obvious retort came from people appalled by hysterical students wanting to lay their bodies on the university machine: "Never trust anyone *under* thirty." But finally the revolt took some of the ironical style of the tall, slender, sandy-haired, 22-year-old philosophy student, Mario Savio, who was its most effective leader: "We want freedom for all Americans, not just Negroes." He pleaded eloquently for a reform of the "knowledge industry" in which some of the brightest students in America are stamped with the proper circuitry for use in business or military technology. Lonely, distant, passionate, with a slight stammer, he had the current teen-age style, cool-hot and swaying slightly, and for many who saw Mario Savio respectfully remove his shoes and climb in his stocking feet atop that captive police car, it was a high point of their lives:

There's a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part, you can't even tacitly take part. And you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus, and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machines will be prevented from running at all.

And then Joan Baez sang.

And then the students invaded Sproul Hall, sat in, organized themselves as the Free University of California, and waited for the police. A favorite song was *Blowin' in the Wind:* "How many roads must a man walk down/Before you can call him a man?"

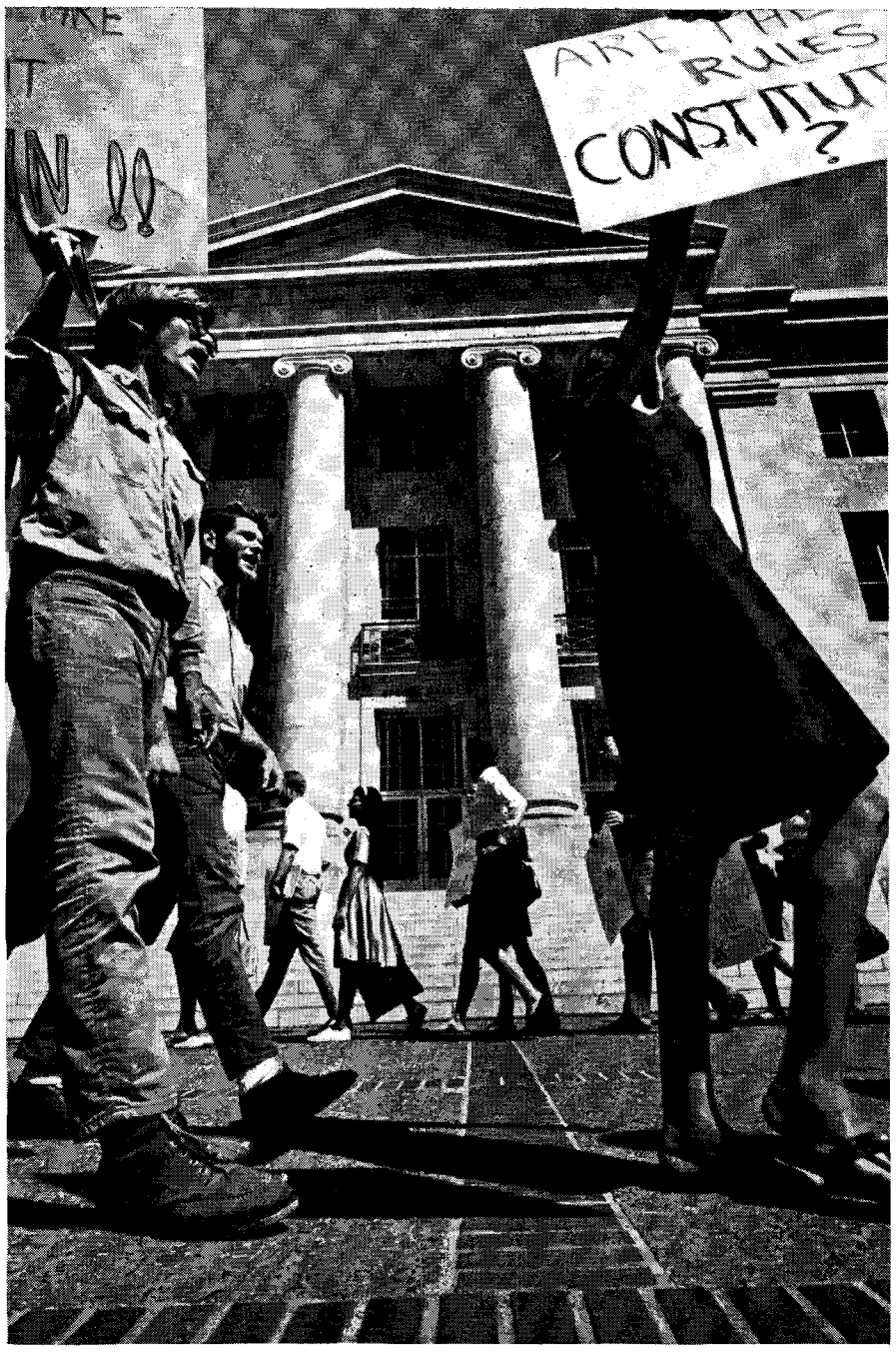
The language on both sides grated like chalk against a blackboard. Clark Kerr in his writings and speeches referred to "the knowledge industry" as if universities were mere indoctrination centers for the military, government and business, and the students were raw material to be processed. This attitude enraged those who believed there are timeless values embodied in the idea of a university, those who sought truth and beauty without immediate profit; it also enraged those who found their personal fulfillment in social idealism—about 3,000 Berkeley students, or 10 percent, had at least marched in picket lines. Idealistic, rid of the apathies of the 1950's, eager to embrace history and change the world, they felt contempt for the conservative bureaucracy running the University of California. The contempt was mutual. There was talk of breaking up the Berkeley campus so that these most active students would be elsewhere, departed, away.

The Berkeley community includes among its most valued and busy members perhaps 4,000 nonstudents, graduates and dropouts, pausers, hesitaters, lovers of the campus style, who stay and stay in Berkeley. Many of the dropouts are among the brightest students, who want to follow their own creative, scholarly or political bents without the harassments of discipline. Many of them are old enough and knowledgeable enough to merit the term "nonfaculty," and do their teaching nonduties in coffeehouses and in the parlors of boarding houses. Centering on Telegraph Avenue, there are such institutions as the Berkeley *Barb*, a nonstudent newspaper published by a bearded 50-year-old former lawyer who says he was trained by the law to believe in the adversary system—his paper is *against;* nonseminars are held in the Forum, the Mediterraneum, Robbie's, and other coffeehouses and noncoffeehouses; the satellite community is active and energetic in the mild, encouraging climate of the bay area.

'There's a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious you can't take part.'

When I asked a graduate student how long a certain Max had been on the Telegraph Avenue scene, he answered, "Oh, a long time! Since before I got here in 1961." When I asked Max himself, he said, "Since 1946." Oddly enough, Max still sees himself as a young man, scavenging up an education, a veteran, still hopeful.

Some dropouts are pedantic and organizational in temperament, and perhaps we should also invent a term for them: "nonadministrators." They initiate many of the ephemeral political actions which support entire button factories in the Berkeley area. (Beginning in modern times, with FREE CARYL CHESSMAN, one of the great button collections could be made of Berkeley products. Some movements are supported mainly by the sale of buttons.) The student strikes and picketings and sit-ins were organized not only by students, faculty and some administrators but by nonstudents, nonfaculty and nonadministrators, as an audio-visual aid to understanding their demands to speak out and claim their political rights.



Students picket in front of Sproul Hall, main administration building, to protest a student dismissal. Handmade signs say DUE PROCESS *and* ARE THESE RULES CONSTITUTIONAL?

After the settling of the free-speech issue, there followed a double comedy by irresponsible, publicity-hungry students and administrators. President Kerr "resigned" (but didn't really), announcing his intention to the press in order to stir up storms of wailing; and a small group rallied in support of a vague young man who held up a banner with a specific four-letter word emblazoned upon it. (This was known as "The Banner with the Strange Device.") The free-speech movement was in danger of being trivialized by this silly affair, which was very cogently analyzed by Prof. Mark Schorer, in a speech in Sproul Plaza. As the man who had written the introduction to the Grove Press edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he supported the right to read and to use The Word in context; but he said it was childish, and an imposition on the feelings of others, to insist on shouting it at those whom it offended.

In the end, this Filthy Speech Movement parody of the Free Speech Movement (F.S.M.) helped most of the protesting students to clarify the limits to which they would go. They saw the danger of rebellion as a mere twitch of habit. It is a tribute to the responsibility of these students that the F.S.M. let the provocation pass with indifference. Such F.S.M. leaders as Mario Savio went about their studies. The Filthy Speech partisans gained their publicity, as did President Kerr by his on-again, off-again resignation, and the university settled back into studying, teaching and research. But the routines were altered. There is a truce, but the lines of stress are still visible.

The drama of one faculty member, John Searle, is a symptom of the uneasy truce. He was a hero to the student radicals yesterday, a young, brilliant, Oxford-trained professor of philosophy who came out firmly in support of the Free Speech Movement. The most articulate and passionate of the early faculty allies of the students, Searle was kindled by this experience of vivid student reaction to the raw edges of American life. He saw the issues at stake and responded exuberantly. "The most exciting campus in the world," he said, and was ready to do battle with faculty, administration, regents and the press if necessary in order to support the ideals of freedom and student responsibility.

The administration recognized the value of Searle's energy, his devotion to the concept of the university, and his understanding of the language and needs of students. And as part of an attempt to pacify the Free Speech Movement, the administration gave Searle the deaning title of "Special Assistant to the Chancellor for Student

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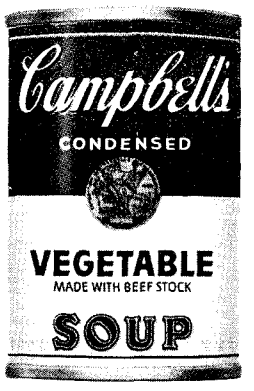
Fast feast for a family supper.

(Chicken in the basket, Campbell's in the bowl.)

Try it!

Dig in! Here's cold chicken ready for nibbling, hot crunchy bread, quick delicious Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Relax. There's something extra-friendly and easygoing about the warm good flavor of Campbell's. Makes you glad you decided to go informal. Try a fast feast at your house tonight — the fun is at your fingertips. Just reach for the Campbell's—it's right on your shelf.



They always eat better when you remember the soup

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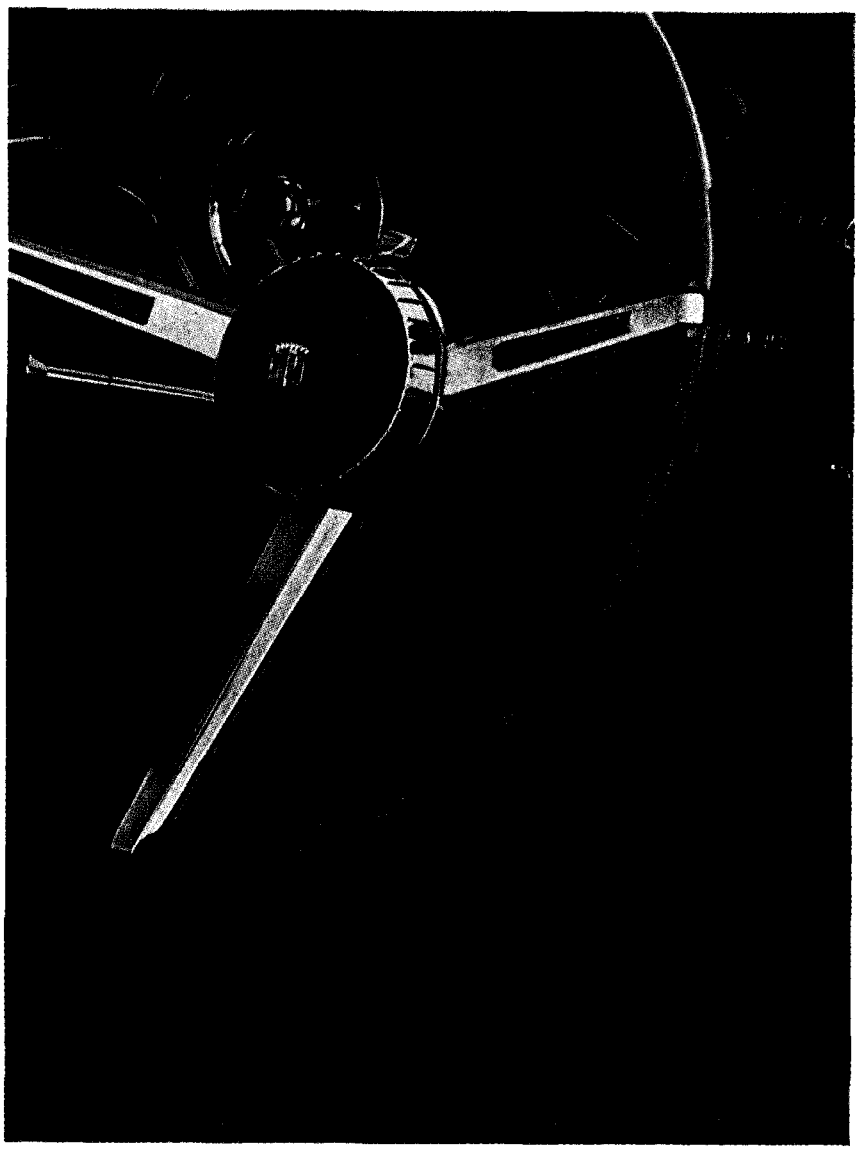
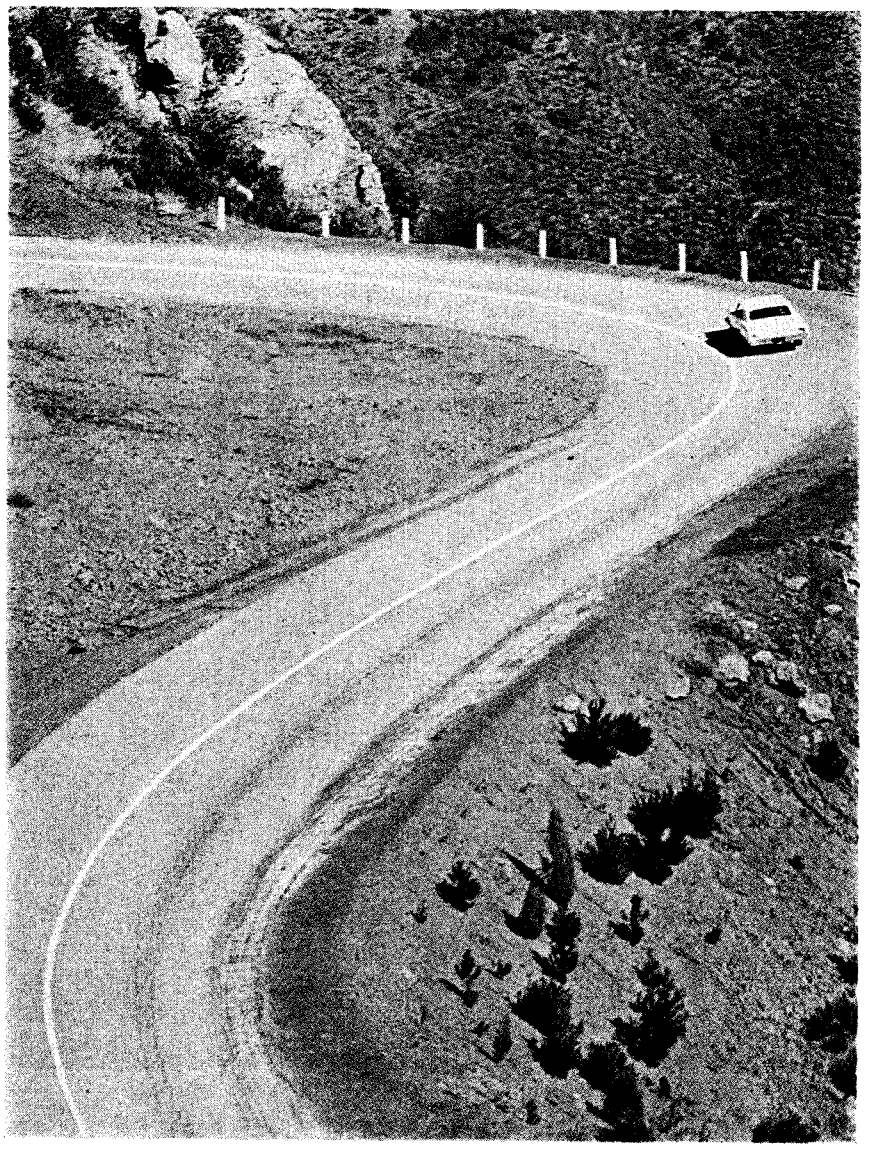
General Motors builds precision steering into its cars...



but it's only as good as you are.



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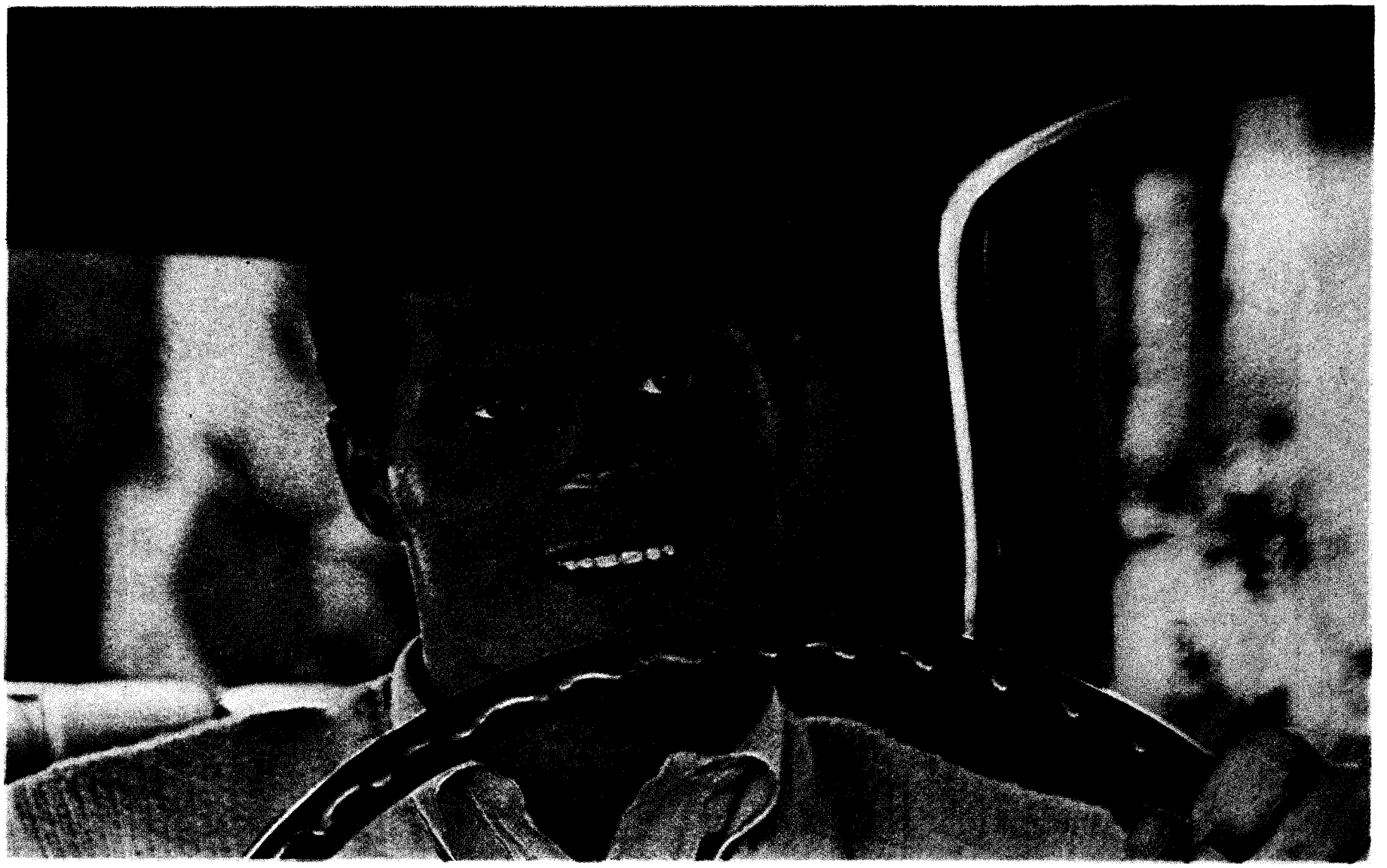

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Our GM cars are designed to go the way you point them—and that's the point. We engineer in all the accurate steering and road-holding stability you want and need and depend on for driving pleasure and assurance. Safety always comes first with General Motors—in the way we design, build and test our cars. We go to great lengths, for example, to see that you have outstanding visibility and the protection of Body by Fisher. But when you take the wheel, you add the care, judgment and alertness that are needed to complete our safety package. Why not put safety first in your GM car—like we do. Chevrolet · Pontiac · Oldsmobile · Buick · Cadillac—all with Body by Fisher.

Safety comes first at GM

(but remember... you're in the driver's seat)

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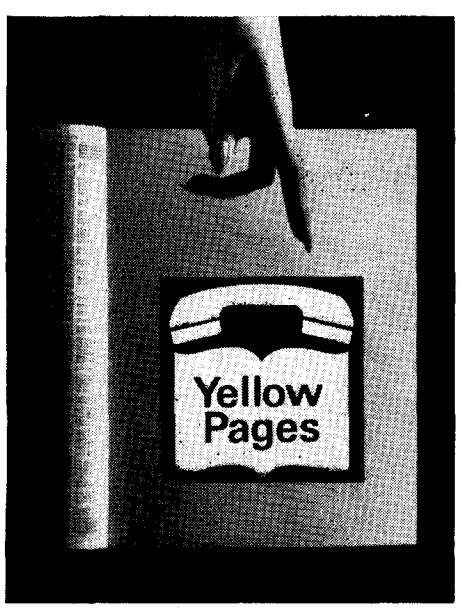
There is something you won't find in a copy of the Yellow Pages.

(Cobwebs.)



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Let your fingers do the walking.**

Organizations," putting him in charge of free speech and regulation of student political activities on campus.

Now Searle's telephone rings day and night with complaints. He finds that some of the students are merely searching for trouble, having found the making of revolution a source of kicks. He took his present job because he wanted to consolidate the gains of the rebellion within the context of a traditional university. He wanted to save the university; now he must mediate between student demands and the possibilities of the times. Without men like him, and perhaps even without President Clark Kerr, the yahoos and the Birchers might come to destroy this liveliest of American university campuses. Neither the demands for a student-run school, without grades or discipline or authority, nor the pressure for a hierarchal, police-run, highly disciplined training school can be tolerated.

Now, of course, Searle is no longer a hero to the revolutionary students. No, he says, the Sexual Freedom League—a small, two-year-old group devoted to the theory and practice of free love—cannot show dirty movies on campus; that's not what free speech is about. And on the more serious free-speech issues, Professor Searle has attempted to mediate a complex issue involving the participation of nonstudents in some campus activities.

"Sellout!" cry some of his old friends. One of the Terrace revolutionaries, drinking coffee in the sun at the outdoor cafeteria, explains Searle as a classical bourgeois traitor to the student class. There is no irony in his tone. Another more thoughtful coffee drinker sees the matter differently: "Searle believes in the university. He's a liberal, but he wants to conserve the university—in that sense, he's a conservative. He's an elitist."

"Yeah! Elitist!" The word had been given.

"We thought he was on our side because he argued for free speech and liberal causes. Well, that was our failure. A liberal is a man who does a little by not doing a lot."

"Liberal! Elitist! Hey, get me a yogurt, will you?"

Searle accepts his present decline and the abuse given him in such organs as the Berkeley *Barb* with stoical good humor. Do they think he is a sellout? OK, then. At the Charter Day ceremonies in March he stood pale and tight-lipped in his academic robes while students and some of his colleagues walked out when Arthur Goldberg rose to receive the honors of the university. "I haven't changed," he explains. "I could talk to Mario Savio, to Bettina Aptheker (a student leader and acknowledged Communist). Now the second string is in. They want permanent turmoil, they want a piece of the cake too. Some of them want martyrdom."

Searle believes that the most responsible revolutionaries have "retired," veterans of the battle at 21 or so, and are pursuing their studies. The campus still sizzles, but despite the agitations of the second rank, one spark alone would not explode it. It would need two or three sparks, a clear violation of the promises of the past. In the meantime John Searle can be seen meeting delegations of students in his office in Dwinelle Hall, or on the steps or in the plaza, arguing, arms flailing, shirttail pulled out. Suddenly this youthful professor is classified among the "other generation."

Just off campus there are plenty of sparks. On the eve of Easter, the headquarters of the Vietnam Day Committee was bombed. Several young people were hurt, the house was left a shambles, windows were blown out in the surrounding area. A few days later a defiant street rally by student sympathizers ended when the police knocked some heads and made some arrests. I was present and saw the police working hard to remember that they are Berkeley police, polite, deferential, glad to be of use; certainly the demonstrators goaded them, and it is not in the essential nature of police, even sweet Berkeley cops, to accept insult and shoving. Those who bombed are as yet undetected. Those who demonstrated are unrepentant.

Threats of bombing have also been received by Robert Scheer, a young journalist who is running for Congress on a radical program, and by the Free University of Berkeley, a student and young-faculty effort to put the gradeless, degreeless ideal into practice with a self-run free university. The Scheer campaign, which began as an educational, almost a missionary movement, has become a serious effort to put a representative of the radical-student group into Congress. Scheer, an intense, sweet-faced, bearded young man with a beautiful wife, has developed a real political base in the community.

The Free University holds courses in the History of Black Nationalism, Psychedelics and Religion, and Poverty and Social Science. It trains for action, rather than merely offering college credits. It has been hounded by the police and by housing inspectors. Both the Free University and Robert Scheer's effort to become a congressman may seem quixotic ventures to the world surrounding Berkeley, but within a context of struggle, police harassment and Mississippi-style bombings, they must be taken seriously.

Outsiders are almost the rule in Berkeley. And since so much of the Berkeley scene is a race-and-civil-rights scene, it is appropriate to look at the situation of Negroes in the town, although there are only a few hundred of them who are actually registered at the university. Who and what are they when they decide to enter this busy garden of California?

There is no Negro ghetto in Berkeley in the usual sense: no desolate slums, no large indigestible community suffering from unemployment, welfare colonialism, overcrowding. There are few "Negro bars" or "soul centers." Perhaps the best evidence for the middle-class nature of the Negro community in Berkeley is the Berkeley police department, a model force with a reputation for humane treatment of minority groups. The problems of the Berkeley community are mild, compared with those of Oakland. This is not to deny the existence of discrimination or the existence of a ghetto in the classic sense of an isolated community. The Negro ghetto is a defined area west of Sacramento Street. And the Oakland ghetto sits nearby, ready to explode like Watts.

The Negroes on the scene in Berke-

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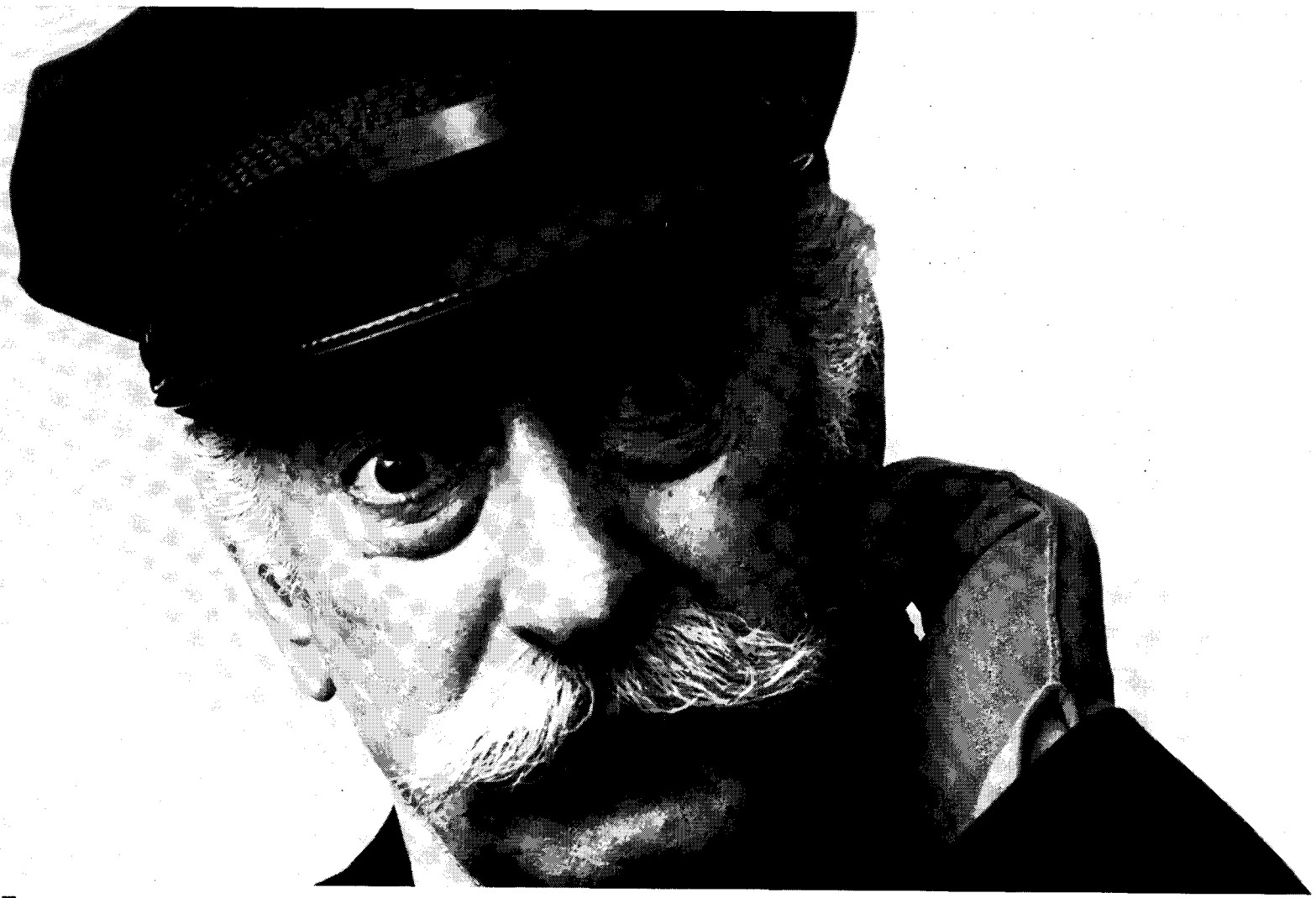

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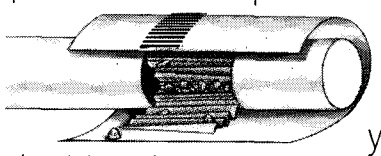

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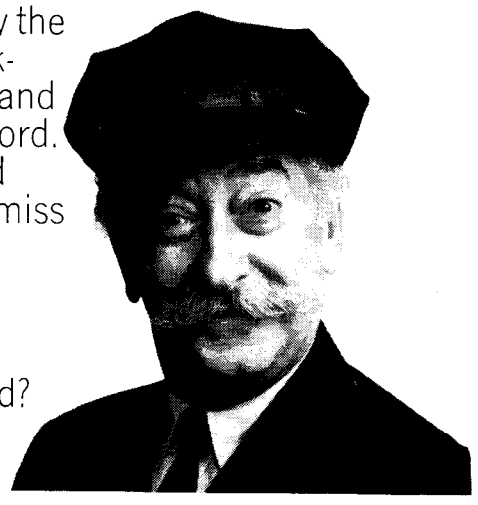
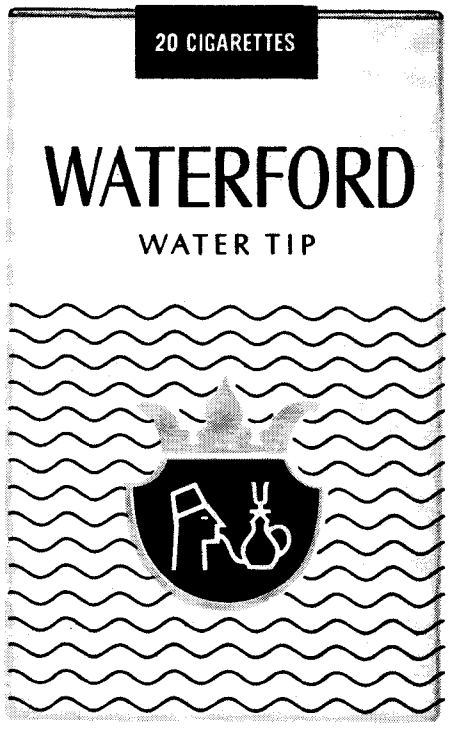


Can I pinch a Waterford?



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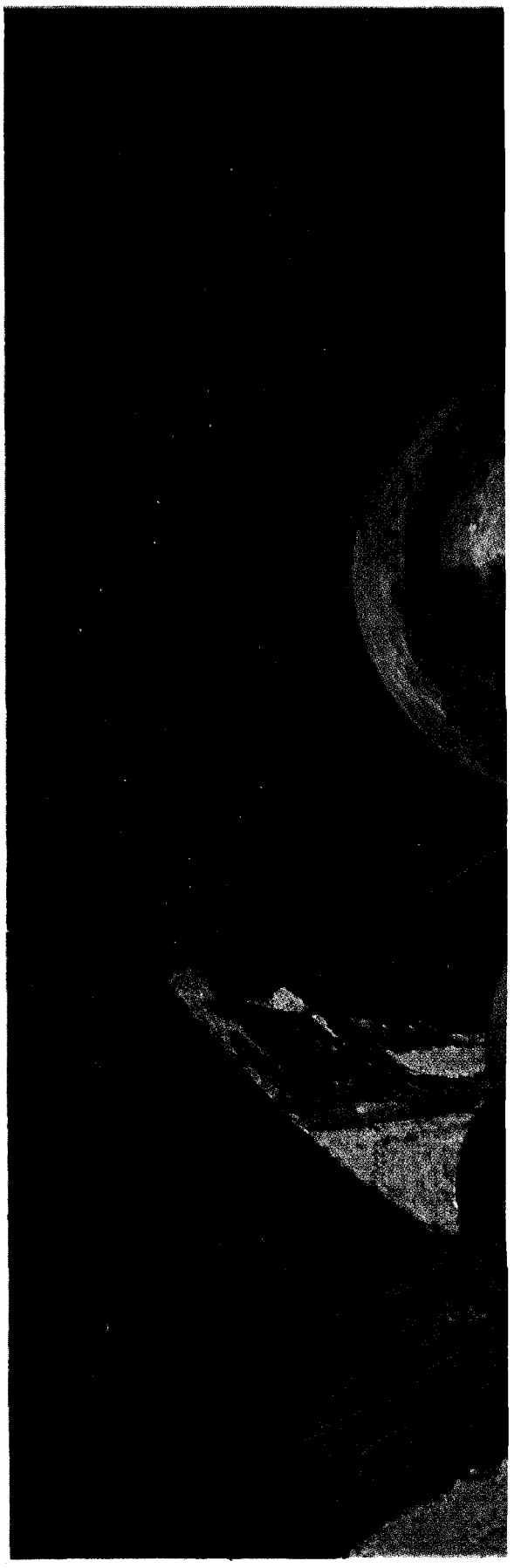

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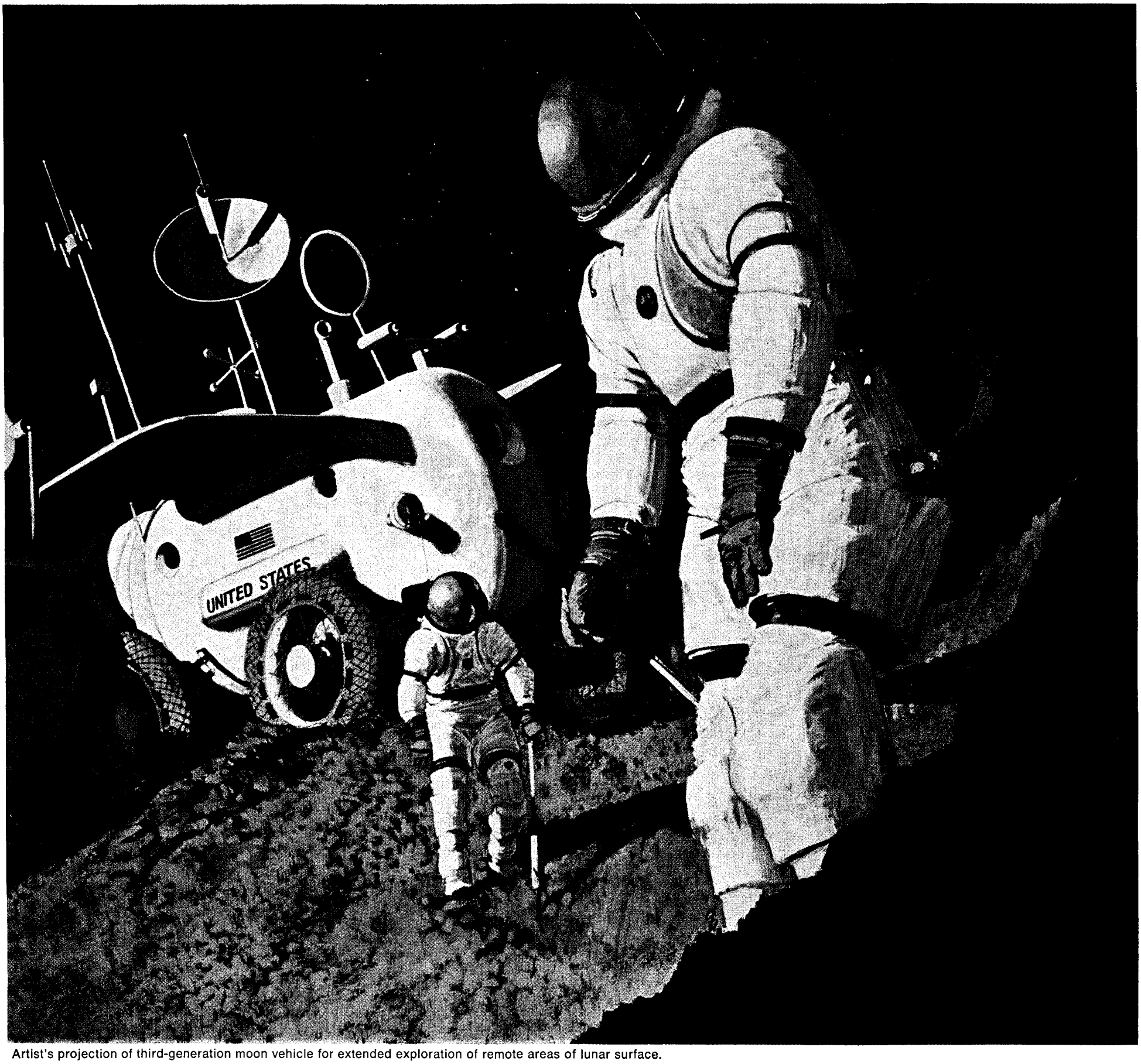

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ley are either (1) "integrated" into the Berkeley underground life, (2) those weekend migrants from Oakland and Richmond who explore the bars on San Pablo Avenue and the coffee shops on Telegraph Avenue, or (3) those rootless pioneers who arrive in Berkeley and scrounge their meals and lodging, having heard that this is the "scene." They are often civil-rights activists; civil rights has become an important avenue of upward mobility. The Telegraph Avenue coffee shops, a few steps from the campus, are the great social mixers. The Forum is the most popular; it has a reputation for being the Place. The Mediterraneum is more the turf of the Establishment Beatniks, those resident students and dropout scholars who remember the avenue when it took its fix with dexedrine and marijuana, not marijuana, methedrine and LSD. (The basic fix has always been conversation and sociability.) Robbie's, a cafeteria three blocks off campus, serves beer and in the old days was the gathering place for Negroes on the avenue. (The "old days" are 1960–1963.) Since then, life has moved down Telegraph Avenue and centers in a single block between Dwight Way and Haste where the popular bookstores are, as well as a couple of cute dress shops, the coffee shops, and "Pepe's," a pizza place. Part of the reason for the move down the block from Robbie's is that Robbie's has beer and is strict about the age limit, and the new crowd is young.

Most Negroes on this scene are on good terms with the other inhabitants, move easily among them, are popular with the white girls, are admired for their eccentric but carefully thought-out taste in clothes. Typical would be a tight T-shirt, cord pants, a colorful vest or Mexican jacket, some black nationalist identification such as an earring or a charm necklace and slightly long hair. This group of Negroes tends to be intellectual, though rather narrowly formed. Often they are black nationalists and have an ideology worked out about Whitey; their heroes are LeRoi Jones and Malcolm X; their classic book is Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. Despite the violence of the nationalist theory, they are usually good-natured. Easygoing marijuana is much preferred to tough alcohol or stronger narcotics. Their speech is stylized, well interspersed with ghetto slang. They are the definers and provide the standards for hipster dialogue. Many have a slight accent which may be taken for West Indian. Hardly any colored women are present.

Some of these people are students, but by no means all, and few of them are Cal students. Some are from nearby Merritt College (formerly Oakland City College). Most are not students, but ex-students from someplace. Many of the kids, Negro and white, come to Berkeley from Los Angeles and other places for the sake of civil-rights marches in spite of the fact that there are civil-rights activities on their own turf that need support. If you ask why, they will say there's always action in Berkeley, and the other marches are just unexciting walks through town.

Occasionally the "integrated" Negro forays down onto San Pablo Avenue for the bars there—the Albatross where there are prestige jazz groups on the weekend; the Steppenwolf, where beer is cheap and there is a hippy-discothèque atmosphere; the Blind Lemon, which is a beer-wine bar, also cheap and hippy. Frequently he will go on campus to the outdoor Terrace of the Union, where the entertainment is pretty much politics. Especially on weekends, but during class time as well, guys are playing instruments—guitars, bongos and occasionally flutes—and people gather around to listen to them. Many of these players are white, and Berkeley abounds in white bongo players, who are integrated in reverse.

The "integrated" Negro usually avoids tough politics, though he may make the parties, and will certainly turn out for the marches. To the extent that he is political, he is usually a black nationalist. Mostly, though, his interests are aesthetic.

The integrated intellectual Negro is, of course, only one element of the Berkeley underground, and while he sets much of its tone, he is not responsible for its shenanigans. For example, there is one prancing young man known as Superspade. I used to see him on Washington Square in Greenwich Village, and then he turned up at Harvard, and now I discover this old buddy again, bouncing through the Berkeley campus on the balls of his feet. At Harvard he always carried a frayed copy of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, and when it wore out, he got a new one. He is an expert coffee drinker. He wears net shirts, usually has two or three girls in his court, and at Harvard introduced himself as a jujitsu instructor. Now he seems to be a jujitsu instructor emeritus—living off the land.

People like him are such an outrage to middle-class sensibilities that sooner or later the community tries to tighten up. And there is evidence that the days of ease are over. A recent story in the Berkeley *Barb*, the offset weekly which services the hippy left community, announces that the police arrested a Negro Merritt College student for standing on the street corner and reciting obscene poetry. Considering the popularity of Telegraph Avenue among the high-school and junior-high kids, those wearing the Liverpool look, spending their weekends hanging around the coffee shops, one can understand the parent-cop-community-leader combine which may be moving toward a crackdown. The Berkeley police are, in general, highly tolerant of eccentricity on the avenue; they don't look for trouble. Kids sometimes quite openly smoke pot on the streets and in parked cars. The cops probably know who the dealers are, but the custom is so universal that it can hardly be controlled. By interfering only ritually with the use of marijuana, they are in fact controlling the community, keeping the violence to a minimum, containing the unpleasantness to a rather small geographical area. And probably also drawing off energy that might go to picketing or other civil rights or political activities.

Another important type of Negro in Berkeley is the working-class man who makes the scene mostly on weekends, lives either in Oakland or nearby Richmond, and shares virtually none of the interests and sensibilities of the "integrated" Negro. He prefers booze to smoking pot. He may be older, though there is no age stereotype. He may have an old-timey zoot-suit flair, or he may be rather conventionally dressed. Often he fights easily, and if he is looking for a fight, he will make one over racial issues. Some of the civil-rights whites adopt these Negroes as mascots.

The new "trips happenings"—inspired by the effects of the "consciousness-expanding" drug LSD, the fad among students just now—do not attract the working-class Negro. The drug scene is not his; his music is soul music rather than the Mersey sound; he finds the Liverpool look puzzling and fey. Besides, the trip festivals cost a lot of money; they are populated by white high and junior-high kids in funny dress; he has no appreciation of high camp or psychedelic lighting effects. He finds himself equally alienated from the Terrace scene—discussions of Castro, Trotsky, Buber, Paul Goodman,

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Andy Warhol, President Clark Kerr.

And then there are the Negro university students—perhaps 300 altogether—who are almost without exception strictly middle-class, on the way up, nonpolitical. Despite generally inferior education in the state's high-school system, and in many cases culturally deprived homes, they have won admission to the flagship of the California university system. They tend to be serious and hard-working. They have recently formed a Negro student group. As yet it is formless and its ultimate content is unclear. The group has a table on campus and offers some books on Negro history, but the initial conception is a social club, the Afro-American Student Union.

Berkeley cannot cut itself off from the larger world. It is no mere laboratory for controlled experimentation in the new life styles. Berkeley's relative balance is up against the piling on of ills in Oakland—a desperate ghetto in a backward and mismanaged city with a large potential for violence. There is no insulation. If Oakland explodes—*when* Oakland explodes—Berkeley will also burn.

The basic fact of Berkeley is that no traditional rules of conduct or standards of morality are taken for granted. To a proposal to try a new kick, the response is likely to be: Why not? Since so much has failed, why not? Since new solutions are needed—why not? Since new promises are coming out of the laboratories (pills, powders, devices, promises) or out of the heads of the brooding and the discontented (theories, rages, horrors, promises)—*why not try and see?*

One young professor insists that 90 percent of the students smoke marijuana; this may be an exaggeration, but it indicates how unexceptional the notion of marijuana smoking is. A short time ago the drug of choice was methedrine, a stimulant which constricts the vessels and causes the spirit to fly. More mundanely, it also makes the body jitter and can cause brain damage by starving the brain of blood. New drugs appear frequently, but the fad now is for hallucinating lysergic-acid "trips," which stimulate mystic and religious experiences through a semicontrolled chemical psychosis. One local doctor describes LSD as temporarily softening the glue that holds personalities together, and the brain and soul seem to be shaken up and rearranged; then the glue hardens again. But with each dose, the glue does not harden completely. The local hospitals are crowded with psychotics with the characteristic delusions and horrors of lysergic-acid poisoning.

Instant religion, instant mysticism, instant summary explanations of the meaning of life, LSD and methedrine are labor-saving devices for producing insight, creativity, soul. In the legends of Berkeley, it is said that the police are relatively easy on drug users because they would rather have the kids taking trips on LSD than getting high on politics. It is true that drug users tend to give up their social and political activities in favor of "beautiful," "loving," "tender," high and inexpressible private trips. The best argument against the new mind-expanding drugs is the example of those whose minds have been expanded. Their inner reality—free, wild, intense, with truths revealed—is a cloud that has little weight outside their own heads. These poor brains are like woolly sweaters, washed and dragged, baggy and shapeless.

Drugs in Berkeley are a part of the scene, as alcohol is in other places, taken for granted, a given fact, a social crutch. It is far more than a police problem. It looks like the time of the Soma predicted in Aldous Huxley's novel about the future, *Brave New World*, in which the citizenry lined up for its dose of peace of mind. The element of legitimate experimentation with the chemical sources of behavior and feeling has been swamped by the quest for easy significance.

Another cause that has enlisted the ardent attention of the Berkeley campus is that of sexual freedom. Mrs. Rey Anthony, author of *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a remarkably frank sex journal that recently seemed to shock the Supreme Court, has a certain charm for the Berkeley community. Her off-campus classes in sexuality mostly raise snickers from Berkeley students. The Sexual Freedom League holds lectures and symposia and discussions and panels on its subject, and all the religious and political groups seem eager to get into the act. One lecture announced on campus had this title: "If You Have to Talk About It, You're Not Doing It." And that seemed to sum up the state of calm here. Many students, a very large percentage, live together casually, sharing kitchen and house-cleaning duties. According to some professors, they are the better students, undistracted by the normal anxious pursuing of college kids. "It's a little Sweden," said one sociologist. "They're at ease with it. Good for studying as long as they don't get married and have kids before they're ready for it. I envy them." He sighed. "The Pill would have made my life as a graduate student, well, calmer."

However, there is still the Silly Putty mashing about of the Sexual Freedom League, founded by a dropout from San Francisco State and other schools. One Sunday I went to a meeting in Stiles Hall, an off-campus meeting place, where an official of the league was scheduled to lead a discussion, sing his ardent song, ask for memberships, announce some nude parties and introduce Rey Anthony, the elder stateswoman of the sexual-freedom business. The ladies present looked either like suffragettes or forlorn beatniks, with a scattering of distracted housewives. The men were mostly boys, silky-haired, silky-bearded, plus a group of shy, fretful working people from Oakland, and some intense and twitchy older ideologues. At the door a pretty girl of about voting age passed out forms and collected dues. Here too the omnipresent buttons were for sale: SAVE WATER. BATHE WITH A FRIEND. On the membership application form for girls there are such choices as:

I will attend parties with

- ☐ more than fifteen people
- ☐ less than fifteen people
- ☐ any number

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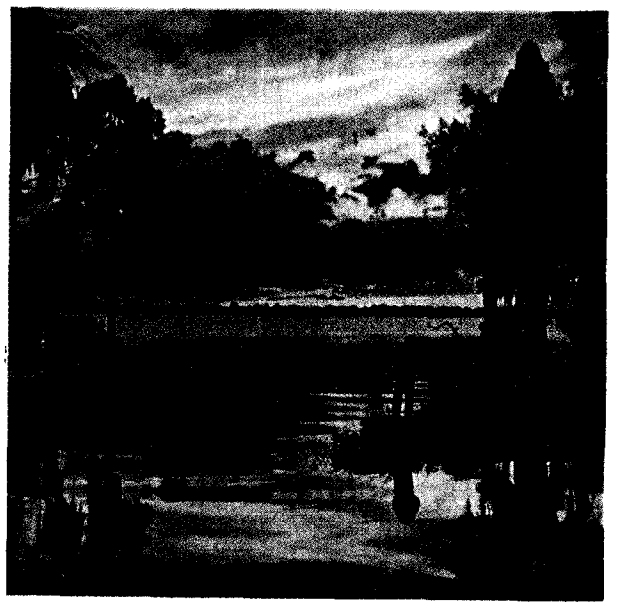

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I sat with one of the few attractive girls in the group. She was delicate, ash-blond and melancholic, a student in mathematics who planned to work on computers. She explained that she used to suffer from jealousy and loneliness before she joined the league—jealousy when she liked a man and he looked at other girls, loneliness when she found herself in that dim state between men. Now she is never between men. There is no jealousy because there is no particular caring; it's all friendly, easy and in the group. A wan smile. "We have picnics, parties, we even have friends outside the league. . . ." She seemed to be saying to her fellow leaguers: Let me be with you and we can share our loneliness together, please, please. No feeling of orgy. Not even very much fun. Just consolation for the frightening isolation of boys and girls who have trouble learning to be men and women.

The speaker, a league official whom I'll call Fred, had his three children sitting in the front row on folding chairs. They were all young, under seven, and occasionally they stirred, talked aloud, and giggled. He would look at them with the doctrinaire loving tenderness common to acid users, jazz buffs and idealistic organization men, and say, "Now, you just be quiet there. . . ."

The audience followed every gesture of its leader with rapt awe. Another herd of independent minds.

Fred waffled on about freedom and joy and how we are all brothers (or sisters), and gradually I became aware that he was not addressing the 60 or 70 attentive indoor scholars on this sunny afternoon in Berkeley, but was speaking directly to some undiscovered lady in our midst.

"Now, chick," he said, "you say you don't want to make out with me because I don't appreciate your personality. Now let me ask you: What is a personality? Now, chick, according to Freud, Adler, Fromm, Karen Horney, Wilhelm Reich, and like those thinkers there, what *is* a personality? A personality, let me tell you, chick, it is something you just put on to make your mother love you. So what have you got if you are truly loved? *No personality!* The way you are deep inside, the way we all are, deep inside—no personality! So let's make out right after the meeting, OK?"

"Do you agree with what he's saying?" I whispered to the little lady at my right.

"Well, he's trying to push us in a mystical-type direction," she whispered back.

He was pushing hard in some type direction: "Now, chick, suppose we make out today, tonight, say, and I don't call you tomorrow on the telephone. Just suppose. So what? Your personality gonna be hurt? Like that? Aw, you see how sick it is—we have a good time today and *you* worry about a personality? Aw, listen, chick. Suppose I never call you again; but six years from now I'm climbing one of them hills they got in San Francisco, and I'm tired, and I'm weary, and I have to stop for breath, and suddenly your face comes into my mind and I think: *Six years ago that chick was good to me.* . . . Now ain't that better'n having a personality?"

The plaintive appeal of thousands of high-school boys all over the country was echoed in this 30-year-old dropout's aria: "Sure I like you a lot, kid; just listen to me. . . ."

"A mystical-type, more a religious-type direction," the blond lady explained seriously to me. "We don't all go that route."

At last Rey Anthony climbed toward the front to boom out her marching orders about sexual freedom. Like a top sergeant, she informed us that we don't know anything at all. She demands discipline from her students, and attention to duty, and prompt payment of tuition. And then, like little soldiers, we can hope to march correctly in close-order drill.

Even in this society, however, there are schismatic differences of opinion. My pretty little informant complained that last Sunday's picnic was spoiled by the leader of today's inspirational session. Fred insisted they take off their clothes. "Nag, nag, nag. He kept it up all day." Most of the others simply wanted to roast wienies and enjoy the sounds of the sea, but their frazzled commissar of erotic obsession couldn't think of anything else. She sighed. "He's very mystical. He's crazy. But at least he's not mentally ill, like so many people you meet."

Perhaps this comment can serve as the paradoxical conclusion about the state of things in Berkeley today—crazy, but not mentally ill.

The Berkeley experiment takes us far from the America we have known, but it may be the precursor of the new American style. It is radical: no compromise on civil rights, war or free speech. The student leaders want total victory in their political agitation—or perhaps total defeat, which is also a sort of victory, since it radicalizes and embitters more people. A man like John Searle, who wants to preserve the university within a context of vigorous dissent, has mixed feelings about this new style. It has developed out of a vigorous collection of some 30,000 elite students, plus the nonstudents, nonfaculty, hangers-on, and nonhangers-on of the strident, heady hills of Berkeley. Our fathers, they all seem to say, you have given us riches and power, and you have done badly. Grow up? "Growing up is kind of immature," said one of the leaders of the Free Speech Movement.

They seem to want poverty and power—the power to live with the apocalyptic world. A red-bearded young man turns thoughtful in the late afternoon sun on the Terrace. He smokes, and eats his yogurt. "We'll define our interests in terms of problems, not careers. We need a community. I like health foods too."

The new society has shown its shape in Berkeley—a world of radical leisure. Climate, prosperity and poverty together, isolation and involvement, a great university and a cold university have all meshed to produce a disquieting glimpse of the future. The disaffiliated beatniks of the Eisenhower period, self-contemplating and childish, have been replaced by the hot-cool radicals of 1966. They find the race for security and material goods absurd in the

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light of war and the danger of apocalypse; they find American pretensions to national virtue excessive in the light of the slow pace of solving the problems of civil rights, automation, poor use of brains and bodies, the factory concept of education. They have little interest in the "successful career." They want to find the job that can exercise their spirits. Many of them want reform, but many also want revolution.

Oddly enough, the few Communists among them are relative conservatives. They merely want to revise the institutions and change a few details of distribution; after all, both China and the Soviet Union are organized mass societies, like the U.S.A. About Bettina Aptheker, the Communist coed leader, whose father is a leading theoretician of the American Communist Party, one professor said ironically: "Thank God there's one child on this campus who isn't rebelling against her parents."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Better speak to your daughter. She's running around with a pretty allegro crowd."

The truly radical movers seem to want destruction, nihilism, anarchism. They are doing away with their parents. They want to begin again with noble savages. They want to take the technical resources of the cybernetic revolution and make them serve an unchained individualism. "The best leadership is getting everyone to be a leader," said a speaker in Sproul Plaza, his fist upraised and his eyes flashing.

The successor to the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit may be the Man in the White Bleached Existential Jeans. He reads Martin Buber and C. Wright Mills while listening to the amplified rock 'n' roll of the Sopwith Camels, the Jefferson Airplane, or that band called The Great Society. He is often more interested in the styles of such notions as "love," "morality," "existential truth," "tenderness," "telling it like it is," than in actual political ideology. He is feeling his way toward defining the problems rather than organizing utopias.

In their rage against the past and dread of the future, some of the Berkeley radicals would like to obey no rules but the ones they make themselves. Of course, this leads to pop emotions, pop crime, pop sex and pop government. The trivial twitches of whim do not define human dignity. But the seriousness of life in Berkeley is perhaps finally the most touching thing about the scene. It is an enclave of raw nerves, delight in the senses and devotion to every cause from cooperative grocery shopping to world peace. It seems as if some important intimations of the drama of the future are being acted out by these healthy, good-looking, ardent and disputatious young Americans. □

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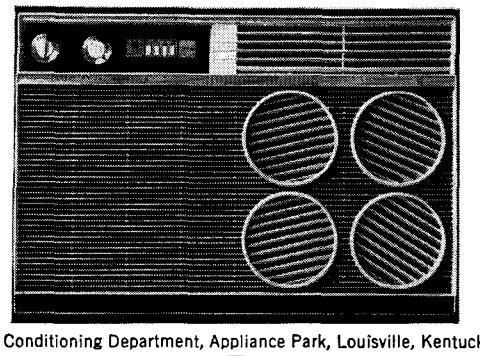

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Norwood Pratt had to get a hardship discharge from the Marines in 1958 because his father died, and there wasn't anyone else at home to look after Vernell. Vernell was Norwood's sister. She was a heavy, sleepy girl with bad posture. She was old enough to look after herself and large enough, but in many ways she was a great big baby. Everybody out on the highway said, "What's going to happen to Vernell now?" Several people put this question to Brother Humphries, and his reply was, "I'm trying to work something out." He talked to a man in Texarkana who worked something out with the Red Cross man at Camp Pendleton, and the Red Cross man worked it out with the major who handled hardship discharges.

Norwood took his discharge, which he felt to be shameful, and boarded a bus bound for his hometown of Ralph, Texas. The big red-and-yellow cruiser had not gone far when he remembered with a sinking heart that in all the confusion of checking out he had forgotten to pick up the seventy dollars that Joe William Reese owed him. This was a measure of his distress. It was not like Norwood to forget money. Joe William should have come by and paid him. But no, that was not Joe William's way.

Thinking about that, on top of the discharge business, sent Norwood further into depression. He decided he would sit up straight all the way home and not talk to anyone. But he fell asleep that night, leaning back in the recline-o seat, and dozed off and on the rest of the way home.

Norwood and Vernell did not live right in Ralph, but just on the other side of it. Mr. Pratt had always enjoyed living on the edge of places or between places. He was an alcoholic auto mechanic. Before his death they had moved a lot, back and forth along U. S. Highway 82 in the oil fields and cotton patches between Stamps, Arkansas, and Hooks, Texas. There was something Mr. Pratt dearly loved about that section of interstate concrete. They clung to its banks like river rats. Once, near Stamps, they lived in a house between a Tastee-Freez stand and a cinder-block church. Later they moved to a tin-roof house situated in a gas field under a spectacular flare that burned all the time. Big copper-green beetles the size of mice came from all over the Southland to see it and die in it. At night their little toasted corpses pankled down on the tin roof.

The Pratts did their washing and shaving on the front porch because that was where the pan was, and the mirror. Little Vernell—when she *was* little—would stand out in the yard in her panties and wave a stick or a carburetor at all the transcontinental motorists. She may well have caught some of them going both ways, so frequently did the Pratts move back and forth across the road. Mr. Pratt did not prefer one side of U.S. 82 over the other.

When the Pratts moved to Ralph, Norwood quit school and went to work for Clyde Rainey at the Nipper Independent Oil Co. Servicecenter, and with his first money he built his mother a bathroom. Most of the fixtures were secondhand, but he bought the bathtub new from Sears, and it *was* a delight. It was low and modern and sleek, with a built-in thing for the soap, and there was a wave design on the bottom. Mrs. Pratt was well pleased and said so.

But she was gone these many years and now the old mechanic too, he who had shaken his head and wiped his hands and told at least a thousand people they were losing oil through the main bearing, he had joined her. Clyde Rainey told Norwood that the funeral had all been very nice. There had been a good many flowers. The funeral home had scrubbed Mr. Pratt down with

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Boraxo, and Clyde said he had never seen him looking so clean and radiant.

Norwood picked up his old job at the Nipper station. The station featured dishes and cheap gasoline. All credit cards were honored. The rest rooms were locked for the protection of the customers. Outside, eye-catching banners and pennants and clever mobile signs fluttered and spun and wheeled over the pumps. On top of the station there was a giant billboard showing a great moon face with eyeglasses, a face beaming with goodwill. It was, of course, Nipper himself, the famous Houston oilman. A little cartoon body had been painted beneath the face, one hand holding a gas hose and the other extended to the public in a stage gesture, palm outward, something like Porky Pig when he is saying, "That's all, folks." Along the bottom of the sign was a line of script, in quotation marks to indicate that it was a message direct from the Nipper pen. "Thank you for riding with Nipper," it said. "Won't you call again?"

Vernell cried and moped around the house for almost two months, but in time she came around. One morning she got up and washed her face and cooked Norwood's breakfast. She was still a little sickly, though, and the doctor said not to let her work too hard. So Norwood continued to do most of the cooking and housekeeping, and he busied himself with little personal projects.

Sometimes he sat on the back steps wearing a black hat with a Fort Worth crease and played his guitar—just three or four chords, really—and sang *Always Late—With Your Kisses*, with his voice breaking like Lefty Frizzell, and *China Doll* like Slim Whitman, whose upper range is hard to match. The guitar was a cheap West German model with nylon strings he had bought at the PX. He also put in a lot of time on his car. For fifty dollars he had bought a 1947 Fleetline Chevrolet with dirt-dobber nests in the heater and radio. He put in some rings and ground the valves and got it in fair running shape. He loosened the tappets and put up with the noise so as to keep Vernell—who *would* race a motor—from burning the valves. She burned a connecting rod instead.

He made home improvements too. He ripped the imitation brick siding off the house and slapped two coats of white paint on the walls. He cleaned up the front yard and thinned out the weeds in the big ditch in front of the house and gave the mosquitoes down there fits with twenty gallons of used motor oil. He had two loads of pea gravel dumped and spread over the driveway, and he whitewashed some big rocks and laid them out for borders. There was some lime left over, so he soaked some more rocks and laid out a globe-eagle-anchor Marine emblem on the ditch slope facing the highway.

One night he came home from work and said, "I'm tard of working at that station, Vernell."

"What's wrong, Bubba?"

"Every time you grease a truck, stuff falls in your eyes and your hair and down your back. You got it pretty easy yourself. You know that?"

"Why don't you get a hat?"

"I got plenty of hats, Vernell. If all I needed was another hat I would be well off."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to get on *The Louisiana Hayride.*"

"Well, why don't you go over there and get on it?"

"You can't just go over there and get on it. They don't just let anybody on it that wants to. I guess you thought people just showed up at KWKH and said 'I want to be on the Hayride.'"

"You're as good as some of 'em I've heard on it."

"I know I'm *good* enough to be on it. That's not it."

"Well, let me have a half dollar so I can go to the show with Lorene."

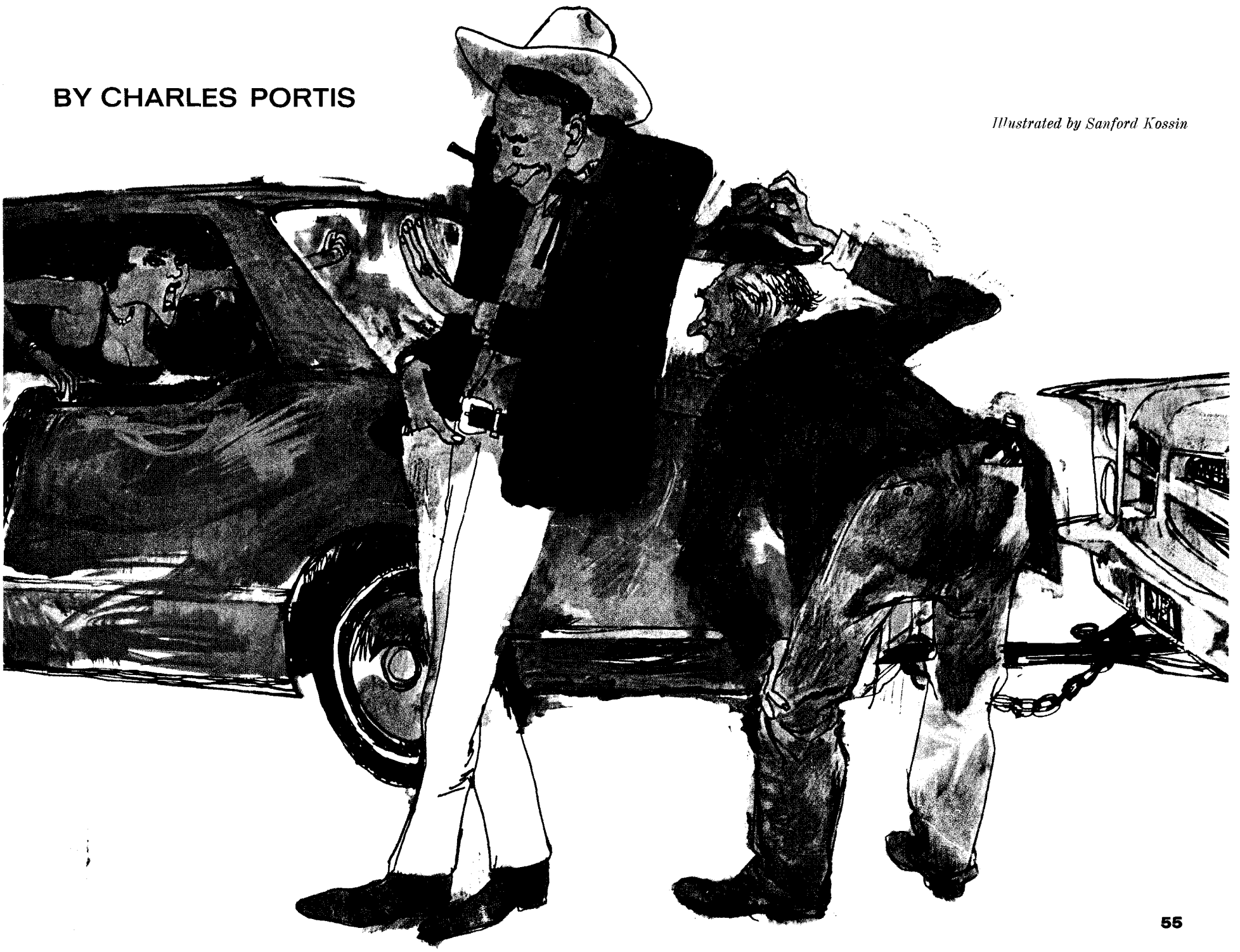
"I wish I had somebody around to give me half dollars, Vernell. They don't give me anything down there at the station. I have to work for every dime and then pay taxes on that. I never even see that tax money."

"I know, you told me about that."

"You don't act like it. I'll tell you something else. Maybe I would have

BY CHARLES PORTIS

Illustrated by Sanford Kossin



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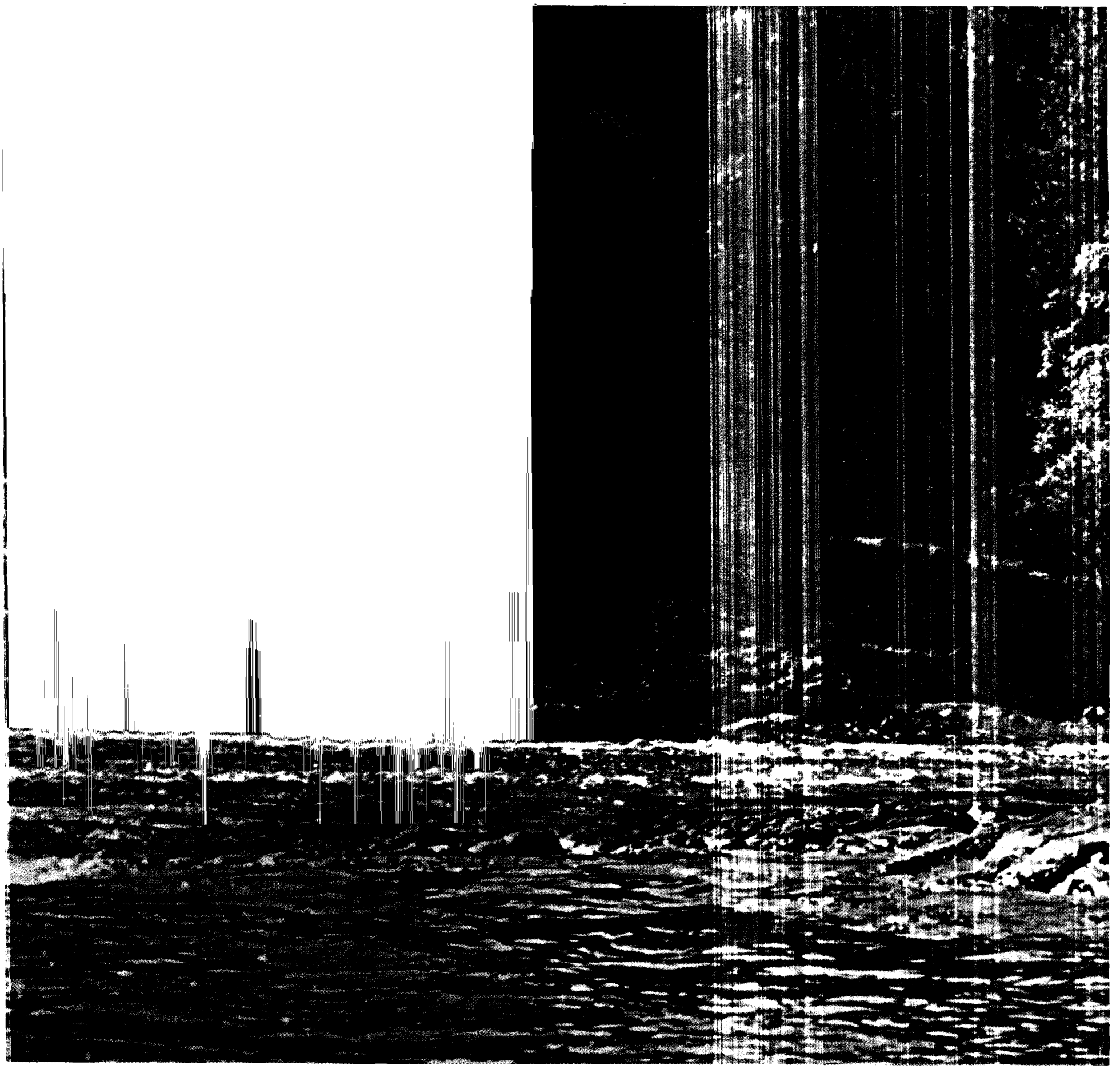

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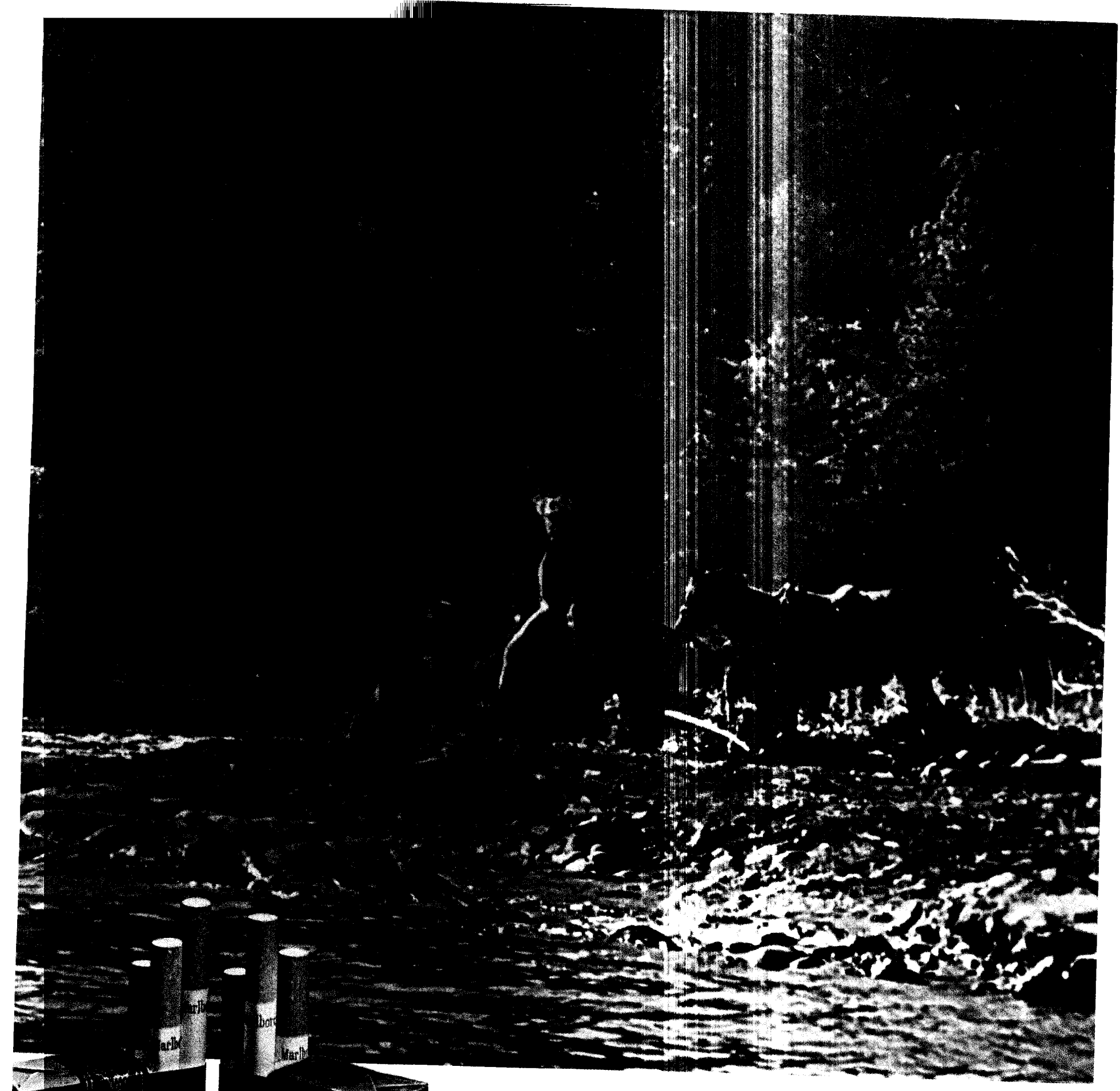

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some money if people paid me what they owed me. Joe William Reese owes me seventy dollars and has never paid me to this day."

"Maybe he will sometime."

"Naw he won't."

"He might. You ought to write him or call him. He might of forgot it his own self."

"You don't even know him, Vernell. If you knew him you wouldn't say that."

After Vernell had gone to the show, Norwood went back to the station and called the Reese residence in Old Carthage, Arkansas. An old woman answered. She said Joe William had come home, shed his uniform, and was now believed to be in New York City.

"What is he doing up there?"

"Lord, I don't know. Don't ask me."

"When will he be back?"

"He didn't say. We don't look for him any time soon. *I* don't anyway. Old Carthage is too little for Joe William. Who is this?"

"This is Norwood Pratt over in Ralph, Texas. I wanted to talk to him about some money he owes me."

"I don't believe we know any Pratts in Texas. There's a J. B. Pratt here that sweeps out the courthouse. He used to come around and sharpen scissors. I don't know when I've seen that old man. He always did good work."

"Joe William and me was in the arm service together."

"Say you were?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well, I don't know what to tell you. I'm his grandmother. But I'm a Whichcoat. That is, I married a Whichcoat. My daughter was a Whichcoat before she married Joe William's father. The Reeses all came in here from Tennessee after the war. The sawmill was here then. My maiden name is Finch. You've probably heard of old Judge Finch. He was on the Fourth Circuit here for so long? All the papers have written him up."

"Have you got Joe William's address?"

"I'll have to ask Daughter about that."

Norwood wrote Joe William a card at the New York address and watched the mails with anxiety for three weeks. Nothing came. He wrote another card and put an extra stamp on it this time. There was no answer. Clyde Rainey said, "You don't seem to have your mind on your business, Norwood. Are you feeling all right?"

"I'm fine, Clyde. If there was anything wrong I would go to the doctor."

"You don't look right to me."

One warm summer evening Norwood was out in the yard cutting the grass. He took his shirt off and then put it on again. The mosquitoes were fierce. Vernell was sitting on the front porch with a dishpan in her lap, shelling peas. She said, "I wonder if Mama and Daddy can look down from heaven tonight and see how nice the yard looks." Norwood stopped mowing. "I don't know, Vernell. Did you go down and talk to that woman at the hotel today like I told you to?"

"Well, I had some things to do. I'll go one day next week."

"Naw you won't. You'll go the first thing in the morning."

She cried and took some aspirins and went to bed, but Norwood hauled her out the next morning and made her dress and shave, and he told her that she was going to be working at the New Ralph Hotel Coffee Shop that very day or he would know the reason why.

"I don't feel good, Bubba," she pleaded. "I don't know how to do it. I'm liable to get the orders wrong."

"I got you this job and you're going down there."

"What if I get the orders wrong?"

"Well, don't get 'em wrong. Get 'em right."

"I don't think I can do it."

"Yes you can."

"I can't."

"Look, a man will come in and you will give him a glass of water and a menu. Then he will study it and decide what he wants. All right. You write it down on the ticket. Then when he's through you add up all the prices and put on the tax and that's his bill."

"I know all that."

"You are too afraid of people, Vernell. That's your trouble."

The job worked out too well. Money and position went to Vernell's head. Her health and posture improved. She grew daily more confident and assertive and Norwood listened in cold silence as she brought home choice downtown gossip and made familiar references to undertakers and lawyers and Ford dealers. He had nothing to counter with. No one you could quote traded at the Nipper station. The customers were local Negroes, high-school kids, out-of-state felons in flight from prosecution, and other economy-minded transients, most of whom carried their own motor oil in their back seats, oil that was stranger and cheaper than anything even in the Nipper inventory. Some weeks, with her tips, Vernell made more money than Norwood. It was a terrible state of affairs, and he would not have believed that things were to become worse almost overnight.

With absolutely no warning, Vernell married a disabled veteran named Bill Bird and brought him to live in the little house on the highway. Bill Bird was an older man. He had drifted into Ralph after being discharged from a V.A. hospital. He took a room at the New Ralph Hotel, monthly rate, and passed his time under the fan in the coffee shop, reading *Grit* and pondering the graphs in *U.S. News & World Report*. Vernell took to Bill Bird at once. She kept his cup filled with coffee, and during lulls she would sit at his table and enjoy him. She liked his quiet, thoughtful air and his scholarship.

One afternoon she said, "I declare, Bill, you just read all the time. It must make your eyes hurt."

Bill Bird shook himself out of a reading trance, put his paper down, and rose to offer her a chair. "Sit down, Vernell. Relax for a minute."

"Well, I will for just a minute."

Bill Bird tapped the newspaper. "I was reading an interesting little piece there. A retired high-school band director in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, has taught his fox terrier to play *Springtime in the Rockies* on the mouth organ. He holds it on with a little wire collar."

"Well, I'll be," said Vernell.

"It goes to show," said Bill Bird, "that animals are a lot smarter than people think. I honestly believe that one day we may be able to talk to them. By that I mean *communicate* in some fashion. There's a lot of interesting research going on in that field."

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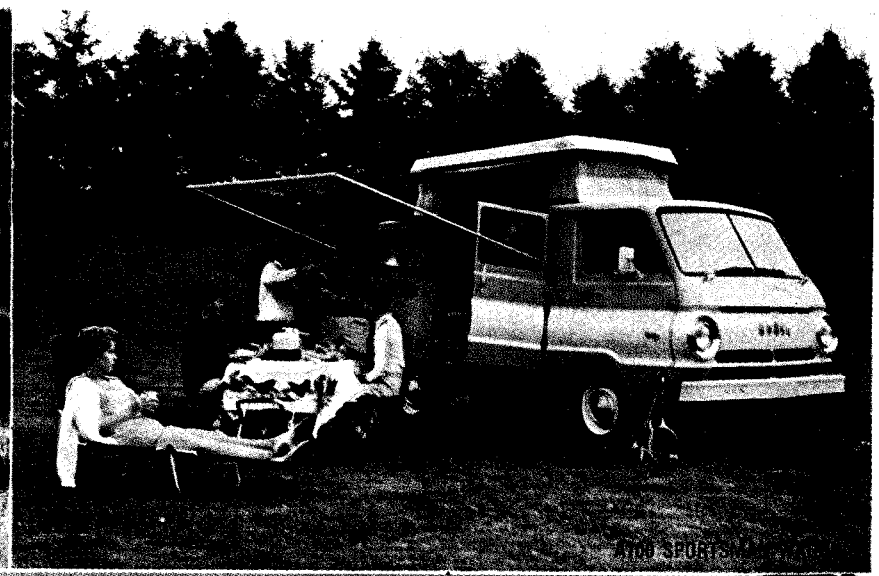
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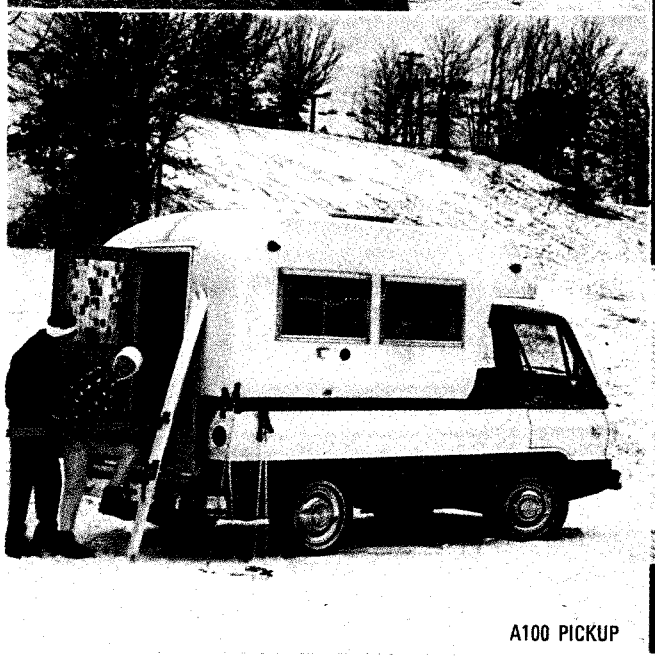
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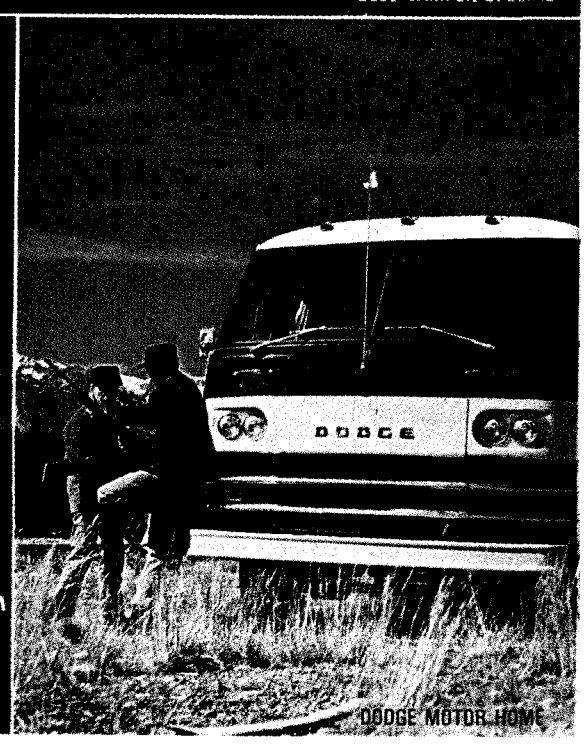

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"What else can he sing, that dog?"

"Well, it doesn't say. It just says he is limited to a few simple melodies because of his small lungs. And he doesn't *sing*, Vernell. He *plays* these songs on a mouth organ. A harmonica."

"I'd like to hear that scamp play. They ought to put him on television sometime."

Bill Bird hummed the opening of *Springtime in the Rockies* and thought about it for a minute. "That's not exactly a simple tune, you know. I think it represents an amazing range for a dog."

"You must know something about every subject in the world, Bill."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Vernell. I will admit this: I have always been curious about things. Like most of your scientists, I am interested in the *why* of things, and not just the *what*. Sometimes I think I might have been happier if I didn't have such a searching mind."

"You couldn't be any other way."

"Some people go through their entire lives and are completely satisfied with the *what*. They don't ask questions."

"They don't know any better."

"They are content to go along in the old patterns, the same old ruts, never realizing how much richer and fuller their lives could be."

"That's all they know."

"How much does your man on the street know of psychology?"

"Nothing. They don't know anything."

Norwood knew Bill Bird by sight, and he had heard Vernell speak of him often enough, but he had no idea anything was up. And now here he was, this middle-aged stranger, in Norwood's home, at his breakfast table, in his bathroom. It was not even clear how or in what war Bill Bird had become a disabled veteran. Sometimes he spoke of Panama. There seemed to be nothing much wrong with him, apart from irregularity and low metabolism.

Bill Bird received a lot of official mail, and no doubt a regular check, but he did not offer to pay anything toward the general household expenses. He had no problem adjusting from hotel life to home life. After meals he would excuse himself and go to the bedroom and close the door. He kept a little duffel bag in there filled with supplementary treats for his own exclusive use—Vienna sausages, olives, chocolate-chip cookies. He bumped around the house, sockless, in Army-looking dress shoes and an old corduroy V. A. robe. He was in and out of the bathroom with his magazines. He made an hourly trip to the kitchen to look in the stove and the refrigerator and all the cabinets and the breadbox and indeed into everything that had a door.

Norwood did not like the sound of his voice. Bill Bird was originally from some place in Michigan, and Norwood found his brisk Yankee vowels offensive. They argued about the bathroom. Bill Bird had made himself a little home there. He used all the hot water. He filled up the cabinet with dozens of little bottles, crowding Norwood's shaving gear out onto the windowsill. He used Norwood's blades. He left hairs stuck in the soap—short, gray, unmistakable Bill Bird hairs. Norwood had built the bathroom. It was his, and the thought of Bill Bird's buttocks sliding around in the modern Sears tub was disagreeable.

They argued about the Marine Corps. Bill Bird said it was vastly overrated. He cited personal experiences and magazine articles. For all the Marines' talk of the Halls of Montezuma, he said, there had actually been only a handful of Marines at the siege of Chapultepec. Regular Army troops, as usual, had won the day there. Norwood said that certain Army units in Korea in 1950 had abandoned their weapons and equipment and even their wounded while under Chinese attack. Many of the wounded had been rescued by Marines. Bill Bird said he knew this to be untrue.

They argued about Norwood's plan to leave his job at the Nipper station and strike out blindly for Shreveport and a musical career on *The Louisiana Hayride*. It was foolish, Bill Bird said, to leave a job before you were sure you had another job. Vernell said that made plenty of sense to her. Bill Bird went on to say that it was hard to get a job if you did not already have a job. "Bill is right about that," said Vernell.

They argued about the seventy dollars Joe William owed Norwood, and about means of collecting it. Bill Bird said the best approach would be to pay some lawyer fifteen dollars to write that fellow a scare letter. "Then I would be out eighty-five dollars," said Norwood. Bill Bird said that he, for one, was tired of hearing about that confounded seventy dollars.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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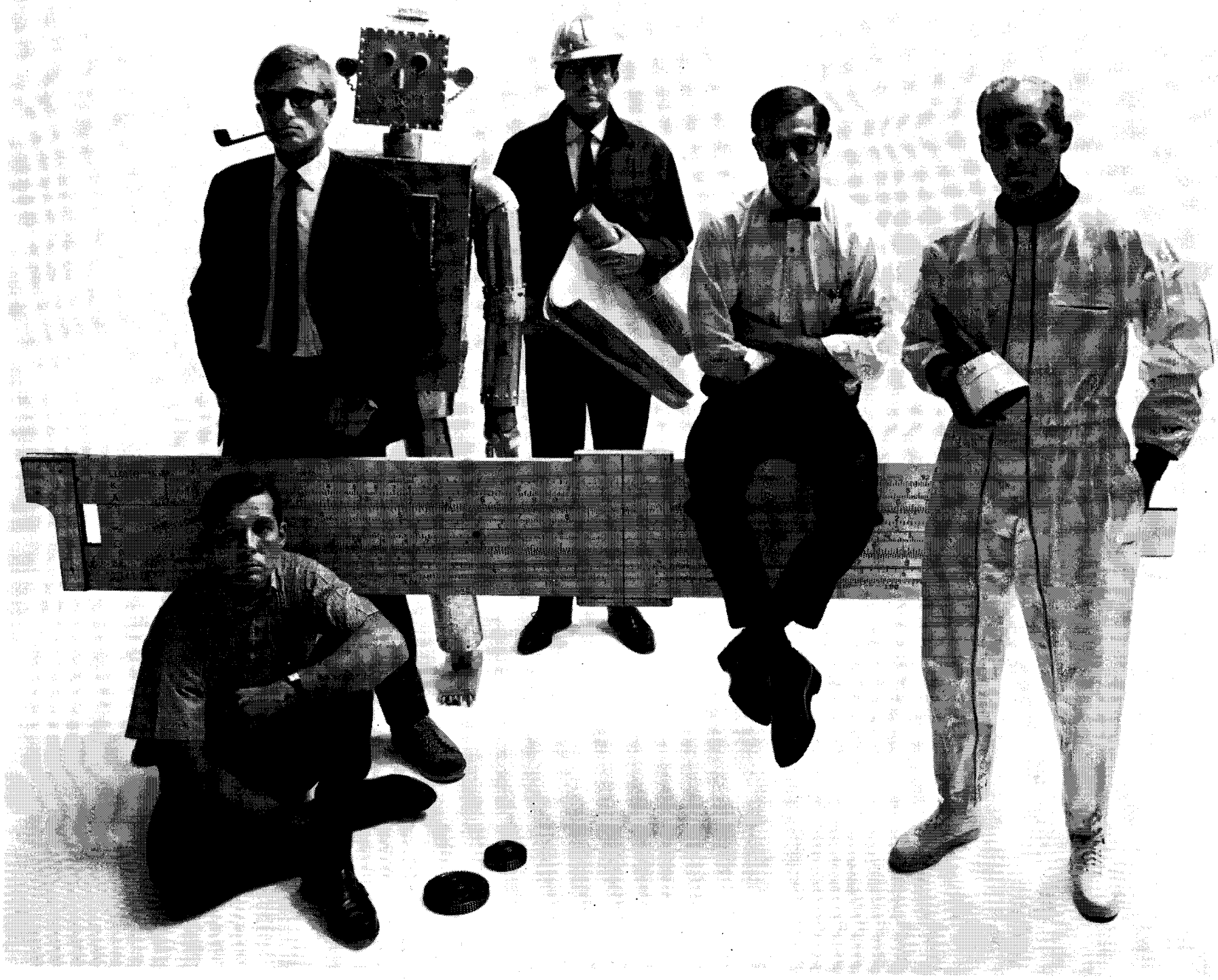

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The compactness of the Pratt house was such that three-way conversations could be and very often were carried on from three different rooms, with none of the parties visible to the others. "You beat anything I ever saw, Bubba," said Vernell one night. She was in the bedroom ironing. "We're both of us making good money now and we got the house fixed up and you've got your car and Bill's here and you just want to throw it all to one side and take off for Shreveport. You don't even know anybody in Shreveport."

Norwood was sitting at the kitchen table eating a warmed-over supper. He had been late getting home from the station and they had not waited. He kept his hat on while he ate, his pale-green Nipper hat with the black bill. He held his left thumb in a glass of ice water. The thumb was swelling and throbbing and purpling. He had fixed flats that day for three big state gravel trucks, one after the other, and when he was breaking down one of the wheels a locking ring had snapped on his thumb.

"Well, when you get to Shreveport and run out of money," came the Michigan voice of Bill Bird, through a cloud of bathroom steam, "Vernell and I will not be able to send you any."

Norwood speared a sausage patty with his fork and gave it a hard flip through the bathroom doorway.

"Hey!" said Bill Bird. "All right now!" He emerged from the steam in green V.A. convalescent pants cinched up with a drawstring. That was all he had on. He was holding the patty level on his open palm, like a compass, and he was studying it. "Did you throw this, Norwood?"

"What is it, Bill?"

"You know what it is. It's a sausage."

"I wondered what that was. I saw a arm come in the back door there and chunk something acrost the room. I thought maybe there was a note on it."

Bill Bird called into the bedroom. "Vernell, come in here a minute. Norwood's throwing food."

Vernell came in. "Goodness, Bill, put on some clothes. Norwood's trying to eat his supper."

"Look at this," said Bill Bird.

"That's a sausage," she said.

"I know what it is. He threw it at me in the bathroom."

"What for? What would he want to throw a sausage for?"

"I don't know, Vernell. It's beyond me. I *do* know you could very easily put someone's eye out like that."

She gave a little laugh. "I don't think you could put anybody's eye out with a sausage." She saw from Bill Bird's face that this was not the ticket. She turned to Norwood. "What made you want to do it, Bubba?"

Norwood went on eating. "You two would drive anybody crazy," he said. "Going on all night about a sausage."

"It's something you would expect out of a child," said Bill Bird. "You know I've tried to get along with him, Vernell, but you can't treat him like a responsible adult. He should be made to apologize for this."

"Bubba, tell Bill you're sorry. Come on now. It won't hurt you."

"I don't know why I ought to apologize if some stranger comes along and throws a sausage across the house at *him*. All I saw was his sleeve, Bill. I couldn't even tell the color, it happened so fast."

"I'll tell you what's going to become of your brother, Vernell," said Bill Bird. "He's going to wind up in the penitentiary. I read an article the other day about the seven danger signs of criminal tendencies in the young. I think you'll be a little disturbed to learn that your own brother has the same personality profile as Alvin Karpis."

"Bubba was just playing with you, Bill."

"I'll say this: Unless his attitude undergoes a great change he will be in the pen within five years. Now. We'll consider this incident closed."

Norwood made himself two sandwiches and went out on the front porch to eat them. Down the highway beyond the Nipper station the lights of the skating rink made a dull yellow glow. Insect bulbs of low wattage. The music came and went in heavy waves, a record of a boogie-woogie organist. Norwood went out and started the car and listened for a minute to the clatter of the burnt rod and the loose tappets. He drove down to the skating rink. Sometimes, after the first session, you could pick up a country girl looking for a ride home.

It was a Friday night, and there was a big crowd. The tent flaps were rolled up all the way around. Some of the bolder girls were wearing short, pleated skirts that bounced. The boys were skating fast, working hard at it, as though they were delivering important telegrams. Out front some Future

I bought my first Savings Bond 25 years ago

I was 14 years old

Mr. Jack Benny, distinguished star of the entertainment world, may not have a computer's memory when it comes to his age, but his dates are accurate about Savings Bonds.

The first Series E U. S. Savings Bond was issued 25 years ago on May 1, 1941, by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau to President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mr. Benny was already famous as a radio comedian (the youngest in the business, by his own admission). And in the years which followed, he proved himself to be a good friend of the Bond Program, not only buying Bonds, but helping to sell them to the American people.

Through his efforts and those of countless other volunteers in radio and TV, stage and screen, and in all walks of life, the American people have bought more than $150 billion in Bonds.

Of these, about $100 billion have been cashed in for emergencies, homes, retirement, etc. The balance is being held by tens of millions of American families—a star-spangled nest-egg for the future.

Why not start building your nest-egg with Savings Bonds—for yourself, and to back up our men in Vietnam. But give it a chance to build up by starting young. Like Jack Benny.

For your information: Series E Bonds pay back $4 for every $3 in just 7 years, are protected against loss, provide tax advantages, can be purchased where you work or bank. For current income on your investment, ask about Series H Bonds.

NOW PAYING 4.15% WHEN HELD TO MATURITY

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

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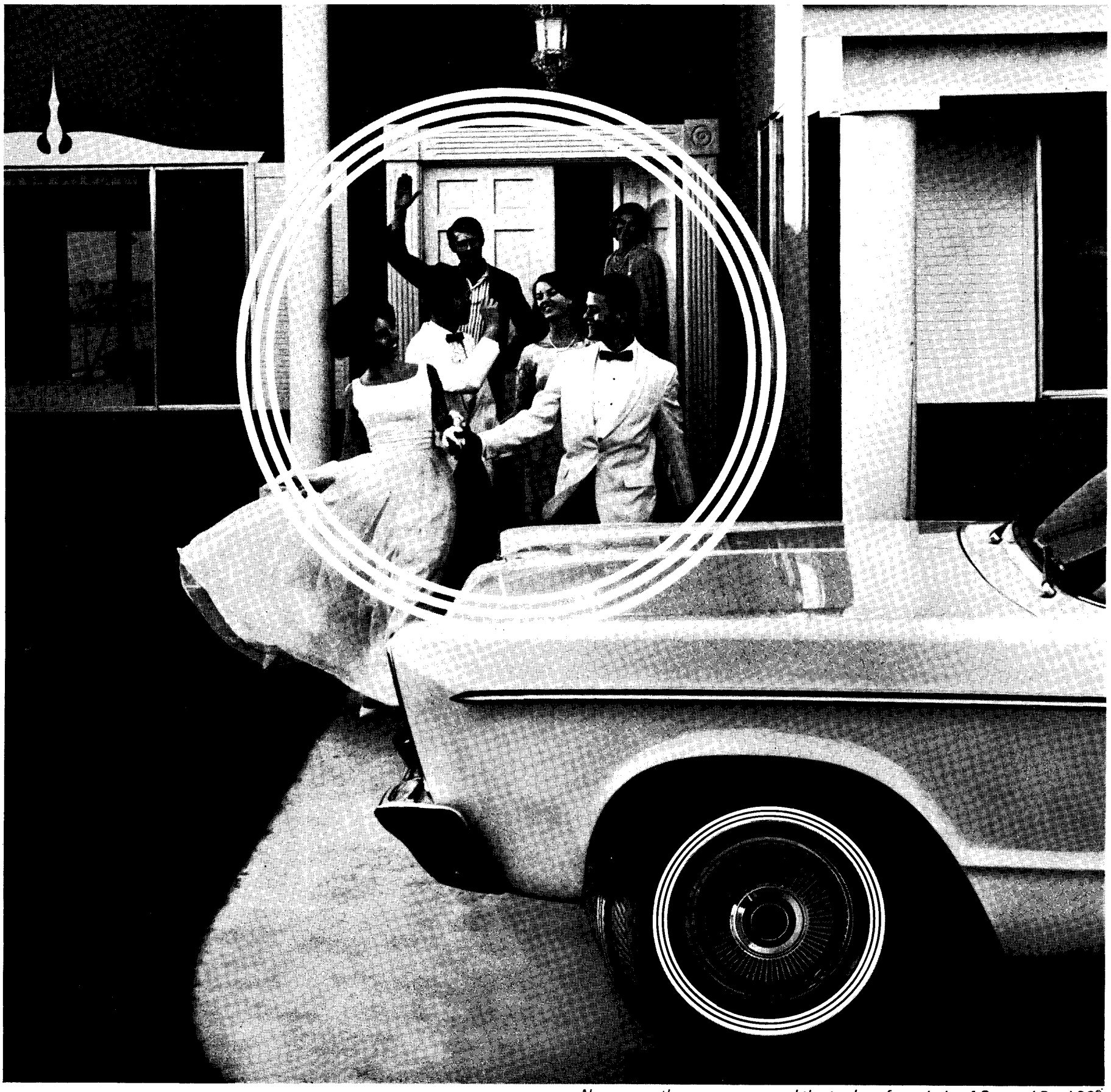

Now more than ever you need the triple safety circle of General Dual 90®

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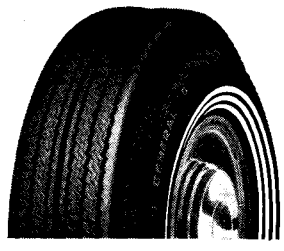
①seals punctures while you drive ②gives General Tire's maximum blowout protection ③dual-tread stopping traction.

Prom time...anytime...you'll be glad you have General Tire's maximum protection against blowouts and punctures...plus dual-tread traction. This tire is made with General's long-mileage Duragen® rubber, reinforced with Nygen,® General's own super-strong nylon cord. See your General Tire dealer.



GENERAL TIRE®

THE DIVERSIFIED MAJOR

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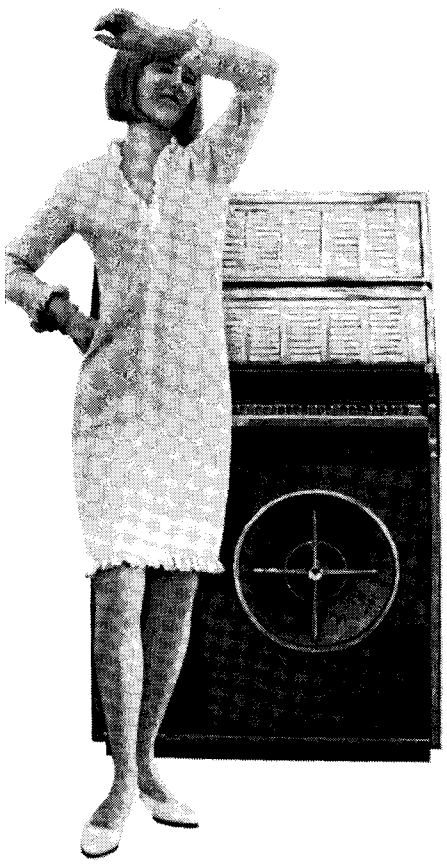
Can you still do the old-fashioned dances like the frug and the watusi?



Dances change so fast these days you can't stop to catch their names.

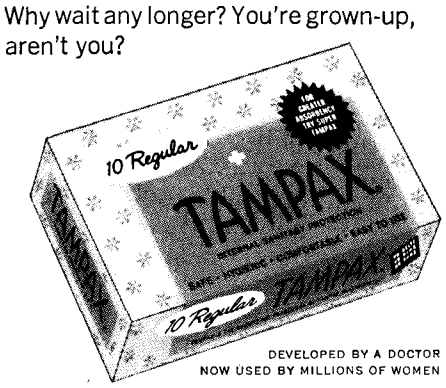
Other things change too. People change. You aren't the same girl you were a year or two ago.

Perhaps then you weren't ready even to consider the idea of using Tampax tampons. Now you're that much closer to trying them. That shows you're growing up.

For Tampax tampons are for grown-up girls—girls who are confident and assured and who don't want unnecessary complications during problem days. Tampax tampons worn internally are out of sight, out of mind, unfelt, unseen.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Is it any wonder that millions of girls have used billions of Tampax tampons? Why wait any longer? You're grown-up, aren't you?



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

TRAVELING LIGHT

Farmers of America were horsing around, playing with a softball. Norwood wandered around to the back of the tent and stood leaning against a big pecan tree, watching the skaters through the chicken wire and checking out the R.F.D. girls. After a minute or two he heard someone cracking nuts on the other side of the tree.

A very thin and yet very broad man was standing there expertly cracking pecans in his hands and getting the meats out whole. He was wearing a smooth brown saddle-stitched sport jacket and blue slacks with hard creases and a pearl-gray cattleman's hat. He grinned and dusted his huge flat hands and extended one to Norwood.

"Hello there, Norwood."

Norwood shook his hand. "I thought I heard somebody. Do you know me?"

"Well, I feel like I do. I see your name stitched there over your pocket. Of course, you might have someone's else's shirt on. In that case your name might be Earl or Dub for all I know."

"Naw, it's my shirt, all right."

"My name is Fring. I'm glad to know you, Norwood. Tell me, is everyone at home well?"

"Just getting along fine. How about your folks?"

"They're all dead except for me and my brother Tilmon. I'm fine and he's doing very well, considering his age. Here, take this home and read it when you get a minute."

He handed Norwood a pamphlet. The cover said, "A noncancellable guaranteed renewable-for-life hospitalization policy, underwritten by one of the Mid-South's most reliable insurance firms. No age limit. PAYS up to $5,000.00 for sickness or accident. PAYS up to $400.00 for surgery. PAYS prescription benefits. PAYS home-nurse benefits. PAYS iron-lung fees. PAYS . . ."

The man said, "Take it home and study it later. Compare it with your present program, in light of your current insurance needs. Talk it over with those at home. That little policy just sells itself."

Norwood put it in his pocket. "You an insurance man?"

"Well, my brother Tilmon and I have a good many business interests. I'm also in mobile homes and coin-operated machines. I am a licensed private investigator in three states. We have a debt-collection agency in Texarkana. I know you've heard of our car lots over there. Grady Fring?"

"You're not Grady Fring, the Kredit King?"

"I am indeed."

"No reasonable offer refused?"

"The very same."

"You can't convince Grady your credit is bad?"

"Right again."

Norwood laughed. "Well, this *is* something. I've seen your signs and heard your things on the radio a lot. 'Grady has gone crazy!' and all that."

"I would certainly be disappointed if you hadn't heard them," said Grady. "If I told you what our advertising budget was last year, you wouldn't believe it. That's where you've got to put your money if you want to move the goods. Know what I believe in? Volume."

"What?"

"Volume. Volume. I don't care what I make off anything—six dollars, a quarter, a dime—as long as I can move it. Sell it! Move it! Give it away! Just clear it on out, and bring something else in, and then we'll sell that too. Yessir, I do believe in volume. Why aren't you out there skating with all those pretty girls?"

"I'm not too good a skater."

"I'll bet you know all those girls out there."

"I know some of 'em."

"This is my first visit to this particular rollerdrome," said Grady. "I am also connected with a New Orleans talent agency, and that part of my work takes me around to many such highway institutions. What our agency does—it's fully licensed—is seek out and recruit lovely young girls. Girls seeking a career in show business. Girls who want to leave home. You may not realize it, but we have some of the sweetest little girls in the country right around in these parts."

"We sure do."

"I'd put them up against girls from anywhere."

"That Cresswell girl is a good skater," said Norwood. "She's about the best one around here. That one there with the lights on her skates."

"Yes, I've had my eye on her. She's a dandy. And sweet too. Do you know her folks? What does her daddy do?"

"I don't know. Her mama works down at the Washateria."

"How old is she?"

"About fifty-six."

"No, I mean the girl."

"Oh. She's about seventeen."

"I'd rather not fool with them if they're under nineteen or twenty. You will understand. Norwood, that I am not necessarily looking for skating skills. What about you? Do you live here in town?"

"Yeah. I live down there just the other side of that Nipper station."

"Old Nipper! I was looking at your uniform when you first came up. He's an old friend of mine from Houston, Nipper is. What a man! Money? Norwood, he's richer than the fabled Croesus. Have you ever met him?"

"I never did. I seen his plane a few times. He used to fly over town dropping out copies of the Constitution."

"Well, he's quite a man. I was on his education committee for three years, a judge in the Nipper Junior-High Essay Contests that were so big. Perhaps you sent one in yourself?"

"I didn't hear anything about it."

"You should have got in on that, Norwood. Everybody got a little prize of some kind. And we gave the winners some wonderful scholarships. Their theme was 'Communism in the National Council of Churches.' They laid it right on the line. Wrote their hearts out. I was proud to be a part of it."

"Are you still a friend of Nipper's?"

"No, not any more. We had a falling out. I traded him some rent houses for a registered bull, and he got mad about it. Subsequently I left Houston."

"Did you beat him on the trade?"

"Yes, I confess that I did. I took him like Stonewall Jackson took Nathaniel P. Banks in the Valley of the Shenandoah. That is to say, decisively."

Norwood looked at his watch. "Well, I got to get on back to the house and take a bath. My thumb's hurting."

Grady touched his arm. "Wait a minute. I *might* be able to put you next to something. Have you got a couple of minutes?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"I tell you what we *could* do. We *could* go over to my car and have a drink and talk about it there."

"All right."

It was big and shiny with red-leather upholstery. Grady brought out a bottle of whiskey from under the seat. He had some crushed ice in a milk-shake container. Norwood held the paper cups and Grady poured.

"This is a nice car," said Norwood.

"Yes, I'm doing right well," said Grady. "Listen to that radio. It has twenty-four tubes. There's not another one like it in this part of the country. Listen to that tone."

Norwood listened "That tone *is* good."

"What happened to your thumb?"

"Nothing. I mashed it."

"You better put something on it when you get home."

"Was that what you wanted to tell me?"

"No," said Grady. He took off his hat and arranged himself sideways on the seat in the attitude of a man getting down to business.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wiped out—by a smart little kid with a big dog!"

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"No, it's something else. You're a big, strong boy, Norwood. I've got a place for you. Here's the deal: We buy these bad debts from stores and filling stations at twelve cents on the dollar. Then we go out and collect what we can. A top-notch, hustling agent can make good on forty percent of that paper. And *anybody*, with my training, can make good on twenty-five percent of it. I'll buy you a suit and some classy shoes and furnish you with one of my late-model demonstrator cars, and we split halves on everything above my twelve percent investment. What do you think?"

"I don't think I would be much good at it. I got a debt of my own I can't collect. Another thing is, I don't have much education. For that kind of job."

"Hm'm," said Grady, and he poured some more whiskey. "Tell me this—how would you like a trip to California?"

"I been to California."

"How about a trip to Chicago? . . . New York? . . . Atlanta?"

"New York?"

"That's right, New York City. A wonderful trip, all expenses paid. Plus—and get this—fifty dollars clear for you. Are you a good driver?"

"Yeah."

"Good enough. You see, my brother Tilmon and I ship off some of our surplus cars, our good ones, to other parts of the country, where we can get a better price for them. It's the drivers who have all the fun. Speeding across the country in a late-model car, seeing all the sights!"

"I would take one to New York?"

"That's it. You'll be back in a week after a wonderful paid-for trip. Many of your friends will envy ——"

"How would I get back?"

"You drive back. That's part of the deal. You take one up and bring one back."

"If I take one up and bring another one back, you're right back where you started. I don't see how that would put you ahead much."

"That's because you don't understand the market. Some cars are worth more up there and some are worth more down here because of freight costs and other variables. It all has to do with the market."

"I hope these are not stolen cars."

Grady looked at Norwood for a long moment. "I don't know whether you meant that seriously or not. We are legitimate businessmen, Norwood. We hold a position of trust in the community. We could hardly afford to jeopardize that position by playing around with hot cars. I think you spoke before you thought. No, we welcome legal scrutiny of all our affairs at all times."

"I don't want to get in any trouble."

"Naturally not. One way to avoid it would be not to repeat your highly actionable remark about hot cars."

"I *do* need to see somebody in New York."

Grady consulted a billfold calendar by the light of his twenty-four-tube radio. "Hm'm. How does a next Sunday morning departure sound to you?"

"I don't know," said Norwood. "I'd have to think about it. I'd have to talk to my sister about it."

"By all means, talk to your sister. Discuss it with her. What is her name?"

"Vernell."

"What a lovely name," said Grady. He fumbled around in a big pasteboard box on the back seat and brought forth a styrene comb-and-brush set and a little bottle of perfume with a blue bow on it. "Give this to Vernell with my warmest regards." He nodded toward the back seat. "We had a lot of honorable-mention prizes left over in the last Nipper contest."

"This is mighty nice of you."

Grady waved it off. "Now, here's my phone number on this card. Feel free to call me at any time, collect. I would appreciate it if you called on this matter by Thursday noon."

The ice in the milk-shake container was slushy now, but they had another short drink. When Norwood opened the door to leave, Grady had an afterthought. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let me see your watch." Norwood showed it to him, and Grady studied it critically under the radio light. He tapped the crystal with a long yellow fingernail. "With all respect to you, that's a piece of junk." Then he slipped his own watch off, a flat shiny one with a black face and gold dots instead of numbers, and gave it to Norwood. "I don't want you to go home till you have a gold timepiece on your wrist. No, don't say a word. I want you to have it. I get these at well below cost."

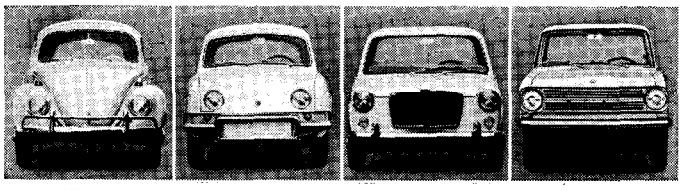
"This is mighty nice of you, Mr. Fring."

"Mr. Fring nothing. Call me Grady."

Norwood drove home and thought about how he would put it to Clyde about taking off from the station. Clyde would ask five hundred questions. Vernell and Bill Bird would be a problem

$1564†

Chrysler's Simca has a longer warranty* than all these put together.



VW Renault MG-Sedan Opel

Check out the fine print in the footnote and you learn that Simca is backed by Chrysler Motors Corporation with a 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty.

Simca's warranty on these vital moving parts is 2½ times longer than Opel's, 5 times longer than Renault's and MG-Sedan's, and 10 times longer than the VW factory warranty on these parts.

But enough of cold, hard, money-protecting facts. Let's look into Simca's fun side.

That's inside, where you find cushy bucket seats. Room for a family of 5. Kid-proof vinyl upholstery. Plus a frisky 4-on-the-floor that gets it all going for you.

Once through those gears and you'll know Simca doesn't drag its feet. It's so lively, in fact, you might wonder about gas economy.

You needn't. Based on Chrysler proving ground tests, Simca averages 33 miles to the gallon. Which is going some.

And going some is what you have to do to beat this 4-door sedan's price. Just $1564† P.O.E.

You won't find as nifty a bucket seater with as long a warranty—for less—anywhere.

SIMCA DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

***SIMCA 1000's 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty coverage:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in material and workmanship and will replace or repair at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business the engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings of the Simca 1000, provided the owner changes engine oil and re-torques cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter changes engine oil every three months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; cleans oil separator every six months (spring and fall); cleans carburetor air filter every 6 months and replaces it every 2 years; cleans the crankcase ventilator valve oil filler cap and changes Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; and every 6 months furnishes evidence of this service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and asks him to certify receipt of such evidence and his car's mileage.

†Mfr's suggested retail price E. Coast P.O.E. for a Simca 1000. Destination charges, Deluxe trim package, whitewalls extra.

SIMCA

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too. They would gnaw on it for days like two puppies with a rubber bone. At home, Norwood had a long reflective bath. He played some records for a while in his sleeping-porch bedroom. Then he got up from bed in his shorts and went into the front bedroom. He turned on the light, giving the sleeping Bill Birds quite a start.

"Get out of here," said Bill Bird.

"What is it, Bubba?" Vernell said. "What do you want?"

"I found the note that was on that sausage, Bill. You didn't look hard enough."

"Turn that light off and get out."

"What does it say, Bubba?"

"It says, 'Dear Bill Bird: If you know what's good for you, you'll stop talking about things you don't know anything about. Yours truly, the Commandant of the Marine Corps.'"

"That's very funny. Now get out. I'm not going to tell you again."

"We're trying to sleep, Bubba. Bill needs his rest."

"You don't even know anybody in New York," said Vernell.

Norwood was shining his thirty-eight-dollar stovepipe boots. They were coal-black fourteen-inchers with steel shanks and low walking heels. They had red butterflies on the insteps.

"You can't reason with him, Vernell," said Bill Bird. "It's like talking to a child. I hope he's not planning on wiring us for money when he gets stranded up there."

Norwood ignored him. "Vernell, don't be driving my car much while I'm gone. That bad rod is liable to go any time. I don't want *him* driving it at all."

Vernell thought this was unfair. "Bill can drive a car all right."

"No, he can't."

"He's just used to an automatic transmission. Bill can drive as good as I can."

"Well, you can't drive either. The only thing is, you're my sister. I might as well turn my car over to a rabbit."

"You'd have to get special extensions for the pedals," said Bill Bird.

"Now I mean it, Vernell," said Norwood. "I don't want to come back and have somebody tell me they seen Bill Bird driving around town in that car. Let him walk. It'll do him good."

Norwood got a lift to Texarkana early Sunday morning with a boy in a butane truck who had a date over there for church. He wore his black hat, the brim curled up in front, and his stovepipe boots. One trouser leg was tucked in and the other hung free, after the fashion. The boots were glorious. He had his sunglasses on too, and his heavy Western belt buckle, which portrayed a branding scene.

Except for those stylish items, he was not really dressed up. There was a job to be done, a long drive ahead. His good slacks and his tight tailored shirt, the one with curved arrow pockets and pearl snaps, were packed away in a canvas A.W.O.L. bag. At the last minute he decided to take along his guitar, zipped up in a soft plastic case.

The Kredit King was waiting in his big car in front of the Texarkana post office as per the arrangement. He was deep in conversation with a man holding a cardboard bucket with "Grady's Bait Ranch" printed on it. Norwood put his gear in the car and sat in front. The man with the bucket got ready to leave, and Grady shook his hand through the window. "There's plenty of corn meal in there. They don't eat much. All you want to do is sprinkle a little water in there every two or three days." When the man left, Norwood said, "Who was that?"

"I don't know," said Grady. "Some fellow passing through town. He wanted to know if there are any opportunities here for a taxidermist. I'll talk to anybody. I sold him four hundred worms." He looked at his watch. "You're right on the money, Norwood. I like a man who does what he says he'll do."

"I got me a good watch."

"You have, for a fact. Here, let me get a look at you. You look like the Durango Kid. What's the guitar for? You didn't tell me you were a musician."

"I fool around with it a little, that's all."

"You should have said something about it. I have a few contacts in the music game."

"You do?"

"Well, I know some of those boys."

"Do you know anybody on *The Louisiana Hayride?*"

"I know everybody on *The Louisiana Hayride.*"

"That's what I'd like to get a shot at."

"I expect I could pick up the phone and do you some good. We'll talk about that another day. Right now I know you're anxious to get rolling."

Grady unfolded a map of New York City and laid it out on the steering wheel. The delivery point, a garage in Brooklyn, was marked with a circle. Grady explained about the route. It was very complicated. He went over it again, then once more. Norwood lied and said he thought he had it. Grady gave him the map and an envelope holding papers, two sets of keys, a gasoline credit card in the name of Tilmon Fring, and twenty-five dollars expense money.

Norwood said, "I guess I'll get some more in New York, then."

"Some more what?"

"Well. I don't know. Some more money."

"Wasn't that credit card in there?"

"Yeah, there's a credit card here. But I was wondering if this was enough money." He held up the five fives.

Grady was baffled and hurt. "That's the usual. I thought it would be ample. I've never had this come up before. This is embarrassing. You have your credit card. Figure a six-day trip at the very outside, that's more than four dollars a day for your meals and the little contingencies of the road. These warm nights you can pull over and catnap right there in the car if you get tired. Most of the drivers drive straight through. Arnold has a comfortable cot in his garage ——"

"When do I get the fifty dollars I'm supposed to clear?"

"When you get back. You're not even bonded, Norwood."

"What does that mean?"

"That means you get your money when you get back."

"I'd like to have some of it now."

Grady showed signs of distress. He took a kitchen match from his pocket and burrowed earnestly in one ear with it. When he was through he examined the match, buzzed down the automatic window a couple of inches, and tossed it out. He brought his billfold from his inside coat pocket. "Here's what I'll do, Norwood. I'll give you another ten toward expenses. We'll write that off. That's expenses. Then I'll give you an advance of twenty-five. That's off your fifty. Now I'll hold the balance here—*on my person*—and then, see, you'll have that much more when you get back. Go off to New York with a lot of money and you'll *spend* a lot of money. I've seen it happen too often. You know, some people would be willing to pay *us* for an opportunity like this."

Norwood counted the money and folded it into a hard square and stuck it in his watch pocket.

"You won't have to sign a voucher on that advance," Grady said. "And you needn't bother to make an exact accounting on the expense money. We're informal. We like to give our agents a free hand." He started the car and turned to Norwood with a grin. "I have a surprise waiting for you."

It started to rain. They drove half a mile or so through the Arkansas side of town and pulled into an alley full of puddles behind an ice plant. As it turned out, there were two surprises. The first was that there were two cars to be delivered, not one. There they were, bumper to bumper, a big 98 Oldsmobile in front and a Pontiac Catalina behind, both gleaming and smelling pleasantly of new paint.

"We always give them a coat," said Grady. "It can add two hundred dollars to a car's value. That Olds is like new. Twelve thousand actual miles. Never used a pint of oil. Well taken care of. It will be a joy to drive. You won't even know you're pulling anything with that new tow bar. It has a patented action. We've just started using those and they *are* dandies."

An old man in khakis and a blue suit coat came up. He kept one hand in his pocket, and his shoulders were hunched up against the drizzle. He had an orange folder of cigarette papers in his hatband to keep them dry. They were getting wet.

"This is my brother Tilmon," said Grady. He raised his voice. "Tilmon, this is Norwood. He's our new driver. He's a good one too. He's a dandy. He's the man who rode the mule around the world."

Tilmon snickered and shook hands with Norwood. There was a frosty glaze on his right sleeve where he had been wiping his nose.

"Grady is a cutter, ain't he? How do you like him?"

"I like him all right," said Norwood.

"You do what he says, now."

"I will."

"Just to look at Tilmon," said Grady, "you wouldn't think he was a very astute businessman, would you?"

Norwood looked him over again. "*I* wouldn't have thought it, no."

"Volume is his middle name. Isn't that right, Tilmon? *I say volume is your middle name.*"

Tilmon said, "Tee hee hee." His tongue fell out as if to receive a coin.

The second surprise was Miss Phillips. She was sitting there in the rain on her suitcase—a handsome blue air-travel model—with a newspaper over her head, eating peaches from a can

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We really hate to move, but Tommy was traded to the West Side Tigers."

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with a wooden ice-cream spoon. She was a long, tall, bony girl. She wore a shiny green party dress with shoulder straps, and toeless shoes that were just on the point of exploding with toes. She glowered. She looked formidable.

"You run off with the damn car keys and left the doors locked, Fring," she said. Her voice was a piercing whine.

"So I did. I'm sorry about that, Yvonne."

"I'm not *about* to pay for cleaning this dress. Look at it."

"We'll take care of it. Everything will be wonderful. Just keep your shirt on a minute."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Norwood," said Grady, "this is the extra added attraction. I want you to meet Miss Yvonne Phillips. She hails from Belzoni, Mississippi, by way of New Orleans, the Crescent City. She *is* a dandy. Our talent agency down there is sending her to New York. I arranged for her to ride up with you. I thought you would welcome the company."

"Yeah. Okay. It's fine with me." Norwood tipped his hat.

Miss Phillips glared at Grady. "I hope you don't think I'm gonna ride to New York with this country son of a bitch."

Grady laughed. "She'll cool off, Norwood. It's really me she's mad at, not you. She thought she was going up on a Delta jet. Perhaps you can understand her disappointment."

"I wish Sammy Ortega was here," said Miss Phillips. "He'd break your arm."

"I'd like to see him try it," said Norwood.

"I was talking to Fring, not you," she said. "But he'd get you too if he felt like it, you big-mouth country son of a bitch. He'd kick you into the middle of next week."

"I'd like to see him try it."

"You just got through saying that. Don't keep saying the same thing over and over again. Don't you have good sense?"

"You said you was talking to *him* the first time."

"You *peckerwood!*"

"That'll be enough," said Grady. "I don't want to hear any more out of you, little lady. Go over there by the car and wait. I need to have a word with my driver."

"Somebody will get you one of these days, Fring."

"I said hush. Now get your things and move."

She yelled at Tilmon and got him to carry her bag.

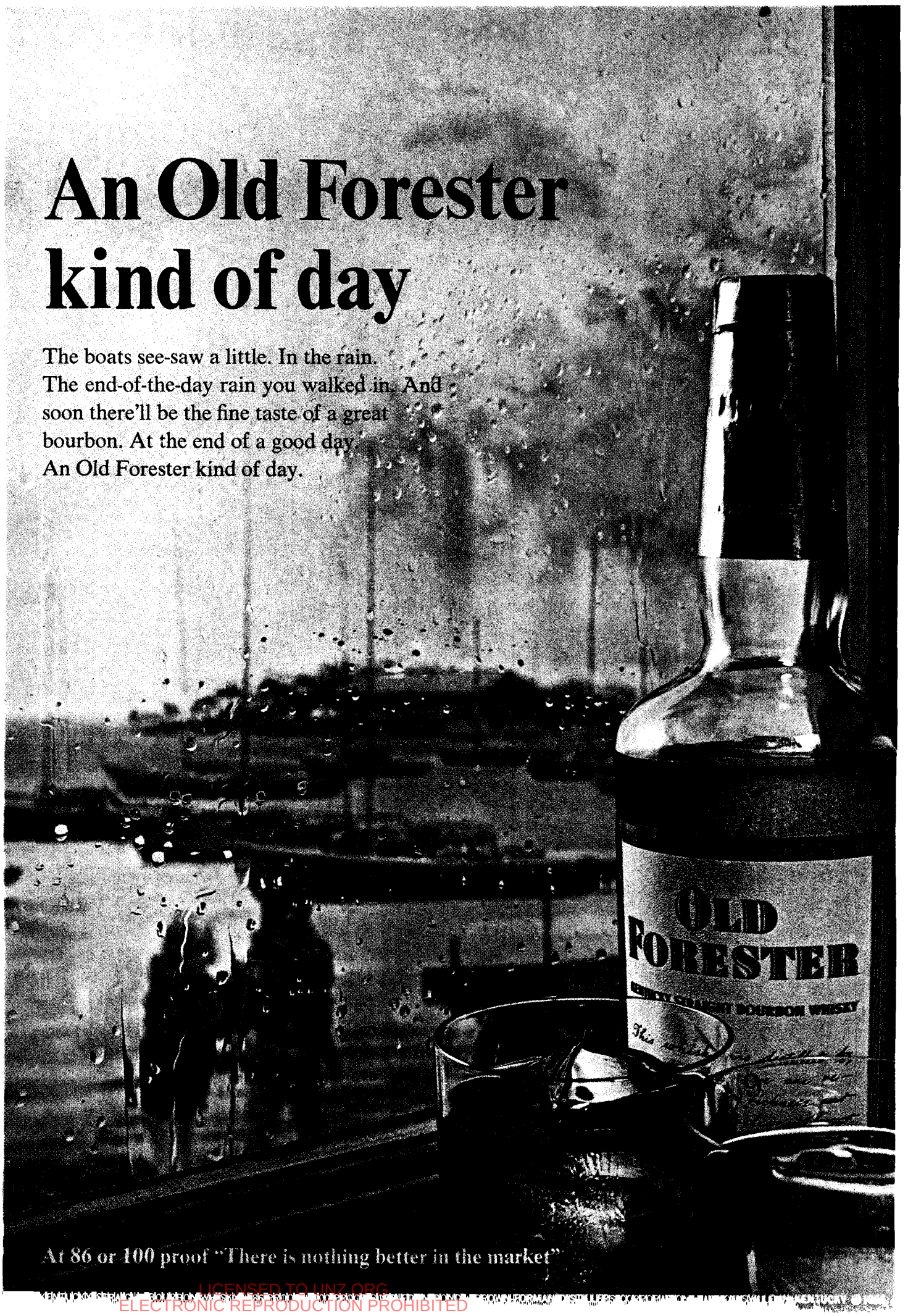
Grady hitched at his trousers with his wrists and popped his hands together. "Okay, buddy boy, you're ready to go. Remember now, the George Washington Bridge, the West Side Drive, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, the Belt Parkway and there you are. Watch the signs and you can't miss it. Now listen to this. You are not authorized to deal with anyone except Arnold. If he's not there, then wait on him. The garage is open twenty-four hours, and he'll be expecting you late Monday night or early Tuesday morning. He'll take care of everything, up to and including Miss Phillips. She has expense money, so she will pay for her own meals. Don't let her pull anything. Of course, you may want to work out some personal understanding with her, I don't know. I leave that to your own discretion. In any case remember that we are counting on you to arrive by Tuesday morning at the latest. Got it?"

"I think so."

"Okay. Drive with care now. Watch the other fellow. Stay within the speed limits. Don't get picked up in some little town. Those laws are for your own protection. A car is just like a gun. In the wrong hands it is nothing less than an instrument of death."

The tandem cars splashed down the alley and wheeled away around the corner.

Norwood and Miss Phillips sped north on U.S. 67. He told her fifteen or twenty jokes and pointed out amusing signs and discussed the various construction projects along the way, but she wasn't having any. Except to tell him to slow down, she absolutely refused to talk. She sat rigid and sullen far over against her door. Off and on she pretended to be sleeping. She tried not to move at all, but every few minutes she would scratch, or shift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about on the seat, her shiny dress squeaking. Each time Norwood would turn to her with a smile.

"You don't have to look over here every time I move," she said. "Keep your eyes on the road."

In Little Rock he asked if she would like to stop for a Coke or go to the ladies' room.

"I'll tell when I want to stop." She was in her dozing position again.

"I don't know what you're so mad about," he said, "but we got a long ways to go yet. We could make a right nice trip out of it if you wouldn't act that way. I would like to be your good friend, Laverne."

She didn't even open her eyes. "Yeah, I bet you would. My name is not Laverne, it's Yuh-von. I don't want *you* calling me anything."

On they rode in hostile silence through the rice fields and the one-stoplight towns of eastern Arkansas. The rain let up some, but the trucks were still throwing muddy slop up on the windshield. The new tow bar was a little wonder. There was no bucking and yawing on the curves, even at high speed. The Olds was fine too. It was clean and fast and powerful. The tinted glass made it snug inside. Norwood could have driven it through all eternity.

They stopped in De Valls Bluff to get some more peaches. Miss Phillips paid for them, but she wouldn't get out of the car. Norwood had a barbecue sandwich and a grape soda. They pressed on. Just before they got to Brinkley, Norwood shouted and hit the brakes. "Hey, look at that!" Miss Phillips bumped her knees against the dashboard. Some of the peach juice splashed from the can and ran down her legs. "What is it!" she said. "Where!"

"You missed him," said Norwood. "There was a real big old possum back there crawling through that fence!"

Miss Phillips was daubing at her legs with a handkerchief. "You son of a bitch!"

Norwood hit the brakes again. "You want to go back and see him?"

More juice erupted from the can, and this time two or three golden peach slivers with it. They stuck on her dress and made dark, growing splotches. "What the hell is wrong with you?" she shrieked. "Look at what you've done! You think I want to see a possum crawling through a fence?"

"He's already through the fence," said Norwood. "He's back there in that field now. He's probably looking for some chow."

"You're the biggest peckerwood son of a bitch in the world!"

"I don't like that kind of talk out of a girl, Laverne. How would you like your mama to hear you talking like that?"

Miss Phillips unexpectedly broke into tears. She did not cry loud, but she cried dramatically and long. It went on for miles, the snuffling and the little chirping noises. Norwood considered and dismissed seven or eight things to say. They were on the approaches to the Memphis bridge when he went back to the first one.

"I didn't aim to make you cry. I'm sorry I brought that up about your mama."

"That's not what I'm crying about, stud."

"I'll just keep my mouth shut from now on. No matter what I see."

Miss Phillips wiped her eyes. Some of her fire was gone. "I wish I was in Calumet City, Illinois. I don't want to go to New York. Sammy Ortega is a bartender in Calumet City, and he could get me a job there easy."

"Is he the one that's gonna whup everybody?"

"Sammy may not look very big in his street clothes," she said, "but he can press two hundred pounds over his head. He can speak four languages too."

"What are they?"

"What?"

"What are the languages?"

"English and Spanish and I don't know what all. Italian."

"What is he, a Mexican?"

"He's Spanish."

"A lot of Mexicans are named Jesus."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. I thought maybe it was something you didn't know."

The traffic was heavy on the bridge. Norwood was in the fast lane, twisting his neck trying to get a look at the three big oil barges that were chugging along downstream in the muddy Mississippi far below. A small sign in the center of the bridge said SHELBY CO., TENN.

"You just crossed the state line," said Miss Phillips. "Now they can send you to the federal pen."

Norwood brought the cars to a skidding stop, and she was thrown forward. Her head slammed against the dashboard. A white station wagon smashed into the back of the Pontiac they were

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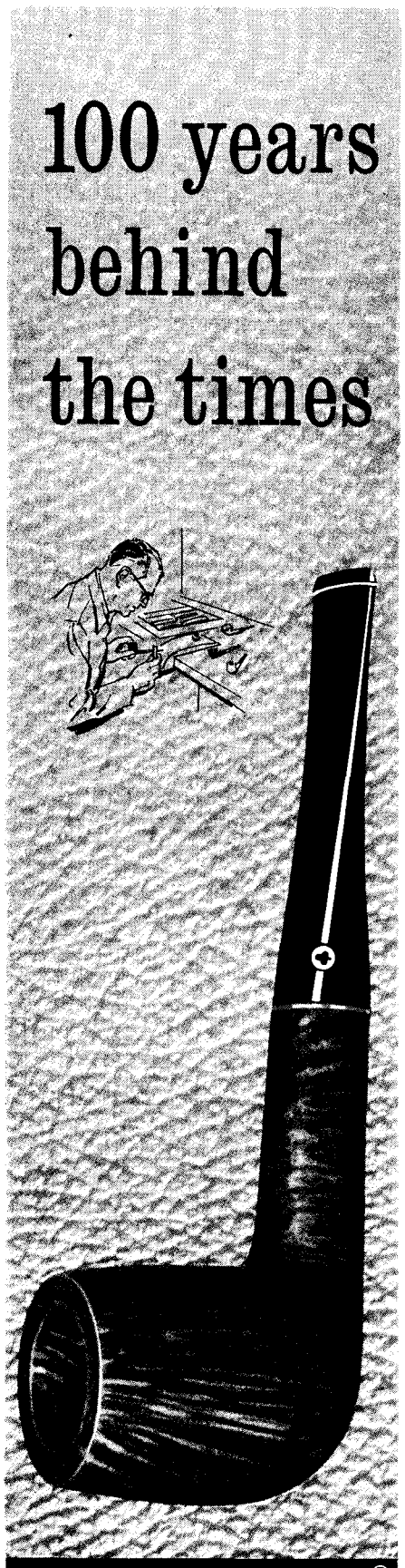

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towing. Miss Phillips was thrown backward this time, from the neck up, and her head slammed against the center post. The driver of the station wagon jumped out and came running for Norwood, shouting. He had a bloody head. Norwood put the accelerator on the floor, and the Oldsmobile shot off with rubber squealing. Norwood yelled back at the man with the bloody head. "I'll see you in town!" Miss Phillips was crying again, holding her head and rocking back and forth on the seat. Norwood said, "I got to get out of here." They were forty miles from Memphis and passing through Covington, Tennessee, before he said another word.

"Grady told me a lie."

"What did you think he would do?" said the red-eyed Miss Phillips. "I feel sorry for anybody like you. You are the peckerwood of all peckerwoods."

"I'm getting tired of this peckerwood business."

"I hope a cop stops you. I really do. They'll have you locked up down there in that Atlanta pen so fast it'll make your head swim. You're sitting over there right now just scared to death."

There was some truth in this. It was a tough problem. Norwood thought about it for a while. He waited on something to come to him, some plan. What road was he on? Where had he stopped for gas? Somewhere. The man had checked him out on the revoked-credit-card list. Like he was somebody who shouldn't have a credit card. Anyway, nothing much could happen as long as they were moving along like this. Darkness fell.

They made only one stop in Kentucky, a stop for more peaches, and, lost in their own thoughts, said nothing to each other until they were approaching Evansville, Indiana. The radio had been droning on for hours, and a gospel hour was in progress when Miss Phillips reached over and turned the dial.

Norwood said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to get WWL in New Orleans," she said. "You can pick it up a long ways late at night. I want to hear *Moonglow With Martin.*"

Norwood pushed her hand away and regained the gospel program.

"We been hearing preachers all night." She changed stations again.

Norwood turned it back. "This one is explaining why they don't have any pianos in the Church of Christ. I want to hear him. Don't put your hand on the radio again."

"You're not the boss."

"I'm the boss of this car."

Miss Phillips fumed. The preacher went on. In closing, he said he was prepared to pay ten thousand dollars cash to anyone who could show him scriptural authority for having a musical instrument in church.

Norwood mused on the offer for some little time. "I wonder if he would really pay you? It looks like he'd have to if he said it over the air."

"I'm tired of this preaching," said Miss Phillips.

"Hank Snow's son is a preacher," said Norwood. "He's got him a church off over there in Tennessee somewhere."

"I want to hear some music."

"What church do you belong to, Laverne?"

"None of your business. Has that car back there got a radio in it?"

Norwood checked it out in the mirror. "It's got a aerial, yeah."

"Well, let me go ride back there. I want to hear *Moonglow With Martin.*"

"It'll look funny. Some cop is liable to stop us."

"I don't care. If you don't stop, I'll holler at the next cop I see."

"All right, change the station. Get whatever you want on this radio."

"I want to get back in that other car. I want to hear it on *that* radio."

Norwood stopped and gave her the keys to the Pontiac. They rode into Evansville like that, Norwood in his car, Miss Phillips in hers.

There was nothing doing in downtown Evansville. Night lights were burning in the stores, but the streets were deserted. Miss Phillips began blatting her horn. It boomed and rang and echoed. Norwood stopped, and Miss Phillips got back in the Olds.

"What's wrong with you now?" he said.

"I want some coffee," said Miss Phillips. "I don't like it back there in that car with nobody driving it."

At an all-night diner on the edge of town they had coffee and sugary pies. Miss Phillips was morose. She had lumps on her head fore and aft, and her legs were sticky with dried peach juice. The green party dress looked awful.

"Sammy Ortega would get me a job right off," she said. "But I wouldn't want Grady to know where I was. I guess you would tell him."

"I wouldn't tell him what time it was," said Norwood. "After the way he done me. I wish you *would* go on. It would be a load off my mind."

"I'm sorry I talked so ugly to you, Norwood. Why don't you let me have one of these cars?"

Norwood put the keys on the counter. "I don't want anything more to do with them cars. Take both of 'em, Laverne, and go on. You can give one to Sammy. Tell him hello for me."

"I can't drive but one. You'll have to unhook 'em."

Miss Phillips had no good-bye for him. Without a word or a wave, she took the Oldsmobile and roared off into the Midwestern night.

Norwood drove the Pontiac out past the last lights of town. He turned off onto a dirt road, and off that road onto a two-rut road, and then he gunned the car through a thicket until it hit some trees and stopped. He got out and looked around. He took a towel from his bag and gave the door handles and the interior a good wiping down. It had been a proud day when he had given the Marine Corps his fingerprints, and now they were up there in some drawer in Washington waiting to do him in. He burned the envelope with the car papers. Then he zipped up his bag and slung his guitar across his back and walked a good three miles back toward town to a filling station. He stood on the highway under the station's harsh blue lights and swatted bugs out of his face.

The sun was coming up before he got a ride. It was a bread truck. The driver was a round, sloping man wearing an official bread hat with a sunburst medallion and a T-shirt that was so thin hairs were breaking through it. Norwood thought at first he had rubber bands around his wrists. They were fat and dimpled like baby wrists.

"This is against the rules," said the bread man, "but I just can't pass a man up. My wife says I'm too kind for my own good."

"Well, I sure appreciate it," said Norwood. "I was getting pretty tired."

The truck was a delivery model with no passenger seat, and Norwood had to sit on a wooden bread box. He laid the guitar across his knees. There was a bad shimmy in the front wheels, and this made the guitar bounce and hum.

"I'll have to make a few stops," the bread man said, "but a man begging a ride ought to be glad to get whatever he can."

"This is fine. I appreciate it."

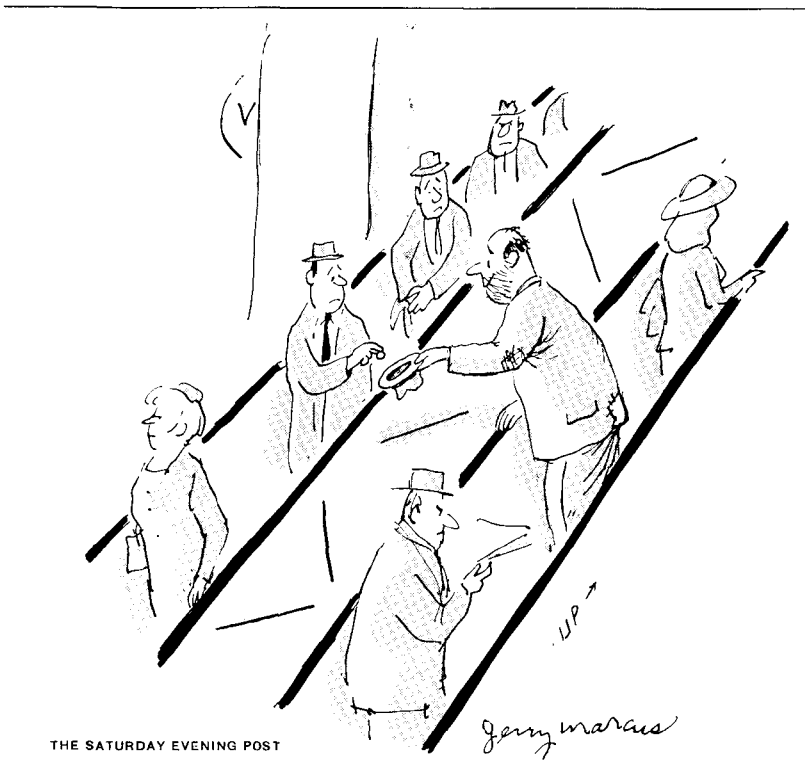
"Have you got a dollar to help on the gas?"

Norwood gave him a dollar. "Do you have to pay for your own gas?"

The man looked straight ahead. "Sometimes I do."

"How much does a job like this pay?" said Norwood. "A bread job."

"Well, it don't pay as much as heavy-construction work, but you don't have to work as hard neither. I used to do heavy work till I hurt my back. Didn't do anything while I was on



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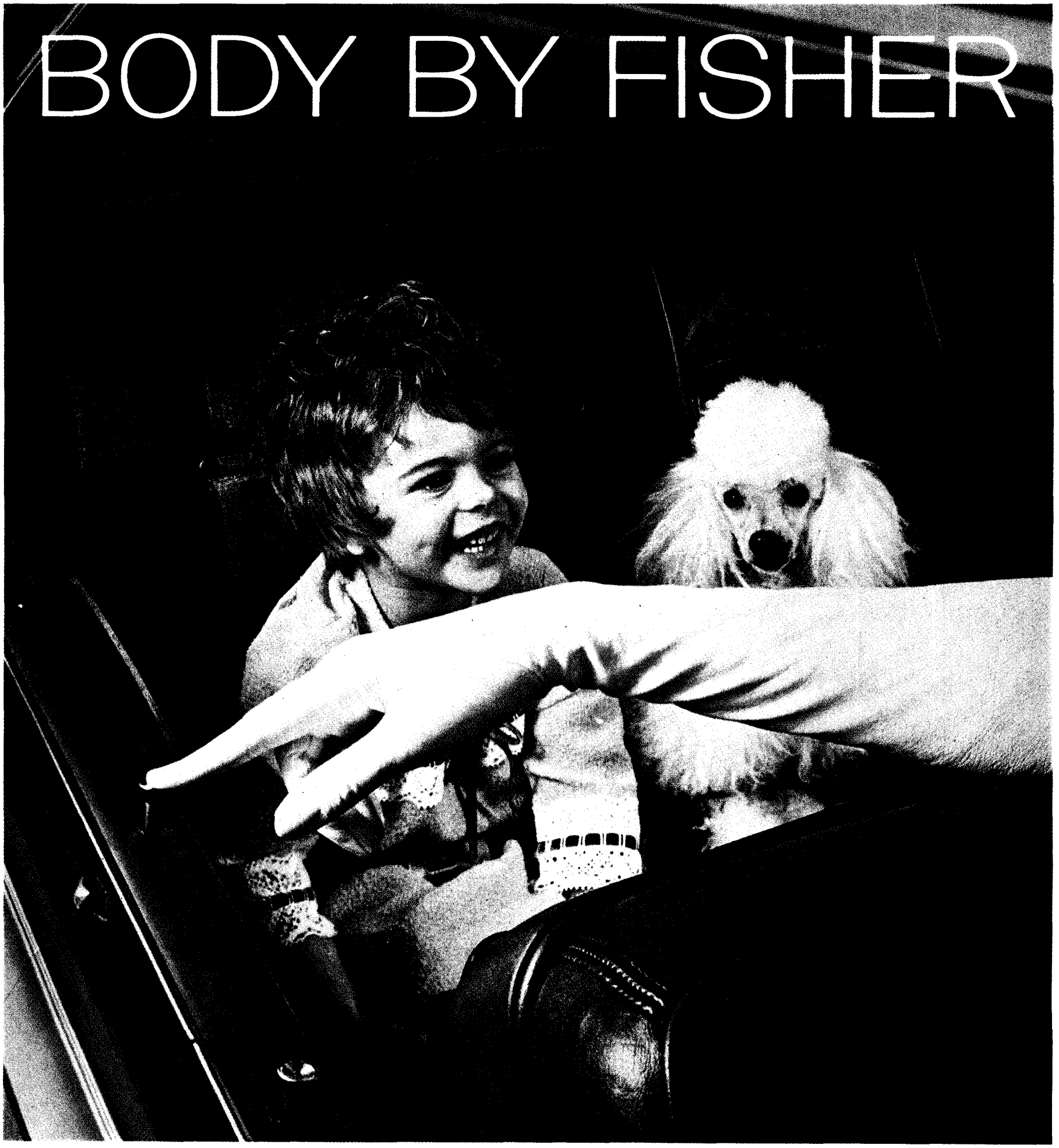

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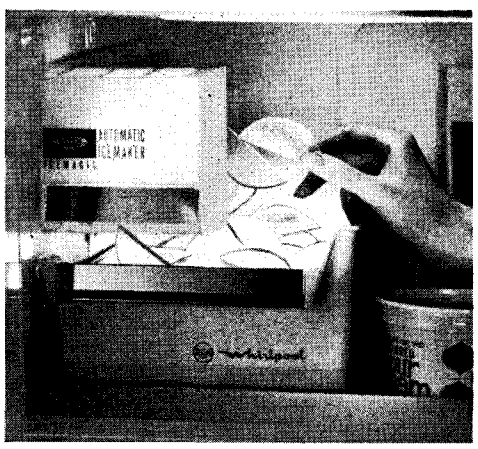

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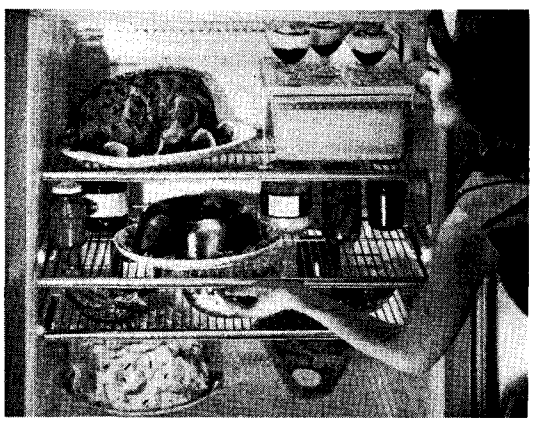

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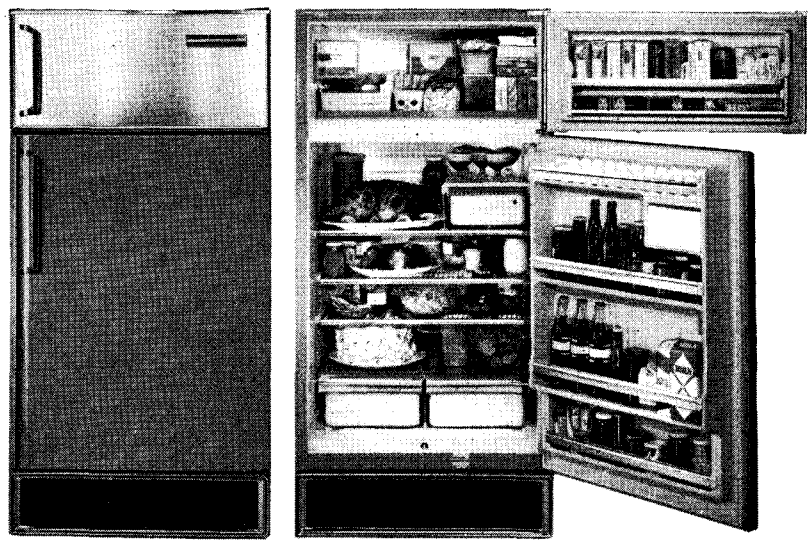

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workmen's compensation. Just went to the show all the time. I like the Road Runner."

"Yeah, I do too."

"I could watch that rascal for an hour."

"I believe I could too."

The bread man rumbled with quiet laughter. "That coyote or whatever he is, a wolf or something, every time he gets up on a cliff or somewhere with a new plan, why the Road Runner comes along on some skates or has him some new invention like a rocket or a big wrecker's ball and just busts that coyote a good one!" He laughed some more, but after a minute or two his face clouded with a darker memory. "Most show cartoons are no good at all," he said. "It's usually a shoemaker and a bunch of damn mice singing. When one of them comes on, I get up and go get me a sack of corn or something."

They shimmied on down the road. At the first stop, a roadside grocery store, Norwood got a quart of milk and had the grocer make him a couple of bologna-and-cheese sandwiches with mayonnaise. He ate them right there, watching the bread man do his stuff. The bread man carried old bread out and brought new bread in. He squatted down and arranged it on the rack. Norwood noticed that he was poking finger holes in the competitors' loaves. His eyes met the bread man's, just for a second, and the bread man looked away. He tried to recover by doing peculiar things with his hands, as though he had a funny way of arranging bread. Norwood was not deceived. The bread man had no gift for pantomime, and he did not seem to consider that from a range of eight or nine feet it is easy enough to tell whether someone is or is not punching holes in bread.

He said nothing, and neither did Norwood. But back on the road the guilty knowledge hung heavy over their conversation. The bread man tried to get something going again. He asked Norwood if that was a Gibson guitar, but before Norwood could answer he said, "My whole family is musical. Some families are like that. My sister used to play trombone solos in church. Daddy played the accordion and we would all sing. He could really play that thing. And didn't know note one."

"They're hard to beat," said Norwood agreeably. "I like to hear a good accordion."

"Daddy passed on two days after Labor Day of 1951," said the bread man, forestalling any suggestion that they go hear the old gentleman play.

They picked up another hitchhiker. This one was carrying a little box of garden tomatoes. Norwood made room for him on the wooden box. The man was grateful and deeply apologetic, and he insisted on shaking their hands. Norwood had never seen anyone so happy to get a ride. "This sure is nice of you," the man kept saying.

"I'm not supposed to do it," said the bread man. "I just don't like to pass anybody up. Might need a ride myself sometime. How far are you going?"

"I'm going on in to Indianapolis. My wife is in the hospital there. She doesn't have any sweat glands."

"I never had a cold in my life," said the bread man.

"It was sure nice of you to stop like that. A lot of people are scared of hitchhikers. I guess you can't blame 'em."

"Have you got a dollar to help on the gas?"

The man looked frightened. "No, sir, I sure don't. All I got is sixty cents, and I was going to get my wife some ice cream with that. That's why I'm thumbing. I'm supposed to get a little check Friday."

The bread man stopped the truck and nodded at Norwood. "Well, it wouldn't be fair to him if I let you ride. He paid his dollar."

"I don't care," said Norwood. "It's all right with me."

But the bread man made no move to get the truck going again. He looked impassively into the distance.

"I tell you what, if you'll let me ride I'll try to do something nice for somebody else on down the road. I'll return the favor that way. I'll do somebody else a good deed and tell them to pass it on. Maybe it'll go all the way around the world and . . ."

It was no use. The man got out with his sack of tomatoes. "Well . . . thank you anyway. . . . I'm sorry. . . . If it was Friday I would have the money. . . ." He was pained at having caused trouble. Everybody was right but him.

The bread man drove away and glanced at Norwood to see how he was taking it. "He wasn't going to do anything for anybody down the road. That was a load of bull."

"I think he would have," said Norwood. "You ought to let him ride."

"You think so, huh? Why didn't you pay his dollar?"

"I didn't think about that. I guess I could have. Let's go back and get him."

"I'm not running a bus service. Anyway, I didn't like his personality."

"You should of let him ride."

"Maybe *you* don't like *my* personality."

"I don't know you very well."

"Maybe you think I have personality trouble."

"I just don't know you."

"That's not any kind of answer. Why don't you say what you think? You think I don't know that some people don't like me because of my personality? I know that. My wife wants me to take a course. They're giving one at the hotel next week that's supposed to help you in sales work. It makes people like you."

"Why don't you take it?"

"What do you know about it? You're just a hitchhiker begging rides."

"Well . . ."

"You saw me back there roughing up that bread, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I did."

"I got nothing to hide. *They* started it. What do you want me to do?"

"It's none of my business."

"The Vita-White guys *step* on my bread. Mash it all in with their feet. No telling what kind of germs is on their shoes. They don't care. A little child's death don't mean anything to them."

"I believe I'll get out along here, just anywhere."

"I'm going on into town."

"I believe I'll get out anyway."

"That's fine with me. I'll be glad to get rid of you. You're not friendly."

The bread man pulled over on the shoulder and stopped short. Norwood said, "Much obliged," and got out.

"You need to do something about your personality, hitchhiker. That's what you need."

"What *you* need is about forty dollars' worth of front-end work on this truck." said Norwood. "Some new kingpins."

"I hope don't nobody pick you up."

"No use in you hoping that. Somebody will."

At a pool hall in Indianapolis a rack boy told Norwood that if *he* was going to New York he wouldn't bother with hitchhiking, he would go out to the yards and catch him a freight train. Norwood shot snooker with him most of the afternoon, then went out to the rail yards and wandered around in the dark.

He had never done this before. There were tracks and more tracks, empty flatcars and switch engines banging around, trains coming in and trains going out. He walked over to the station and found a Negro who pointed out a freight train that was being made up for Philadelphia and said be careful. Norwood circled around the end of the train and came back up the other side, where it was darker. He walked along like an inspector, giving all the boxcar

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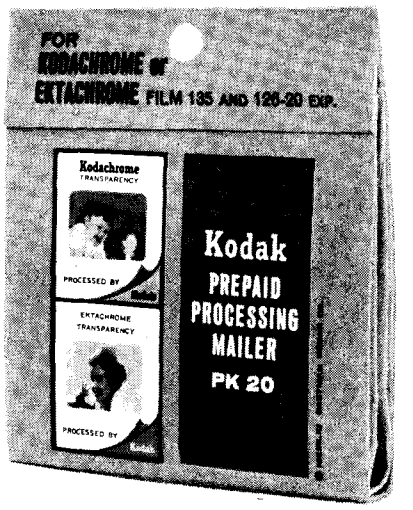

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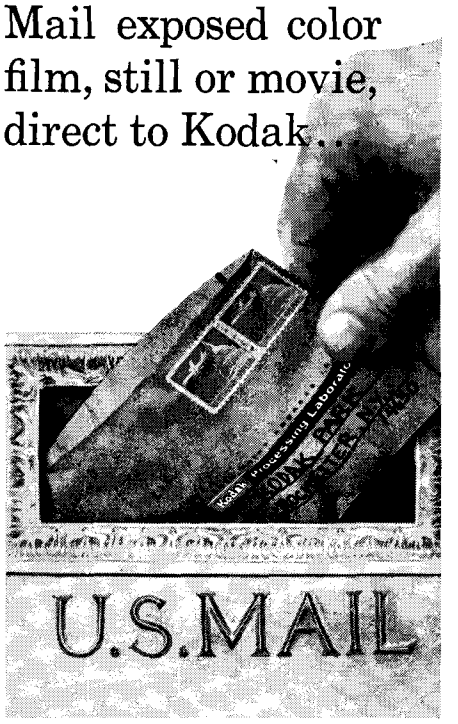

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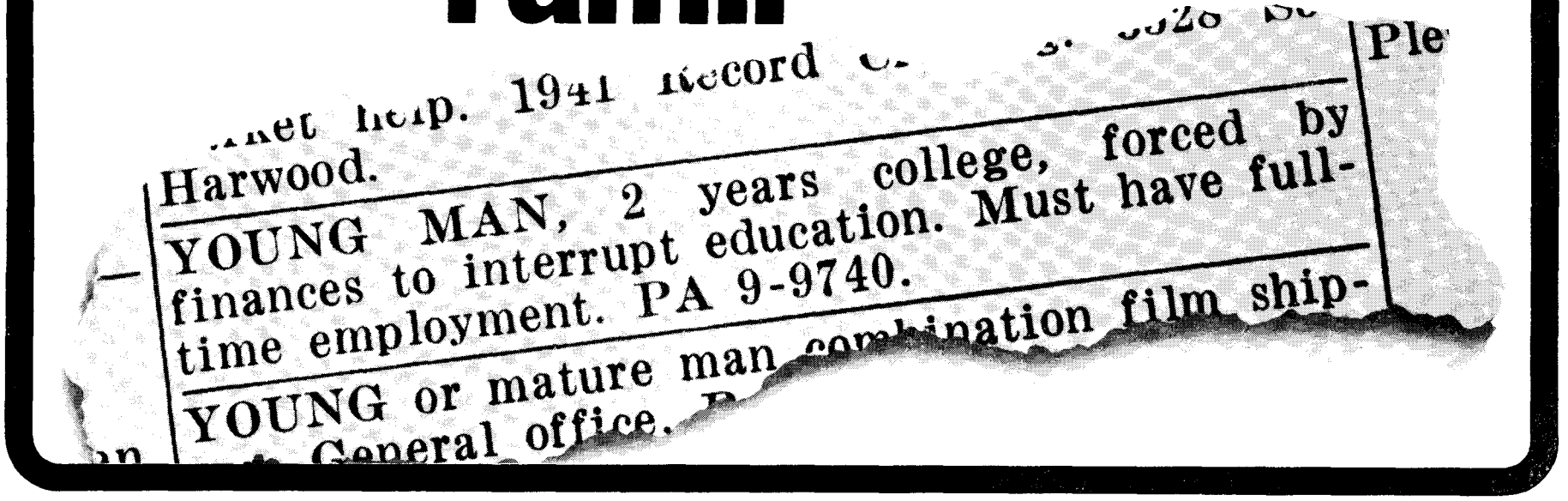
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hatches a shake, and finally found one he liked. It had a banged-up door that wouldn't close all the way. No one could lock that door on him. He slid it back and struck a match and looked in. Big sacks of flour, hundred-pounders, were stacked high at each end of the car, but there was an open space in the middle. He pushed his bag and guitar in and climbed in after them.

It was pitch dark inside, hot and airless. Well, it would be cooler when they started moving. He pulled down some of the sacks and fashioned himself a place to sleep. He slipped his boots off and settled back with his hat tipped over his eyes, range-style. No. Better be ready for a fast move. Better put the boots back on. Like getting caught by the gooks in one of those sleeping bags that zipped only halfway down. A suicide bag. He ate a dime Payday and peeled an orange and ate it and then lay there quiet and watchful in that ghostly Pillsbury darkness.

The train started with a clanging jerk. Norwood was half asleep. He turned on his side and adjusted his hat. Drops of sweat ran across his back and tickled. He was sweating like a hog. Did hogs sweat? No. That's why they liked mudholes. Mules did, and horses. Out in the sun they had shiny wet skins. He tried to remember what a hog's skin looked like out in the sun. He couldn't remember seeing a hog in the sun. For any length of time. Hogs didn't have to work. Had anybody ever tried to *make* one work? Maybe they tried it a long time ago in history, and just gave up. And told their sons not to bother with it anymore. Better not leave the guitar out loose like that. All kinds of folks riding trains. He looped the shoulder cord around his wrist a couple of times. The bag was under his head, safe. Everything was secured. Norwood dozed and woke and blew flour out of his nose and slept and groaned and dreamed crazy dreams about Miss Phillips. The train stopped and started all night long. The night seemed to last about three days.

The train was slowing for Philadelphia when Norwood suddenly woke up. A thin wall of sunlight was coming through the doorway crack, with a lot of stuff dancing around in it. Something was wrong. It was his feet. He felt air on his feet. He sat up, and there wasn't anything on them except a pair of J. C. Penney argyles. Somebody had taken his thirty-eight-dollar stovepipe boots right off his feet. "Son of a bitch!" He climbed over the flour, pulling sacks this way and that way, but there was no one to be found, and no boots.

Soon the car was so thick with flour dust that he had to slam one of the doors back and stick his head out for air. The trouble was, two of the sacks had broken. He dragged them over and pushed them out. The second one snagged on the door and hung there for a moment, blowing flour up in his face. He began flinging sacks out, good ones, till he got a cramp in his neck.

The train entered the yard, and as it lurched to a stop Norwood grabbed up his gear and bailed out in his socks. His feet stung. He squatted, looking long and hard up and down the train, through the wheels, to see if anybody else was jumping off. Nobody. He decided to do some backtracking along the roadbed.

He didn't walk far. The rocks and clinkers hurt his feet, and he sat down on a stack of crossties to put on another layer of socks. While he was sitting there he saw two men coming up the tracks. One of them was wearing a luminous orange jacket. It was blinding. He might have had some job that required him to be easily spotted by aircraft. Norwood waited.

The one with the jacket was tall and whiskery. He was also wearing a St. Louis Cardinals baseball cap. By his side, stepping smartly along with a knotty walking stick, was an angry little man with a knapsack on his back. He was covered from head to toe with flour, except right around his eyes and mouth.

"What happened to you, neighbor?" said Norwood.

"You should of seen it," said the man with the Cardinal cap. "Some thug was throwing flour out of a boxcar and Eugene here was walking along, not thinking about anything, when one of 'em hit him. One of them sacks."

"Was he hurt?"

"Well, it didn't hurt him, but it didn't help him none either."

The old Cardinal wanted to stop and talk about it some more, but his short chum kept moving. He looked like a man who was going somewhere to report something. Norwood had to run around in front of him to stop him. "Hey, wait a minute! I better have a look in that pack. Somebody got my boots last night." The flour man looked up and fixed Norwood with two evil red eyes, but said nothing.

The Cardinal did not like the turn things had taken and decided he should explain again. "We don't know anything about any boots. Eugene got hit with some flour, that's all. Some thug was throwing it off the train. I got hit with a mail pouch myself once, but it wasn't anything like this. This was like a flour bomb went off."

Norwood moved around behind the flour man and reached up to undo the straps on the knapsack. With that, the flour man went into action. He was like lightning. He was a tiger. He spun around and hit Norwood on the arms three or four times with his stick, and when it broke he popped Norwood in the mouth with a straight left, and then he jumped up on Norwood's back and stuck there like a small white bear. The knapsack on *his* back was like a second, smaller bear.

"Look out! Look out!" the Cardinal was saying. He had jumped back well clear of the action. "Turn him loose, Eugene! He's another Hitler!"

Norwood was dancing around, jabbing at the flour man with his elbows to shake him off. He backed him up and bumped him against the stack of crossties. The man's ankles were locked together in front, and Norwood broke them loose, but the man had a hold on his neck that wouldn't quit. "You better get him off before I bust his head open," said Norwood, stopping to rest a minute. He was breathing hard. His upper lip was bloody.

The Cardinal moved in a little closer. Maybe something could be worked out now. "Eugene don't weigh very much, does he?" he said.

"I still don't want him on my back."

"He's light enough to be a jockey. Of course, he's way too old."

"How long does he generally hang on?"

"I don't know. I never seen him do that before. They say a snapping turtle won't let go till it thunders. That's what I've heard. I never was bit by a turtle. My oldest sister was bit by a mad fox. They didn't have any screens on their house, and it come in a window one night and nipped her on the leg like a little dog will do. They carried that fox's head on into Birmingham in some ice and it was mad and she had to take all them shots. She said she hoped she never did get bit by nair another one."

Norwood kicked out and fell backward on the flour man. They hit the deck in a puff of white. The flour man was squeezed between Norwood and his own pack, and it knocked the wind out of him. He made a noise like *gunh!* He turned Norwood loose and sat up and brushed himself off, still defiant but not fighting any more. Norwood opened the knapsack and poked around in it. There were rolled-up clothes and a cast-iron skillet and pie pans and a can of tobacco and cotton blankets and copies of *True Police Cases* and a mashed store cake and crackers and cans of chili and lima beans and an insulated plastic cup and a bottle of 666 tonic and a clock and an old five-shot, top-breaking .32 revolver. No boots. But in one of the side pouches he found some shoes.

They were oldtimers' high-tops with elastic strips on the sides. Norwood tried them on and walked around flexing them. They were plenty loose. Eugene didn't have feet, he had flippers. "I'll give you two dollars for these dudes," Norwood said.

"Those are my house shoes," said Eugene, speaking for the first time and the last.

"A man comes along and needs some shoes, you ought to want to help him. You already got some good shoes on."

"Eugene doesn't want to sell his house shoes," said the Cardinal.

"*You* stay out of this," said Norwood.

"You international thug. You're just like Hitler and Tojo wrapped up into one."

Norwood tried Eugene once more. "Look, you can get another pair of these dudes easy for six bits at the Goodwill store. I'm offering you two dollars. I don't have any shoes. I lost some thirty-eight-dollar boots last night. They took 'em right off my feet."

"You better give Tojo what he wants, Eugene. He'll terrorize you if you don't. That's the way he does business."

"Don't call me Tojo anymore."

"This is a free country, thug. You can call people anything you want to. Can't you, Eugene?"

Norwood pushed two dollar bills into Eugene's shirt pocket. "I ought not to give you anything. Jumping up on people's backs. They'll put you in a home somewhere if you don't watch out."

At the Philadelphia station Norwood paid his fare and rode a commuter train in to New York. He sat in the smoking section in a comfortable padded seat that faced crossways. He bought some coffee in a paper cup, and a heavy, cake-like doughnut that had an unpleasant spicy taste. "You want the rest of this?" he said to the man sitting by him.

"No, thanks."

"I didn't put my hands on it."

"Thanks, but no."

Norwood placed the doughnut in the chrome ashtray between them. The man glanced down at it. In a minute or two he did it again. "I didn't see any

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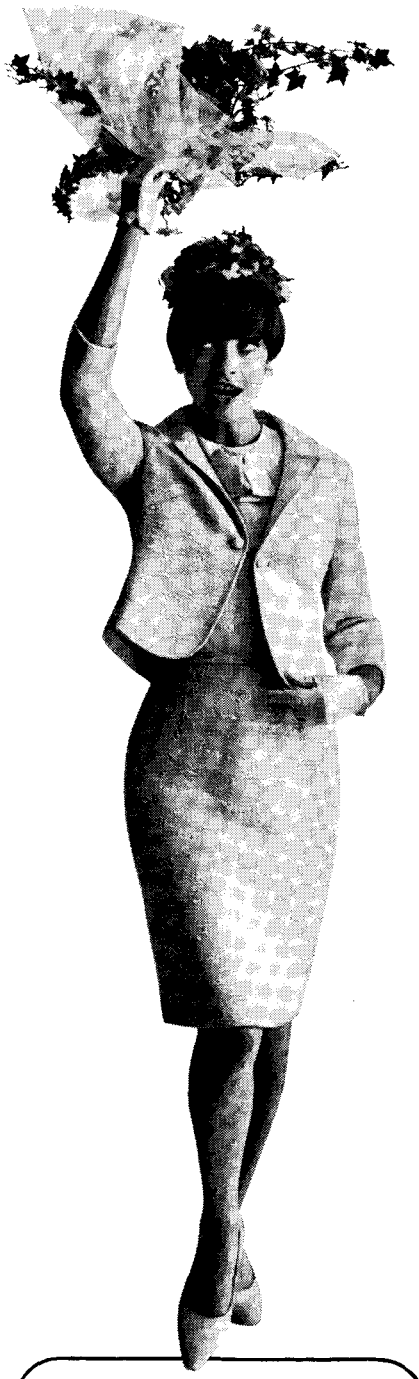

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other place to put it," said Norwood. He picked it up and put it in his empty cup. His hands were cold. Too much smoking? He flexed his fingers and made the joints pop. A bow-tied man across the aisle was watching him. Norwood stared back. The man looked up at the light fixture on the ceiling as if to calculate its efficiency. There were no girls on the train, no women at all, only these clean men. They bathed every day. He caught another one of them looking at him. He *was* a mess, no doubt about it. The sole of one shoe was flopping, and he had B.O. pretty bad. His red beard was beginning to bristle, and there were patches of flour like dirty snow on his back where Eugene had been.

When he got to New York he had some more coffee at a stand-up counter in Penn Station, and the people there looked at him too, but not for long because they had to get back to their newspapers. A friendly Airman Third Class found Joe William's number for him in the Manhattan directory, and Norwood tried to give him a quarter but he wouldn't take it. Norwood brought his bag and guitar into the booth with him and dialed. The phone started to ring, then a recorded voice came through to say the number had been disconnected. He got his dime back and dialed the operator. After a short discussion she passed him on to a supervisor.

"That number has been disconnected, sir," said the supervisor.

"Yeah, that othern told me that. Do you know if he's gone home or what?"

"We don't have that information."

"I thought he might of left word with somebody in case somebody needed to get aholt of him."

"No, sir, we don't have that kind of information."

"I guess you can't keep up with everybody, can you?"

"No, sir, we can't."

"Un huh. Well. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

He washed up in the men's room, but it didn't help much. What he needed was a bath and a shave. His hair was stiff, and in places it hurt when he mashed down on it in a certain way.

Outside, a porter pointed him toward Times Square. As he made his way uptown a man with puffy eyes—a dope fiend?—stopped him and tried to sell him a four-color ball-point pen for a dollar. Norwood brushed him off. What did they think, that he was somebody who would buy something like that on the street? No telling what they were thinking, the way he looked.

He looked at the movie posters on both sides of Forty-second Street and had a glass of beer and some giant corrugated French fries. The store windows were full of good buys in transistor radios and field glasses. Did anyone live upstairs over the movie theaters? He looked at all the curios at Robert Ripley's Believe It Or Not Odditorium, believing most of them but not the one about Marshal W. M. Pitman of Wharton, Texas, shooting a bullet right into a crook's gun in 1932. Still, there was the gun, and why would they make it up?

He walked up as far as Fifty-ninth Street, where things began to peter out, then came back. There was a man in a Mr. Peanut outfit in front of a candy store, but he was not giving out sample nuts. He was just walking back and forth. The Mr. Peanut casing looked hot. It looked thick enough to give protection against small-arms fire.

"Do they pay you by the hour or what?" Norwood said to the monocled peanut face.

"Yeah, by the hour," said a wary, muffled voice inside.

"I bet that suit is heavy."

"It's not all that heavy. I just started this morning."

"How much do you get a hour?"

"You ask a lot of questions, don't you?"

"Do you take the suit home with you?"

"No, I put it on down here. At the shop."

"The one in Dallas gives out free nuts."

"I don't know anything about that. They didn't say anything to me about it."

"He don't give you many, just two or three cashews."

"I don't know anything about that. I work at the post office at night."

"Well, I'll see you sometime, Mr. Peanut. You take it easy."

"Okay. You too."

A woman in the Times Square Information Center gave him a subway map and told him that the best way to get to Joe William's East Eleventh Street address was to take the BMT to Union Square, then change to the Fourteenth Street-Canarsie Line going east and get off at First Avenue. It was impossible to remember, and near the subway entrance he stopped at a shoeshine parlor to ask again. It was a notch in the wall with room for only one chair and the shine man himself.

"Say ——"

"Beat it, fellow," said the shine man, not looking up from his customer's shoes. "I don't have time to answer questions."

"I just wanted to know ——"

"You wanna know something, ask a cop. I pay two hundred dollars a month for this rathole and at twenty cents a shine that means I got to shine two thousand individual shoes just to pay the rent."

Norwood forgot his own problem at once. "You're not figuring your tips in on that?"

"I don't have time to talk, fellow. If I was on the city payroll it would be different. Everybody thinks I'm on the city payroll."

"You're trying to make it sound like you have to shine more shoes than you really do. Why don't you figure your tips in on it?"

The shine man stood up and put one fist on his hip. "You can't figure it that way, smart guy. You gotta figure it on your base rate, which is twenty cents. A lotta smart guys think they know more about my business than I do."

The man in the chair put down his magazine. "Look, I'm in kind of a hurry."

"Sure you're in a hurry," said the shine man. "*I'm* in a hurry, everybody in the *world* is in a hurry except this smart guy that has time to go down the street telling everybody how to run their business. How can I work with a smart guy standing over my shoulder

"Us Tareyton smokers would

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telling me how to run my business? The answer is—*I can't.*"

"Leave him alone, buddy," the man in the chair said to Norwood.

"Go bother the mayor," said the shine man. "He needs advice. Tell him how to run the city. Bother somebody on the city payroll."

The subway was cleaner and more brightly lighted than Norwood had expected, and it moved faster. He jostled forward to the front car and looked through the glass with his hands cupped around his face.

In one of the pedestrian tunnels at the Union Square stop a man was stretched out having a fit, forcing people to step around him. Norwood watched him give a few jerks and a long sigh. He knew he should look to see if the man had swallowed his tongue, but he didn't want to put his finger in the man's mouth unless he had to. It was all right for doctors. They didn't care where they put their hands. He lifted the man and propped him against the wall. The man rolled his eyes. His legs were rubbery and he couldn't stand alone.

"You want some water?" said Norwood.

"Water? Yeah."

"Well . . . I don't have any. How about a cigarette?"

"You can't smoke down here."

"What's wrong with you?"

"I'll be all right in a minute."

A woman stopped and inquired, and Norwood told her to go see if she could find somebody. She said she would tell a transit policeman. Norwood waited. People rushed along now in a steady stream. No policeman came. The man closed his eyes and took a nap standing there. No policeman. Norwood reached out into the stream and grabbed a dapper man in a neat metallic suit.

"Hold this fellow up a minute."

The man jumped and did as he was told. Then he said, "Hey, what is this, you?"

Norwood was picking up his gear. "They're coming for him. They're on the way."

"Where are you going? You can't detain me like this! I've got to get downtown!"

"We all got to catch trains. I can't be down here helping folks out all day myself. I don't even live here."

"I won't be put in a false position. This is a false position."

"I got to go."

On the train Norwood let his mind wander, and the next thing he knew he was under the river, and then in Brooklyn. He crossed over the platform and doubled back on another train, and this time he stood by the doors all the way. He got out at First Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

On the sidewalk in front of the Eleventh Street address some shirtless Puerto Rican boys were roasting marshmallows over a smoldering mattress.

Norwood rested the guitar on his foot. "You boys having a big time?"

"It's a campfire," said one. He offered Norwood a blackened marshmallow from the end of a straightened-out coat hanger.

"I believe I'd rather have one right out of the sack. They ain't gonna taste like anything cooked over hair." He reached for the cellophane package, but another boy grabbed it off the stoop. Norwood let it pass.

The boy who had grabbed the marshmallows pointed at the guitar. "Can you play that?"

"Yeah."

"Marie has a guitar. She knows a hundred songs."

"I don't know but one myself," Norwood said. "It's about a squirrel. He lived out in the woods and ever time he would get something good his friends would be hungry and they would come around and want some. They'd say, 'Hey, squirrel, let me have a bite of that candy bar.' And the squirrel, he would say, real mean, 'Naw! I'm gonna eat it all myself! It's good too!' And pretty soon out there in the woods they were all calling him the stingy squirrel and he didn't have any more friends to play with."

The boys looked at Norwood.

"Well, it's more what you would call a story than a song," he said. "There's a good lesson in it."

He examined a row of mailboxes in the foyer, and Joe William's name was there all right, although it had been penciled over. No. 2. The hall was dark, and there were dust balls that rolled along like miniature tumbleweeds. Norwood struck a match and stood before the No. 2 door for a moment. There was movement inside. He unzipped his guitar and hit one loud nylon chord and sang:

There'll be smoke on the water
And the land and the sea
When our Army and Navy
*Overtake the enemee. . . .**

A dog started barking upstairs, and then some women shouted. The stairwell echoed with female Spanish abuse. The No. 2 door opened. It was a short, bushy-headed young man in a green sweater. He was eating a sandwich.

Norwood said, "Oh. I thought Joe William Reese lived here."

"Well, he did, but he's gone back home. Some place in Arkansas. He left a couple of days ago. You from those parts?"

"Yeah. And we was in the service together. He owes me some money."

"How much does he owe you? If that's not too personal."

"Seventy dollars. I come up here after it."

"Well, even if you had caught him here you probably wouldn't have gotten the money. He fooled me with that country-boy act and left owing me twenty-five. Anyhow, it's not enough to get upset about, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean seventy dollars isn't really worth all the trouble, is it? Traveling two thousand miles? Hell, forget it. Go on back home."

That evening, numb with fatigue, Norwood boarded a big Greyhound cruiser and headed south again. He sat back in his seat, thinking. The trip to New York had been a waste of time. But ahead lay Shreveport. *The Louisiana Hayride.* It was time he got moving with his musical career. And he wasn't giving up on Joe William, either. Seventy dollars. That sapsucker. No telling how much he owed people. . . .

In the softness of the cruiser seat, Norwood slept.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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rather fight than switch!"
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WOLVES IN THE ATTIC

By Daniel Martin Klein

When we were boys, Seth and I shared a small, second-floor bedroom in our two-family house near the atomic-research center in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. We spent most of our time in this room, as the war was on and our mother was dreadfully afraid that we would be caught in an air raid. Father was working on a secret project at the chemical plant almost every day and night, and this made Mother even more nervous. Neither Seth nor I really minded, though; we each had plenty to do in our room.

There was an invisible line, between the two beds, which divided Seth's half of the room from mine. He had to walk through my half from the door, but he never touched my things or really seemed to look at them. He would go immediately to what he was building with his Erector set—perhaps an elaborate pulley system with hooks and magnets—or to his vivarium to inspect his newts and snails or, most often, straight to a book from the pile next to his bed. I was just learning how to read at the time, but I could tell by the thickness of the bindings and the size of the type that Seth's books were more like my father's than like those in the children's section of the library, where Seth would leave me for a few minutes every afternoon on the way home from school. One day I heard my mother tell a friend that Seth was in a special class at school. I asked Seth about that before we went to sleep that night, and he said he did not think the class was very special. We only talked to each other just before bedtime.

I made sure that none of my animals disturbed Seth by crossing the invisible line. This was one of the rules of my animal club. Another rule was that in case an air raid came after I was asleep, one of my animals was to wake me up, and I, in turn, was bound by oath to save each one of them at whatever risk. I played every afternoon and evening with these animals: Snooks, a khaki dog; Binx, a hand-puppet monkey; and Coco, an oversized panda. We were friends, secret club members, and, in a way different from Seth and me, we were brothers.

Most of the time, my animals and I did not make any noise. We could talk to one another by just thinking the words. There were a few times, though, when I would forget and call them softly by their names. Seth would look up and then look away quickly. He occasionally commented on what I had made in an afternoon—a construction-paper collage or mask, coats of arms in colored pencil—but, for a very long time, he never mentioned my animals.

One evening when both my father and mother were out, I noticed that one of Snooks's front paws had ripped, and tufts of yellow cotton were sprouting from it. I tried to press the cotton back in, pinching the cloth together around it as a temporary measure until morning when my mother would sew it for me, but the cotton stubbornly popped out each time. It occurred to me that it would be dangerous to leave Snooks this way until morning, so I asked Seth if he would help me. He said that he would as soon as he finished the chapter he was reading. I waited for a while but then, again struck by the urgency of Snooks's condition, I asked Seth if he would help me right away.

"What can't wait?" he asked me.

"Snooks, my dog," I told him. "His paw is broken."

"Okay. It'll wait."

"I don't think it will," I blurted out.

Seth looked at me peculiarly and then at Snooks, and began to laugh. "Might bleed to death, huh, Jeff?"

"Yes," I said.

"Why don't you use a Band-Aid then?"

"Because . . . because it's different. It's just different with my animals. You know that, Seth!" I said and looked away.

Seth did not say anything more. He went to the sewing chest, found some brown thread, and mended the open paw. When I thanked him, he did not respond. He just closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them to continue reading.

After we were in bed and the lights were out, Seth called over to me. "They aren't real, you know, Jeff."

"What aren't?"

"Those animals," he said. "They're just cloth and cotton, like a pillow."

"No they aren't," I said and closed my eyes tightly.

That was the only time we talked about my animals before I went to the hospital. No one explained to me exactly why I was going to the hospital—years later, I learned it had been a minor case of polio—or how long I would stay there. I carried my animals with me in the car and into the room where the nurses took off my clothes and put a white smock on me. One of the nurses carried me back to a room with couches in it where my parents were waiting. They kissed me goodbye, promising to visit me every day.

My stay in the hospital was not very different from my days at home, except that I did not go to school, and in a bed next to me was a man about my father's age who never said anything to me. My animal club was there, though, and each day a fresh supply of construction paper was brought to me with my breakfast tray.

Actually, my mother and father could not visit me every day because of hospital rules. They called me on the telephone once or twice a day, and every afternoon a nurse would take me to the window to wave to them in the courtyard. About once a week Seth came with them and waved up to me. I noticed that he always had a book under his arm—I guess to read on the trip up and back.

The doctors and nurses were nice to me, though. One nurse in particular, the one who bathed me, took a special interest in my animals. She always asked me how they were and if I thought they needed a washing that day. Sometimes I would say yes, and she would brush them off carefully with a damp cloth.

At first I asked the doctors every day why I was in the hospital. They usually answered that it was just for a checkup, or sometimes they would say I needed a rest. These answers did not seem right, but after a while I stopped asking. I stayed there for nearly two months.

When I left, one of the doctors told me I was very lucky to be leaving. I told him that I did not mind staying in the hospital, that I did not get lonely, because my animals were with me. He smiled at this, but then he started to frown.

"Your animals are going to have to stay here, you know," he said.

"Why?"

"Because. . . . Well, because they are not well yet," the doctor told me.

"They aren't sick," I said. "I know they aren't sick."

"Yes they are," he said. "I just gave them a checkup, and they are very sick."

It was strange to be back in my own bed again that night. My father was home, and he and my mother came into our room earlier than usual and said it was time to turn off the lights. They came over, sat on my bed, and told me how glad they were that I was home with them again. I said that I could not wait until my animals were better and could come home again, too.

My mother looked at my father for a few seconds after I said that, and then she said, "We'll get you some new animals until then—just like the old ones."

I said okay, and then they kissed me and turned off the lights. Seth said good night, and I closed my eyes. I lay awake a long while wondering about Snooks and Binx and Coco. Then I heard a funny rumble in the attic. I listened very carefully for a while and then, getting frightened, I called over to Seth.

"Do you hear that?" I said.

"What?"

"The wolves," I said, "in the attic."

"Those aren't wolves," he said. "It's just the wind."

"It's wolves," I said.

Seth did not say anything. I lay with my eyes open, listening to the rumble with horror. I stared at the corner of the ceiling, where there was a hatch for climbing up to the attic.

"It's wolves," I cried to Seth. "And they're going to come down the hatch."

"It's the wind," he said. "Go to sleep."

"Do something, Seth. I'm scared."

"Listen, Jeff," he said, more quietly now. "You always keep making up things which aren't real, and all it does is make things worse for you. Those wolves are just wind and couldn't hurt a fly, and those animals of yours that are sick are just pieces of cloth which got infected and have to be burned. If you only realized that, you wouldn't ——"

I was crying very hard then and could not hear the rest of what Seth was saying. My father came into the room, switched on the lights, and asked Seth what the matter was.

"He's afraid there are wolves in the attic," Seth said. "And that they're going to come down the hatch."

My father told me not to worry, that he would take care of everything. Then my mother came into the room and held me in her arms, saying that everything was all right. In a few minutes my father brought back a strip of wood and tacked it across the hatch.

"They won't be able to get out of there now," he told me.

Seth looked over at me and then stared at my father.

"Why don't you tell him the truth?" Seth said loudly.

"Be quiet!" my mother said to him.

Seth sat up quickly in his bed. "Why don't you tell him the truth?" he shouted. "Why don't you tell him that it's just wind up there?"

"Be quiet, Seth," my father said.

Seth looked very funny in the eyes. He slammed his hand against the headboard of his bed and shouted, "It's just the wind! And the animals are just cloth and cotton! Just cloth and ——"

My mother slapped Seth in the face, but he did not cry. We all sat there on the beds very quietly for a while, and then I started to cry again, this time for Seth—softly, just tears slipping down my cheeks. Sliding out from my mother's arms, I crossed the space between the beds and pressed my face against my brother's chest. □

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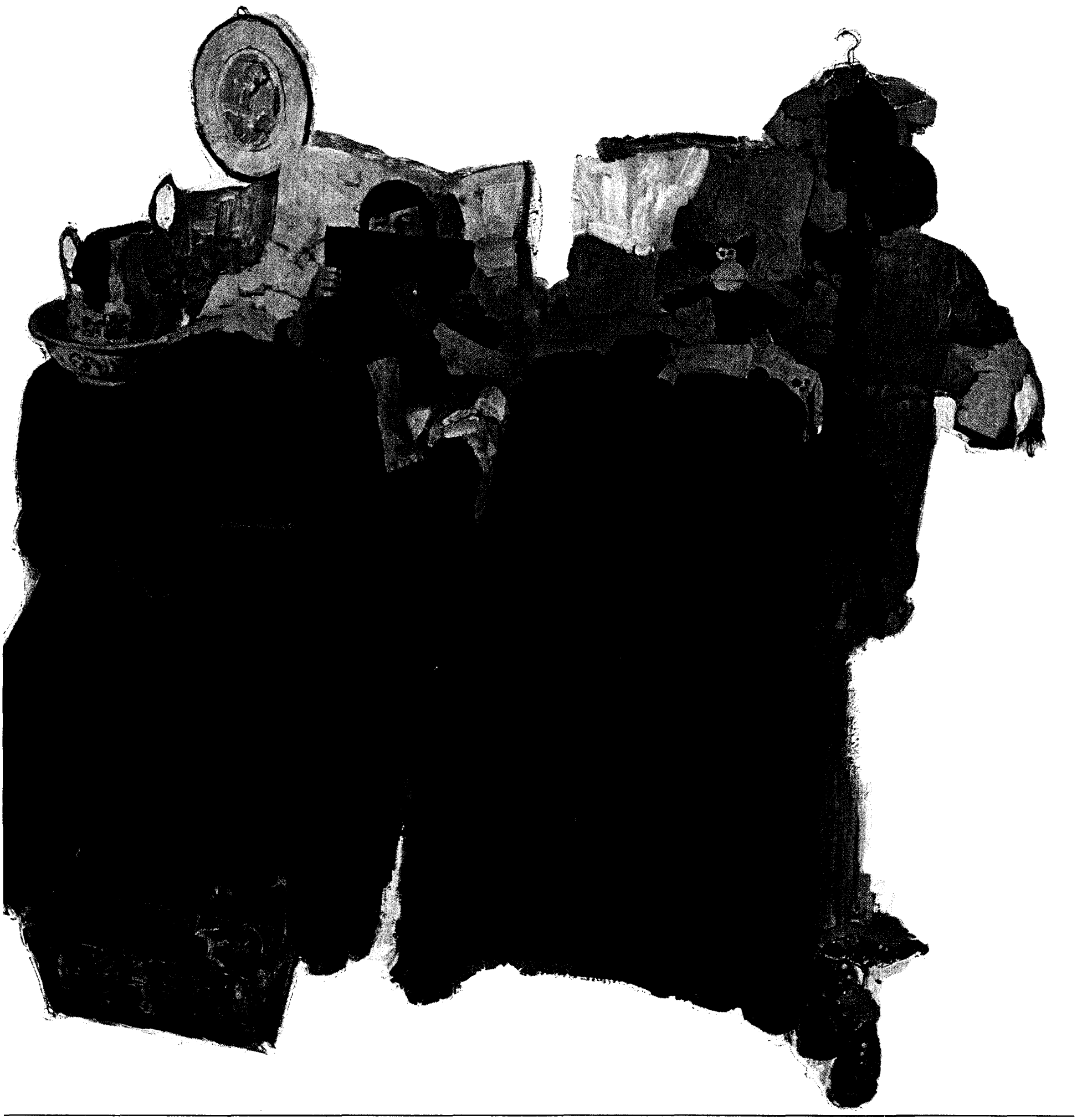
A very short story about being young, and being hurt, and being comforted by a brother's love.



Illustrated by Mark English

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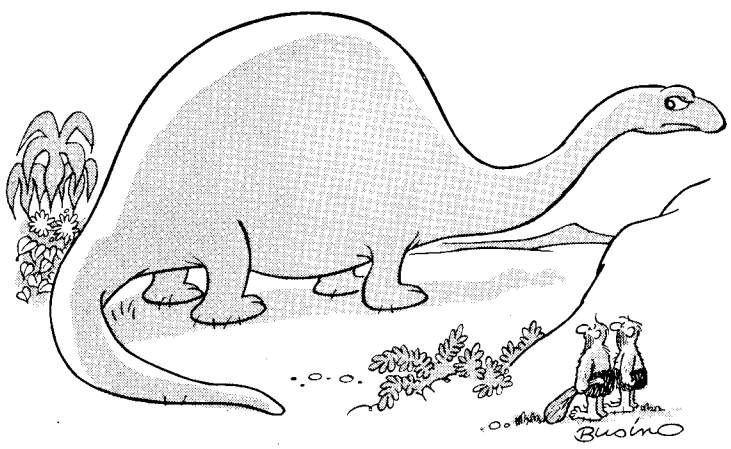

"*The trouble is, if I take one home, it'll be Brontosaurus for breakfast, dinner and supper every day for a month!*"

"*All right, all right, if you'll call the police, I'll promise to take twenty-eight dance lessons!*"

"*Doctor Noland will see you now.*"

"*But, John David, what about the fire in my heart?*"

"*Keep your shirt on! I'm just warming up.*"

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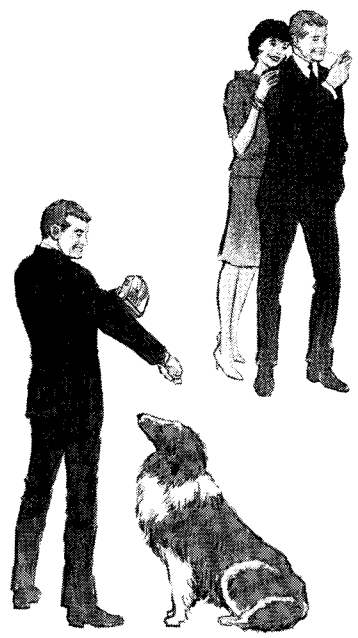
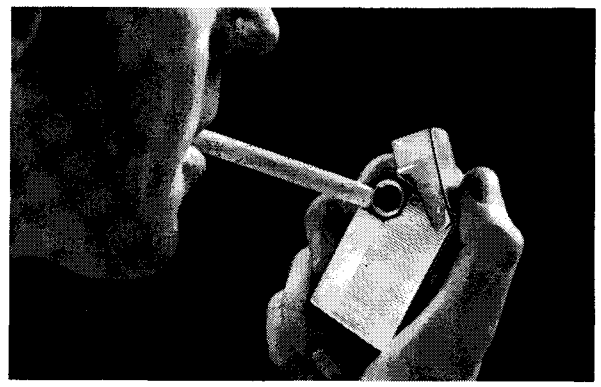
General Electric

makes the 19th a great day for Dad!

Give him the rechargeable CLOTHES BRUSH

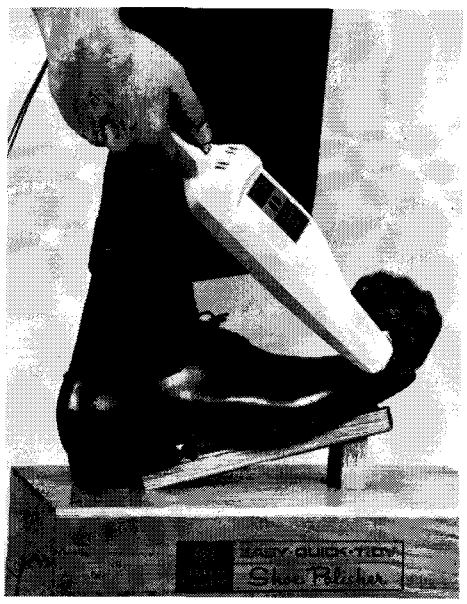
Valet? Who needs one! General Electric's Automatic Clothes Brush vacuums as it brushes... whisks away hairs, lint, dirt—in seconds. Light. Cordless—rechargeable.





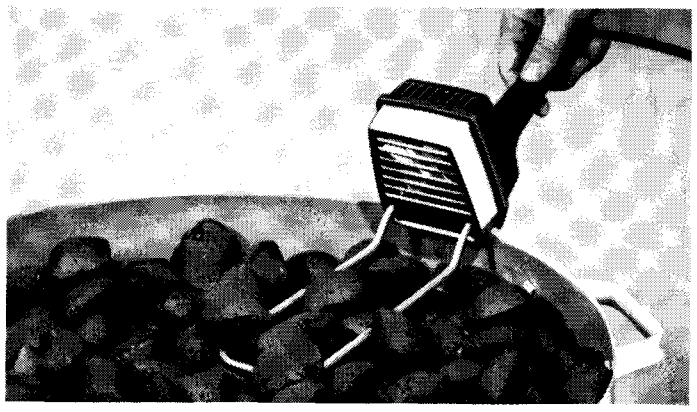
..or the rechargeable LIGHTER that is absolutely windproof

It's the greatest! General Electric's Rechargeable Cigarette Lighter does away with flints and fluid. Double coil element lights instantly. Recharges in its charger unit.



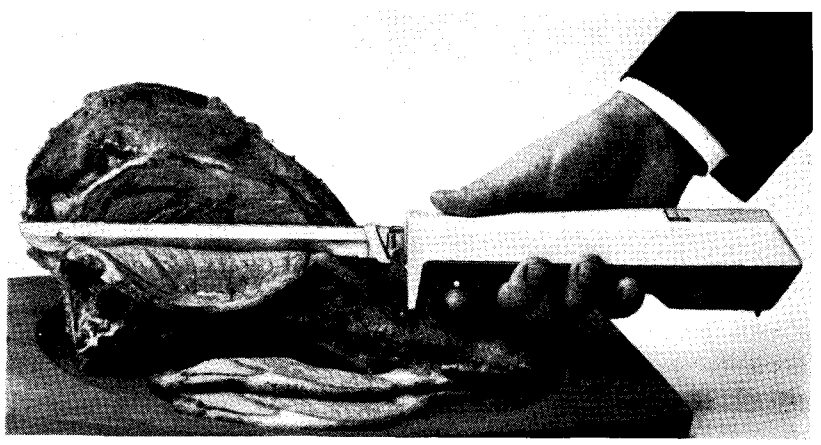
...the back-saving SHOE SHINER with power handle

What a boot he'll get from this Shoe Polisher! The power handle has buffing wheel action... gives fast, bright, lasting shines. Oak chest holds all accessories.



...the ELECTRIC FIRE STARTER, for faster log and barbecue fires

It's catching! With General Electric's Automatic fan-forced Fire Starter he'll start fireplace and barbecue fires quickly, safely—without odor, kindling—or loss of temper.



...the CORDLESS KNIFE for full-power carving, indoors or out

Give him General Electric's Cordless Automatic Knife—for use everywhere—kitchen, dining room, patio. Perfectly matched hollow-ground stainless steel blades, with tungsten carbide edges, stay sharp. Slices everything—expertly. Recharges in its storage rack.

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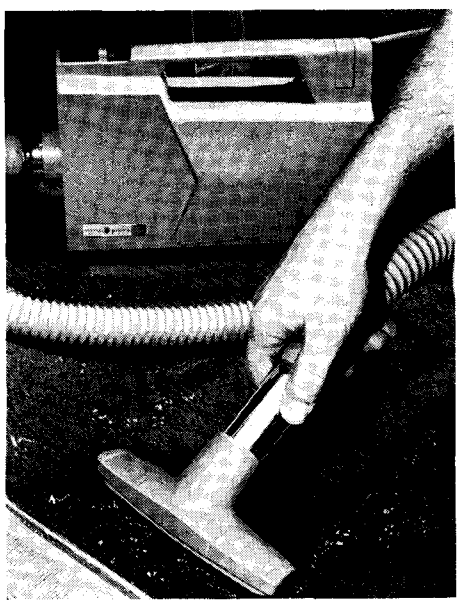

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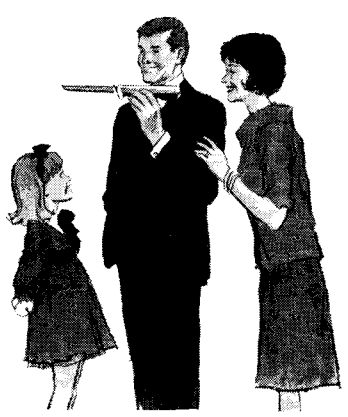

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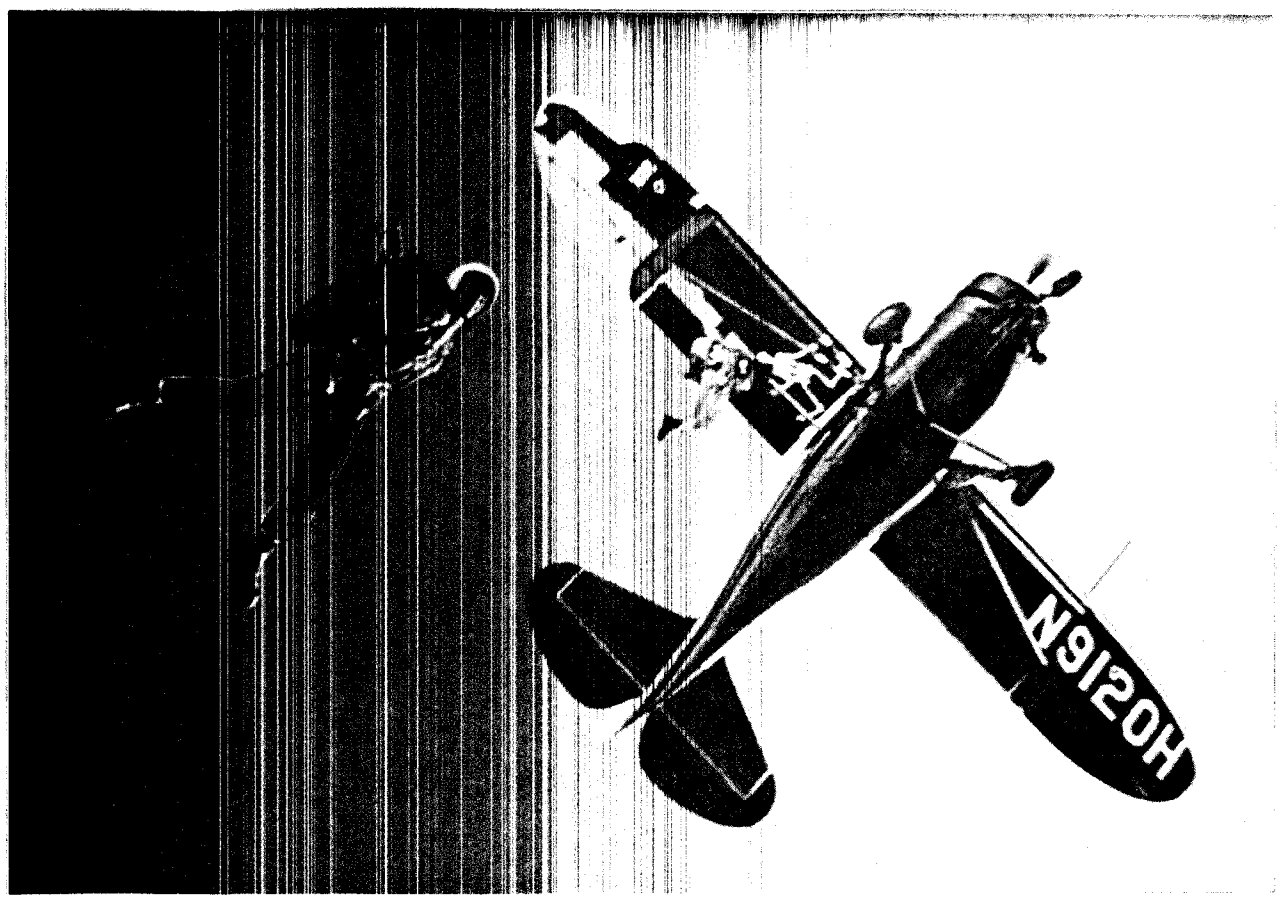
THE JOYS OF FALLING THROUGH SPACE



Sky divers of the United Parachute Club of Philadelphia leave their airplane under the eye of a cardboard skeleton riding the wing (above), an example of the sardonic humor introduced to the group by ex-paratroopers. Two jumpers (below) set out in pursuit of a third, who is holding a hoop they will try to pass through. A falling star is formed over Pennsylvania (right) by four divers, who slowly maneuver to link their hands.

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Somersaults in the sky and a soaring sense of freedom.

There is no sensation of falling. You are floating in space. Your friends who have jumped from the same airplane drift slowly past, or veer off to either side like fighter planes. You try some somersaults—frontward and backward—and then you turn a lazy barrel roll in the sky. At 2,500 feet you pull your rip cord. There is a sharp jolt as your parachute opens and you drift to earth.

The people who seem to be soaring through the air on these pages are called "sky divers." They are able to control their fall by using the pressure of the wind stream on their bodies as they drop at speeds of up to 160 mph. By moving their arms and legs to deflect the air, they can maneuver like airplanes—although no one has yet learned how to gain altitude. An experienced diver can "glide" so well that he can cover about a foot of ground for every foot he drops.

The trick of riding the wind is said to have been known by the barnstorming parachutists of the '20's and '30's, but they kept it a professional secret. The modern technique was developed mainly by the French after World War II and introduced into this country in the mid-'50's. In those years a handful of American jumpers struggled to complete maneuvers that are now considered elementary, such as passing a baton back and forth.

The Parachute Club of America, the national body of the sport, estimates that there are now some 30,000 sky divers flying around the countryside, and that 1.6 million jumps were made last year. The average age of the divers is 24—although some are as old as 70—and 85 percent are male. The club's statistics also show that 25 jumpers were killed in 1965, one third because they opened their chutes too low. Only seven of the fatalities were "licensed" jumpers—persons who had met the club's prescribed standards.

Sky divers jump out of airplanes for as many reasons as people climb mountains. The blue-helmeted figure on the cover is Ed Marler, a veteran of over 600 jumps, who likes the challenge of competing in meets, where contestants are judged by how well they perform their maneuvers. To Marler's left is a mapmaker from Norristown, Pa., named Harry Hallman, who regards diving as a kind of hobby. "Some people play golf or tennis," he says. "We do this."

The person Hallman is grasping tightly with his left hand is his

Photographs by JERRY IRWIN and JACK ZEHRT

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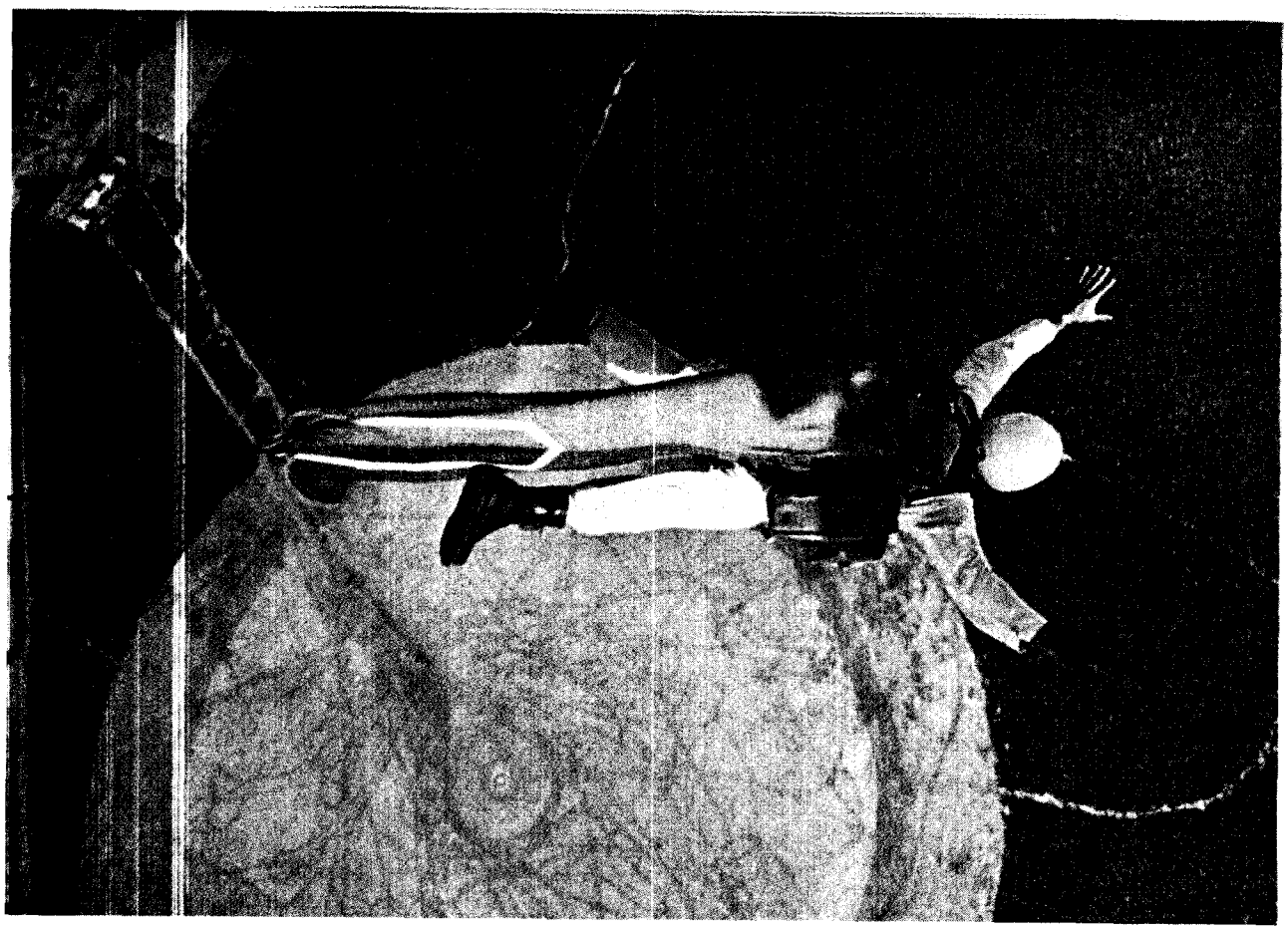
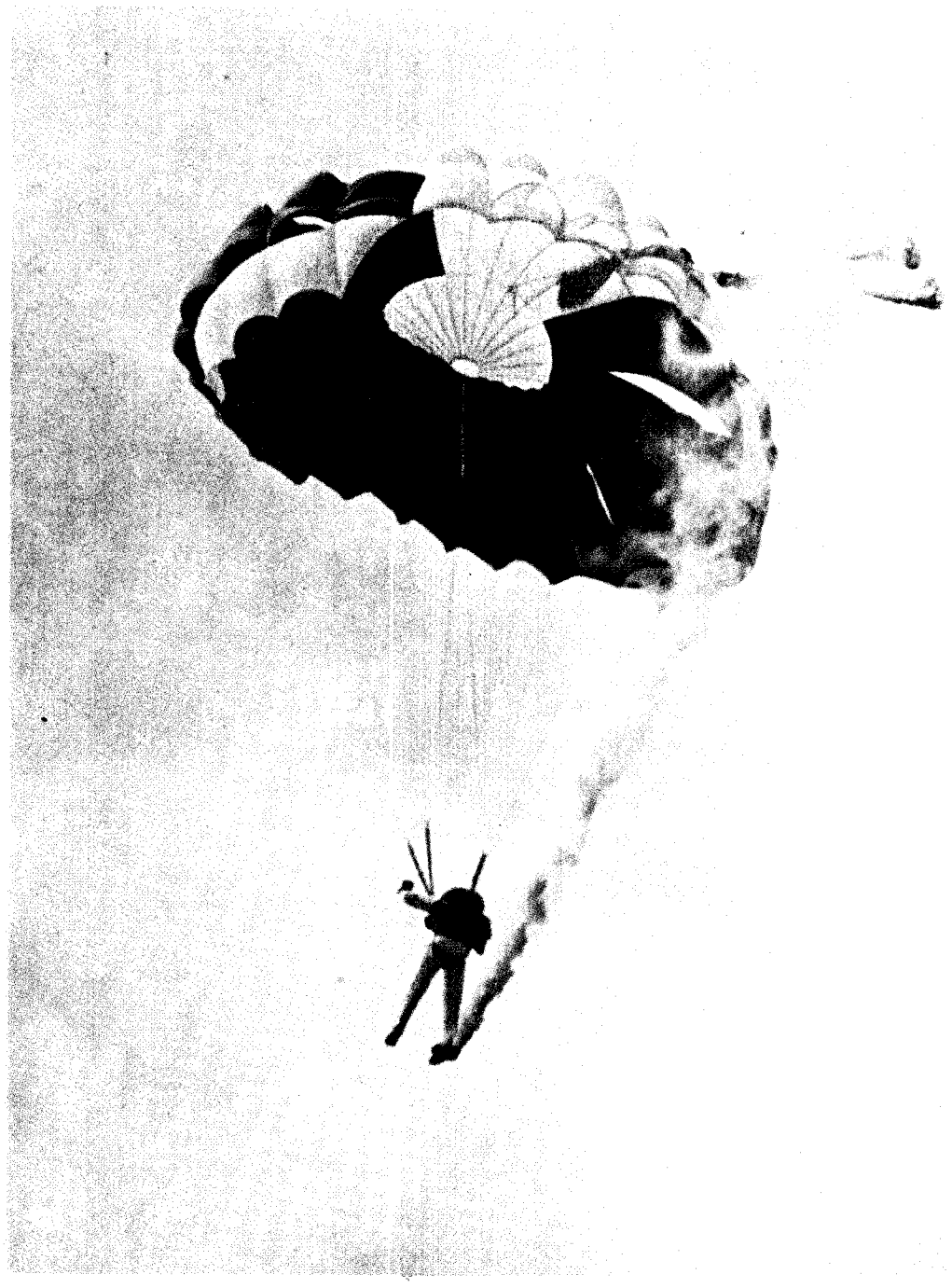
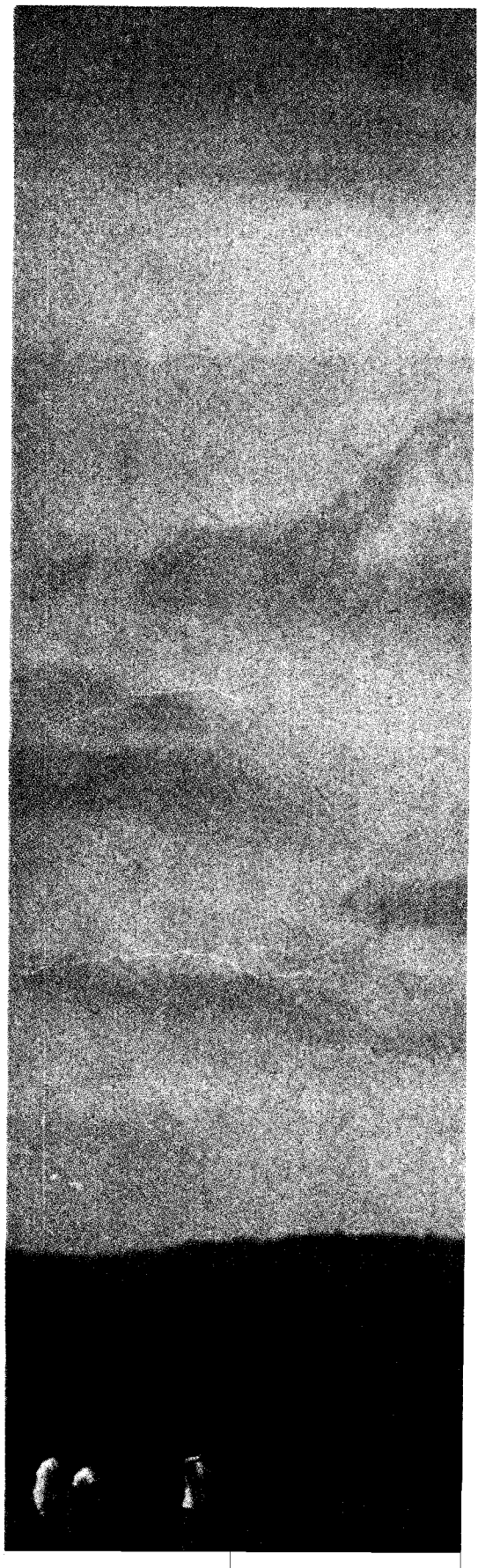


A beginner (left) makes a training jump that opens his parachute automatically as he falls. To please the spectators, sky divers sometimes adopt such old-time flying-carnival tricks as releasing a colored smoke bomb (below, left). Jumping for accuracy, James Colombo (below) steers for a cross on a field near St. Louis.





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Riding the wind at 160 mph, sky divers feel 'safe.'

wife, Patricia, who has made 256 jumps herself. "I guess everyone is scared at the start," she says. "You just have to want to do it. Now stepping out of an airplane is like getting out of a car."

Samuel H. Beer, 55, a grandfather and a professor of government at Harvard, began jumping in 1961 out of curiosity and found himself fascinated by the sport. "Sky diving is a very civilized sport, *the* most civilized sport," he says. "It is proper that it came from France, the land of rationality. The mark of civilization is the use of reason to control emotion. When you jump, you have to use your mind to overcome panic and fear and, when you're more proficient, carelessness and laziness. It's a *very* private thing—something you do for its own sake. Once you get out of that plane, you feel safe and free." □

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THE RAPE OF THE LAND

Continued from page 29

village—total population, 40,000. Since 1950 the push outward from Washington caused a hodge-podge of development. Today the county has 360,000 people. In 35 years it expects to have about a million.

Land that was once inexpensive and isolated has become too valuable to ignore. If the 276 acres of the Holmes Run woods remain zoned for single-family houses, as they are now, they can be sold for about $8,000 an acre. If they are zoned for apartments, they will bring about $20,000 an acre; if for industry, $40,000 an acre. The woods are worth at least two million dollars, and if zoning favors the developers, $11 million.

Two million dollars or $11 million are hard to balance against some boys in the woods, though the boys are trying. They first circulated a petition in school, but the principal stopped that, not because it began, ungrammatically, "Us boys would like to save our woods . . ." but because the school has a rule against petitions. So, in partnership with some adults, the boys turned to the neighborhood.

"We got almost everyone to sign," Mike Mattheisen said, "but one place I just couldn't understand. The woman said, 'No, I won't sign your petition. I want the woods to come down. Children should play in their own backyards.' I tried to tell her there was no woods or creek or animals in the backyard, but she just wouldn't listen."

"Yes," Dirk said, "and her husband agreed with her."

As a result of the neighborhood agitation and petitions, the county park authority will ask for a bond issue this fall, part of which may be used to buy a strip of the woods along the creek. Most of the woods will still be open to development.

Mike Mattheisen half-slid down the slanted tree trunk. He ran like a shot to the spring and pulled out a five-inch turtle, its black carapace dotted by brilliant yellow spots. Dirk came over and said, "Cool-o." Little Mike, the outrider, as usual, cried out from far away, "Hey, I can see where the fort was." The boys ran to the edge of the woods, to a wide strip of brown grass alongside the circum.

Ricky pointed to the highway, where a new bridge crossed it, and said, "We used to have the best forts in the world up there before they built the circum. Trenches and everything. We had to leave it when they built the road. We may build another one in the woods. If they don't take down the woods."

Steve Chamerski, an industrial worker, wears a perpetual pencil behind his ear and speaks with an occasional "dese" and "dose." Like most of his boyhood friends of 40 years ago in the Polish neighborhoods of northside Chicago, he scrambled in the streets. He never went beyond eighth grade. He has never played golf. But for the last year Steve Chamerski has spent at least 20 hours a week trying to save one of the country's famous golf courses from the spread of the city.

Tam O'Shanter golf course is 20 miles from downtown Chicago. On its lush and stately fairways have walked Ben Hogan, Arnold Palmer, and other golfing greats. Billy Casper won the big Western Open on this course last year. But now the place is padlocked. The fairways and the greens—including the famous 18th green that cost $50,000—are growing high. Tam O'Shanter is an oasis about to be obliterated. Metropolitan Chicago has spread relentlessly outward until by now an industrial complex edges one side of Tam O'Shanter and close-built, yellow-brick bungalows line the other edges. Beyond, the enveloping concrete continues into the countryside.

The golf course is 100 feet from the Chicago city line, in Niles Village. The word "village" evokes a picture of rural spaciousness, but in Chicagoland it is an arbitrary dividing line on a map of urban sprawl. Niles has 30,000 residents, mostly lower-middle-class, who suddenly have discovered that in their rapidly built-up city the only open space left is a few ballfields—except for the 120 acres of Tam O'Shanter. Now that these acres are so valuable, the village isn't sure it can afford to outbid developers who can turn its acreage into many millions of dollars.

Steve Chamerski is a popular man in town, an expediter in a local metals finishing plant where his wife, Ann, is an inspector. When there was a vacancy on the Niles Village Park Commission he was temporarily appointed. When he ran for regular election in 1963 he outpolled other members and is now president. At about this time vague rumors in the village were confirmed: The family that had owned Tam O'Shanter as a private club had sold it to an industrial firm for $3.2 million. The firm's plan was to build factories.

Since that time Steve Chamerski, who would not know a mashie from a bogey, has spent almost every non-working waking hour trying to save the golf course for the town. He has a good memory for dates and a knack of giving them sentimental value. "You know when I heard that Tam had been sold? When I read it in the paper. Just like that. I said to myself, 'I want that for the people of this village.' I condemned it for public acquisition on August 13, 1965. That was Friday the 13th. Quite a date? Right. So what happened? They went to court and the judge threw out our condemnation because I hadn't made a written offer and didn't have confirmation of federal dough to help us out. The rest of the park board voted against buying the course if it took too much local money. We had to have help in Washington. I wrote to everyone—Douglas, Dirksen, everybody. I sent a telegram to President Johnson. Imagine me sending a telegram to the President of the U.S. Took me three hours to write it. Cost $46. The deadline for the industrial people getting the place for good was 5 P.M. on February 11, 1966—that's our 26th wedding anniversary. At 4 P.M.—one hour before the deadline—comes a telegram from Washington: They're gonna consider helping with half the five-million-dollar price. I went right back into court to take it by eminent domain. We're waiting now."

Chamerski is quick to say that he is not the only one fighting for Tam O'Shanter. A group of villagers formed the Committee to Save Tam and collected 5,000 signatures to send to Washington. Nevertheless, the battle has not been going well. Some village authorities, including the mayor, feel that the land as green open space is too expensive and the village could use the extra taxes from more factories.

All over the Chicago area, in other places large and small, the struggle for space goes on. Chicago's Cook County is very much aware that, except for its original park preserves, its only remaining open spaces are cemeteries (9,500 acres) and golf courses (7,700 acres). Only the cemeteries seem to be safe from building developments (but not from new highways, which in Chicago, as everywhere, seem to have a tyrannical right-of-way over every conceivable human use). The golf courses have become a major battlefield for developers. The village of Bensenville, for example, near Chicago's O'Hare Field, has the Mohawk Country Club, a 160-acre course now surrounded by industry. Three years ago the golf course was bought by a subsidiary of the Milwaukee Railroad. Villagers fear that factories and apartments are coming to Mohawk. The only certain way to prevent this would be for the village to buy the golf course. One village official asked, "How can a village of 10,000 population pay something like four million dollars just to keep some trees and grass and a small stream?"

The rich farms on the outskirts of Chicago are being gobbled up at the rate of 25 square miles a year. The compulsive rush to build creates some pleasant places, but also some that seem senseless. Those who fight to preserve natural space try first to keep "flood plains"—stream beds that carry off rain and spring water, usually supporting clusters of trees. These act as natural sponges for local floods, preventing big floods downstream. They also happen to be too wet and low for most housing.

But the real-estate fever hits even the flood plains, as in DuPage County, 25 miles outside Chicago. A place of a few farms before the war, it now has 400,000 people and in 35 years will have over one million. It suffers the curious contradiction of most growing suburbs. When it was still a rural county it needed no zoning, no long-range planning, and everyone would have thought it preposterous to use tax money to buy plain ordinary land for open space: You used land to produce taxes, not to consume them. Then the population pours in, houses, shopping centers and factories cover the landscape, and at this point it is discovered that most of the new residents moved there in the first place in order to be in open space. But by this time most of the space is gone and what remains has become vastly expensive.

In DuPage County, for example, a new planning commission discovered 10 years ago that there were practically no public water-recreation places for a coming population of one million. It also discovered flood problems along its streams. So in 1956 the county planned a 400-acre reservoir on lowland around the east branch of the DuPage River. By the time plans were made and money appropriated, real-estate developers had put houses where the reservoir was to have been. The land that would have cost $400,000 ten years ago would now (with houses) cost $20 million. There will be no reservoir.

In nearby Palatine, houses were built near Salt Creek. The John Stander family bought a "model" home in a new development 2½ blocks from the stream. For the last 16 months the backyards of the Standers and some of their neighbors have been flooded, and the surrounding land has been under

Bad omen for land along Arizona's Highway 64. Developers turn enormous profits by buying up large tracts, chopping them into ugly grids.

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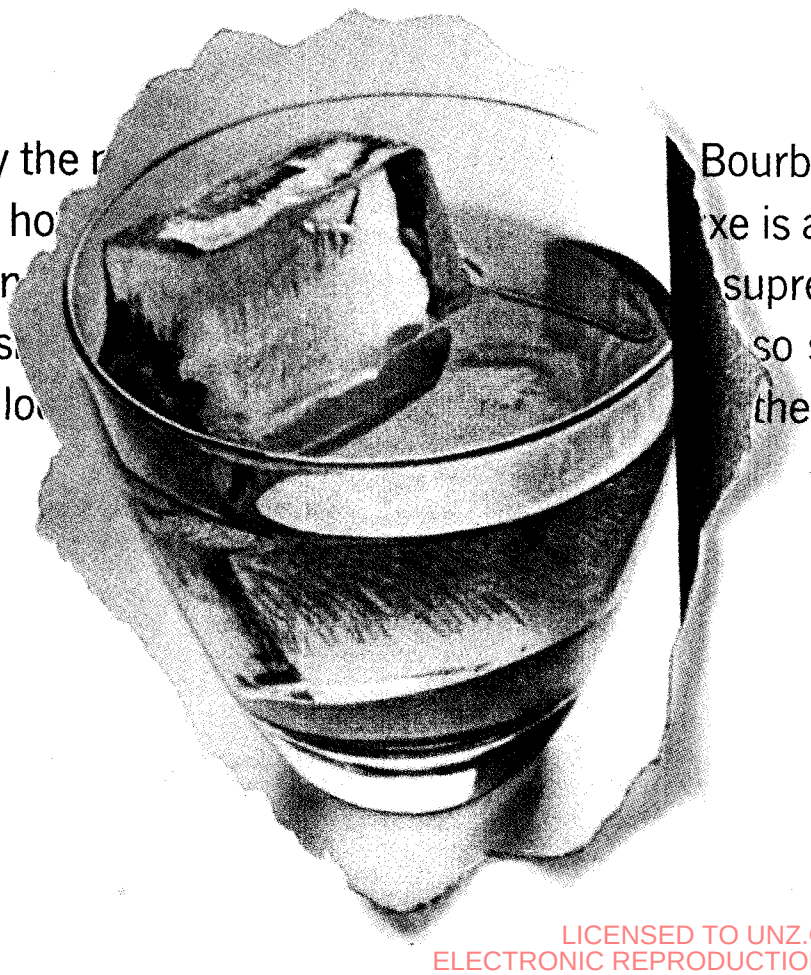
Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon



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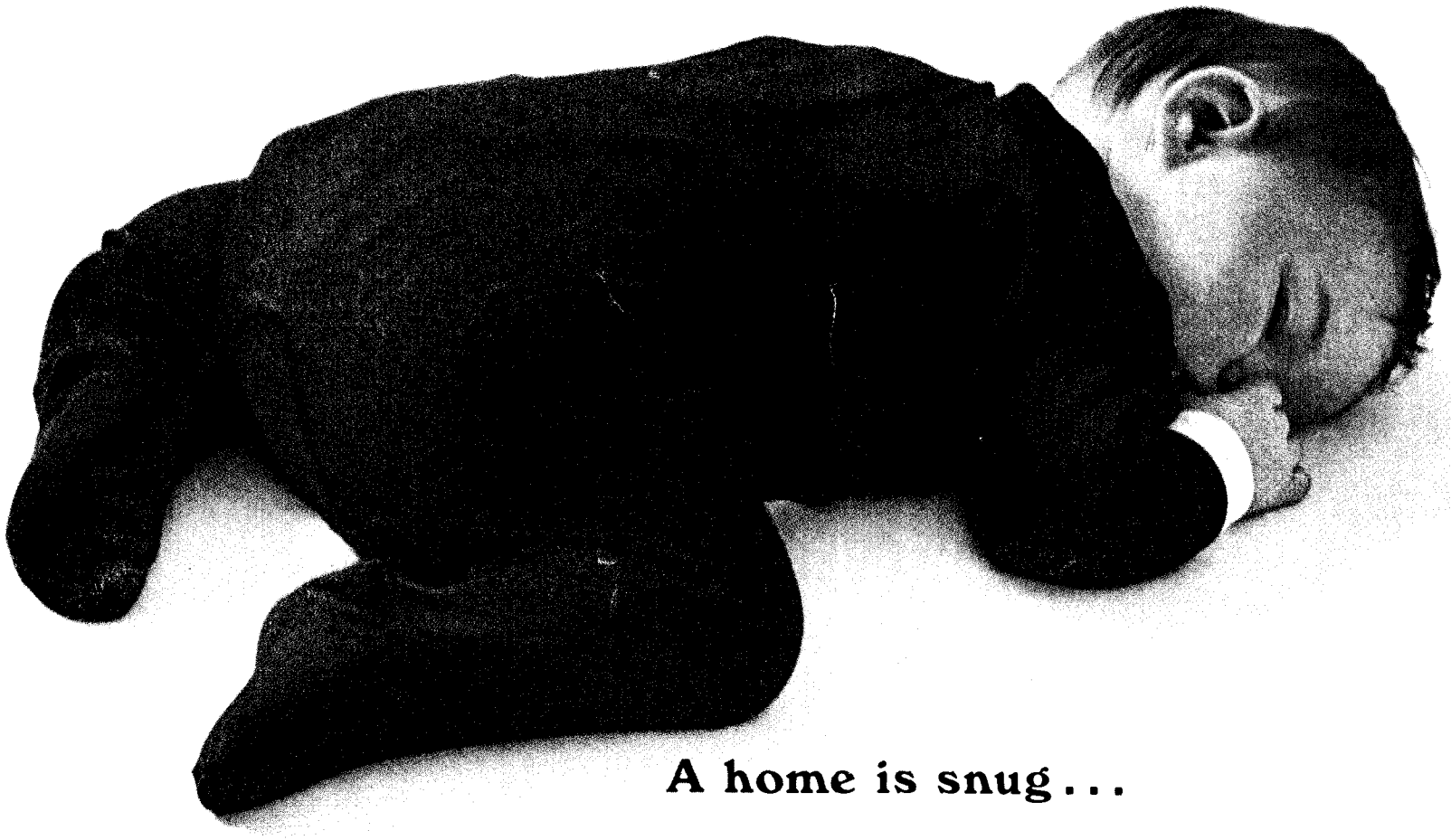
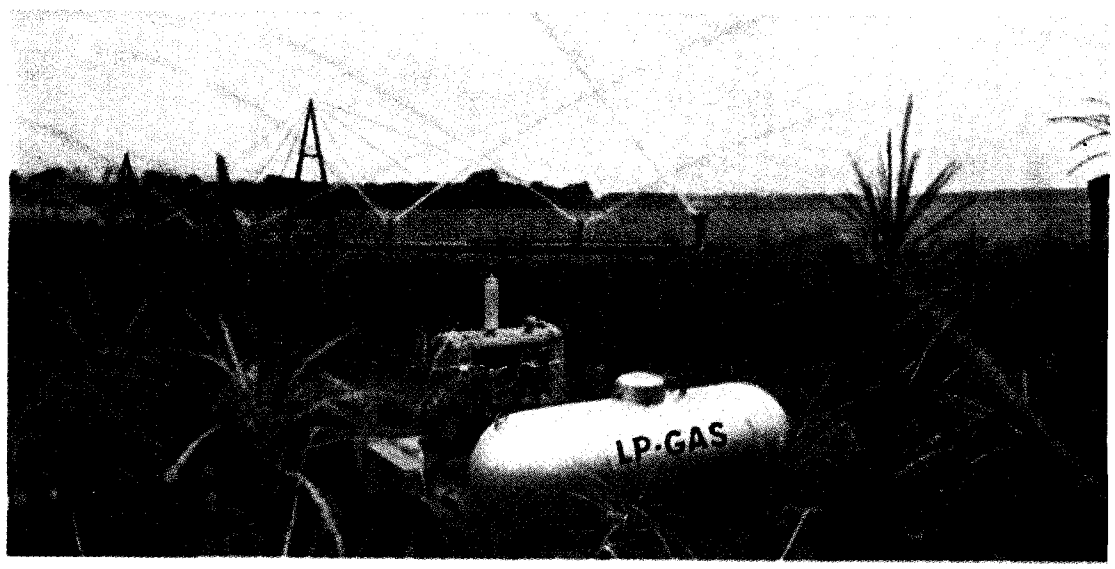


A home is snug . . .

a dinner sizzles . . .



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four feet of water. If cellar sump pumps suffer any interruption in their 24-hour-a-day operations, cellars fill with water. Jack Stander, 9, and his brother Scott, 3½, have to play in other people's yards. The dead sea around their house smells and is covered with green scum and breeds clouds of mosquitoes.

One expert explained that developed land covers the absorbing soil with rooftops and concrete, so that water, instead of seeping into the ground, floods places that never before were under water. The small streams, the lowly swamps, the ordinary fields and woods that are obliterated must be replaced later by expensive dams, home pumping, culverts, and concrete drains, all of which, ironically, keep surplus water from the trees and lawns that need it.

Mrs. Stander says, "We have gone to everyone—the state, the county, the township, the sanitary district, and they all say the same thing: 'That's a private problem.' The outfit we bought our house from moved away a long time ago. It's really a nightmare."

Steve Chamerski, like the Standers, is in a state of nerves. "Sometimes I can't sleep thinking of all this wonderful land turning into factories, and all the law and all the details and all the procedures and all the hearings and all the bargaining." He looks through the locked gates of the unused golf course. He can't identify a single kind of tree among the elms and willows and cottonwoods. But he says, "Look at the beautiful grass and that water and that space. The swimming pools in there—the people in the village should have them. I'd put pipes in there for skating in the winter. The clubhouse would make a great community center. The Boy Scouts could camp in that bunch of woods over there. I'd make it a public course and the fees would help pay for the place."

He was asked why he does all this work and worrying.

"When I was a kid I didn't know what it was like to have something like this. I played in the streets. If we wanted to see some trees or grass we'd jump on the back of a car and hang onto the spare tire 'til we got to Lincoln Park. In the city we roamed around looking for things to do. Two kids I knew got sent up for killing a cop. We used to have gang fights. After I got married and my daughter Carol began growing up I moved my family out here. We wanted some—you know, trees and stuff like that. Now—boom! It's going."

Steve Chamerski grew up on the crowded streets of Chicago. Catherine Spaulding grew up in the comfortable outskirts of Los Angeles and married Clark Kerr, who is the president of the University of California. As Mrs. Kerr, she often took visiting dignitaries, like Prince Philip of Britain and the Queen of Greece, into her backyard in Berkeley Hills, to view the most beautiful urban setting in the Western world. The sight is breathtaking: The great blue Bay, more than 50 miles long and 10 wide, surrounded by sloping mountains, the gossamer lines of the Oakland Bay Bridge leading the eye to the other side, where the city of San Francisco rides up and down its hills, to the Golden Gate Bridge, which leads the eye still farther to the cool cone of Mount Tamalpais.

But when Mrs. Kerr took royalty driving, they found themselves looking at either walls or junk. In her neighboring city of Richmond there is a 33-mile waterfront, only 65 feet of it open to the public. Of the entire 276 miles of shoreline of the Bay, less than five miles is open to public recreational use. Where the waterfront was visible it was often a half-submerged trash heap. The less-restrained visitors told Mrs. Kerr how differently most European communities used their waterfronts.

One day Mrs. Kerr was having lunch at the Town and Gown Club at Berkeley with a friend, Sylvia McLaughlin, the wife of a business executive, when they discovered that they both were worried about a plan by their city of Berkeley to increase its tax revenues by creating new land for factories and apartments. It planned to fill in 2,000 acres of San Francisco Bay. Mrs. Kerr said, "Sylvia, let's do something about it." Mrs. McLaughlin agreed, but said they ought to have a third person. The next week Esther Gulick, wife of a retired professor of economics, brought her annual gift of almond paste to Mrs. Kerr in time for Mrs. Kerr to make her 1960 Christmas almond cookies. The two women had found their third ally, and San Francisco Bay Area has never been the same since.

Notices were sent to scholars, to civic movers and shakers like the leaders of the League of Women Voters, and to conservationist groups like the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club. A meeting of all those who were interested was then held in Mrs. Gulick's living room. They put together what they knew—which was that in almost every city and town the Bay was being filled in—and discovered that no single group was keeping track of what was happening to the Bay as a whole.

The almond-cookie revolutionists came to a fundamental realization—the beauty and permanent value of San Francisco Bay depended on its remaining a single unit composed of:

1. The Bay itself, 422 square miles of open water that acts as a giant natural air conditioner, producing a climate neither hot in summer nor cold in winter. The Bay is surrounded by a ring of cities which would be a sprawl of buildings meeting in a shallow, hot, dry valley if it did not have this stretch of water.

2. The hills around the Bay, keeping out the desert heat from the east and holding back the fog from the Pacific Ocean to the west, providing a natural stadium from which millions of residents can see the Bay and, across the blue water, the opposite hills.

3. Steep, wooded ravines at water's edge, punctuating the rim of the Bay, separating neighborhoods to give each a sense of identity and privacy and provide a pleasant view.

In the name of progress, the hills were being pushed into the ravines and into the Bay, destroying the unique combination.

So the three women and their allies formed the Save San Francisco Bay Association. They commissioned a researcher in city planning to do a careful history and inventory of the Bay. Local groups were formed or brought into the alliance to pull together a collective picture of projects in motion. The findings were appalling. In almost every nook and cranny of the great Bay, hills were being scraped and water was being converted to real estate. Some of the disappearing Bay became drive-in-theaters. Some became quick housing, high-rise apartments and shopping centers. The city's new baseball park, Candlestick Park, made room for its bleachers by gouging out the side of a mountain and, in the magic formula, used the scooped-out dirt to dump into the nearby bay to make a parking lot for the stadium.

The city of San Francisco, the Bay Association learned, generates 1,300 tons of garbage a day. It used to burn it. Then it discovered that this caused polluted air worse sometimes than that in Los Angeles, a civic comparison so hideous that San Franciscans outlawed the burning of garbage. Now they dump it into their Bay.

The city has contracts with two firms to collect the garbage. One is called Sunset Scavenger Corp. and the other Scavengers' Protective Association. Together they own a third firm, Sanitary Fill Co., which leases or buys tidal land, dikes it off, pumps out the water and dumps in the garbage—which eventually makes valuable real estate. The scavengers avoid all mention of garbage, but homeowners and motorists near the dumping ground are not unaware of its presence. A major dumping ground is next to the ball park, which, when the wind is wrong, is called Candlestink Park. Recently the scavengers hired a public-relations counsel to improve their image, and one of the companies changed its name to Golden Gate Disposal, causing a suspicious citizen to ask, "My God, are they going to dispose of that, too?"

San Francisco isn't the only Bay city turning water into garbage-land. About 8,000 tons a day go into 32 former coves and tidelands, a situation which finally led last year to the following classified newspaper ad:

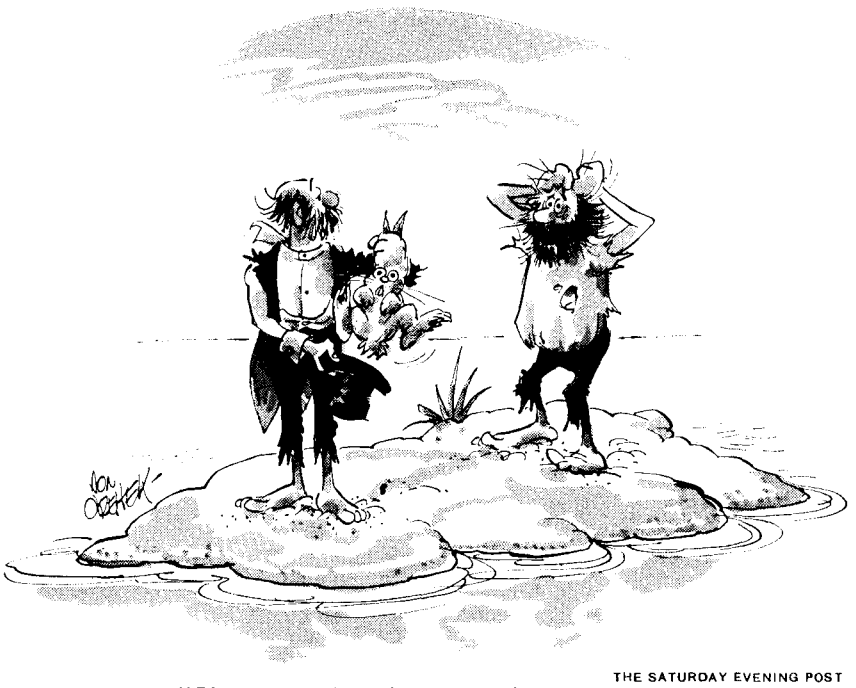
LOST—In the vicinity of Brisbane, 250 acres of San Francisco Bay, forever, unless the dumping of garbage can be stopped. Send contributions to the Brisbane Citizens for Civic Progress, Box 602 . . .

Municipal agencies, as well as private developers, are filling the Bay. The city of San Francisco, for example, has a ship harbor and airport that compete with a ship harbor and airport in Oakland, seven miles across the Bay. Trying to beat her rival, Oakland expects to deepen its channels and harbor (five miles from San Francisco's harbor), producing 7,000,000 cubic yards of bottom soil. San Francisco wants to expand its airport to compete better with Oakland's airport (12 miles away) and would dearly love to use the seven million cubic yards of earth from Oakland's harbor, but Oakland is disinclined to help a rival. So San Francisco instead may scrape off some nearby hills to make more runways. And Oakland plans to use its dredgings to enlarge its own airport and to create land alongside the Oakland Bay Bridge.

Meanwhile, back at private enterprise, Oakland's airport is being outflanked by a real-estate developer who got permission to build a $175 million housing development on 1,000 acres of what is now water next to the Oakland airport. Oakland airport authorities are afraid that the eventual buyers of the new homes, some of which will be near the flight path of the main runway for jets, will sue the airport because of the noise of the planes.

The members of Save the Bay did their homework. They watched for every application to alter the Bay and demanded hearings for every project, then attended the hearings and testified. Both routine and under-the-counter deals began to run into trouble. Public officials dominated by the real-estate interests began to squirm. One applicant for a multimillion-dollar housing project that would require filling in part of the Bay accused the conservationists of being "more interested in bird watchers than poor Negro kids." The group investigated: The houses of the new project would not do much for poor Negroes—the prices for each house ranged from $20,000 to $60,000. The developer retired to the dubious argument that the ladies were paving the way for socialism and Communism.

The Save the Bay members also provided newspapers and broadcasters with hard facts on what was happen-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please. . . . How about steak for a change?"

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ing. There arose around the Bay audible references to "our Bay." The response to newspaper columns and broadcast appeals was extraordinary. It was an early example of what has become a national phenomenon: When the general public has become aware of a threat to natural beauty or a familiar landmark, there has been overwhelming sentiment in favor of its preservation. Congressmen have said that some of their heaviest mail has been in support of preservation attempts.

All this concern resulted in a legislative bill, sponsored by State Senator Eugene McAteer of San Francisco, to make an official study of the disappearing Bay. There was pressure against it from real-estate interests, truckers and some municipal tax collectors. But the citizen support was massive. A state legislator who seemed doubtful in his vote received a large bag of sand labeled, "You'll wonder where the water went, if you fill the Bay with sediment." The verse was something less than Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but he got the point. Don Sherwood, a popular morning disc jockey, bombarded motorists on their way to work with notices of projects to look at and to smell as they drove. A fourth-grade class in Portola Valley sent him their version of the California state seal. The real one shows a bay somewhat like San Francisco's, with the motto EUREKA! ("I have found it!"). The fourth grade's version had the ironic motto EURUGH! I LOST IT! ECH!

McAteer got his study commission. It made an examination and found that there were 34 different projects around the Bay, which would fill in 16,000 acres of what had been water.

The original land-underwater of one project had been purchased decades ago for one dollar an acre. Three years ago it was sold to a developer for $3,000 an acre. He spent $3,000 an acre to fill it to building altitude (five feet above high tide) and then sold it to a housing developer for $45,000 an acre: profit, 650 percent.

One county, San Mateo, had put 10 million cubic yards of earth from its hills into its waterfront in the five years 1957-1962, but in the next 38 years the county planned to put in 636 million cubic yards. It would convert what was now 23 square miles of bay into new residential and industrial areas.

The commission's report prompted a state law creating the San Francisco Bay Conservation and Development Commission, a body that could serve as a model for other places worried about saving vital natural landscape that at the moment is nobody's responsibility. The commission has the power, during its short and experimental life of three years, to veto any non-federal project that will affect the Bay. For the first time, alterations of the area will not be piecemeal and largely unknown. The commission's purpose is not to prevent all filling or other development, but to balance the short-term profits against long-term interests of all the people of the area.

San Francisco is growing, as are most cities. But it is growing faster than most, partly because it is so beautiful. Does growth mean destruction of beauty? For years many accepted this as a sad but inevitable fate. The present population of 4.5 million around the Bay will be 14.5 million in 55 years. Can all these people be accommodated decently without scraping the mountains flat and filling the Bay? Can the industry and offices that will provide their jobs be built while the water and mountains remain the same?

Col. Robert Allan is district engineer of the San Francisco region of the Army Corps of Engineers. The Engineers have a national reputation for zealous dredging and filling and for seldom being bashful about moving mountains or pouring concrete. Col. Allan said he had studied population projections for the Bay, studied the Corps's 168-volume report on the terrain and concluded: "If we use all the suitable land resources of this area, we can absorb 14,500,000 people and still have thirty to thirty-five percent of our land undeveloped—and leave the Bay the same size it is today."

Despite its vigor, the original McAteer inventory of plans for the Bay could not pin down rumors about the biggest project of all. South of San Francisco loom the San Bruno Mountains, a hulking ridge that stands between the lower Bay and the Pacific Ocean. In the late afternoon an ocean fog bank rests against the mountains, like water against a dam, held back from the cities sheltered at its base. On some days the mountains hold the bank back completely; on others they keep it out until late in the day, always breaking the cold Pacific winds.

Last November a man named Robert Cranmer told the city council of Brisbane, one of the cities at the base of the mountain, that he represented David Rockefeller of New York's Chase Manhattan Bank in a project that plans to take 150 feet off the tops of the San Bruno Mountains, making flat land for real estate. The stripped-off mountaintops would then be sold to fill in the Bay below. Some reports say that the filled land will be the size of Manhattan, with shopping centers, skyscrapers, industrial parks and 80,000 dwellings.

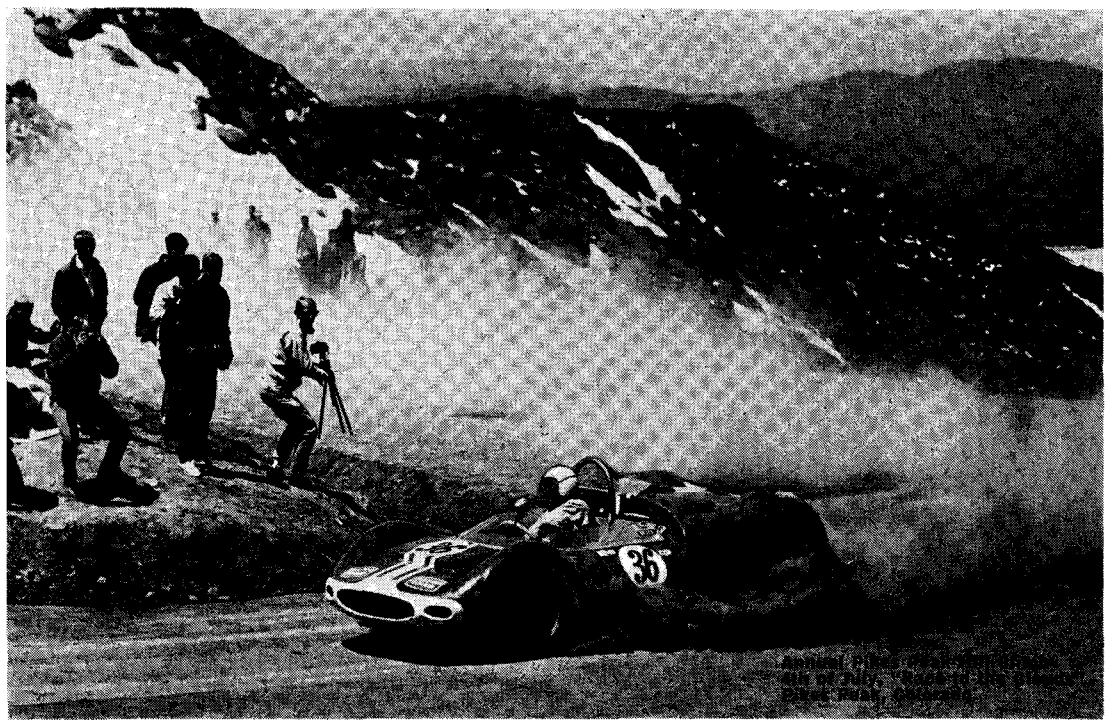
In a reflective moment Joseph Bodovitz, the young ex-newspaperman who heads the Bay Commission staff, said recently:

"I've come to the conclusion that more is involved here than saving a body of water which, after all, is only valuable, not sacred. I think the Bay is a symbol, and I think the deep emotional involvement of so many people in saving the Bay is not explainable in terms of devotion to fish, birds or even views. I think the Bay symbolizes the deep trouble our urban civilization is in. There is a deep but unconscious feeling that if we can't make sense out of regulating uses of the Bay, we're probably going to make messes of the rest of our collective urban lives—we probably won't do well with smog, traffic congestion and other urban difficulties. If we can't save the collective jewels of the human family, we probably won't save our lesser belongings either."

Joe Bodovitz left New York City in 1956 for San Francisco because San Francisco was a beautiful place to live. Frank Burling left New York City in 1945 for Cape Cod because Cape Cod was a beautiful place to live. It was bitter irony that Frank and Marjorie Burling last year lost the ancient elms that grew in the swamp across from their house in Orleans, because they both began fighting many years ago to preserve beauty and order in the area around them.

One day in 1953 Frank Burling brought two other men with him to a special spot in his adopted town. They stood on Orleans' Nauset Beach, where the ocean sweeps an uninterrupted 3,000 miles from Portugal. Looking out from the gentle curve of yellow sand, they could see the aluminum sea heave up, catching a glint of sun on its swelling ridge, then subside, only to rise in a raging breaker that exploded on the beach, leaving great arcs of foam dissolving in the wet sand.

Burling, stocky, with a balding dome, was editor of *The Cape Codder*, a witty and courageous weekly. He had just been voted selectman, one of three citizens elected by town meeting to run the tiny community. The two other



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I was on my way up to the top—227 pounds—when this picture was taken. Every time I went shopping for a dress, I knew I'd have to buy it bigger. When I hit size 22½, I knew it was time to come down.

Here I am at 130. My husband never thought I could lose so much weight. But I did. And I feel great!

I stopped crash dieting and lost 97 pounds

By Edith Henderson—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

I never thought when I went to work in the bakery that I'd turn into a 227-pound cream puff. But that's exactly what happened. Of course, it didn't happen overnight. For fifteen years, I'd been overeating. My job, however, was what tipped the scales. From nine to three, I lived in a world of Danish rolls, sugar-coated doughnuts and plump apple turnovers. The temptation was terrific. And I had little will power. When I wasn't selling, I ate. And when I went home, I didn't stop. In fact, I ate even more.

My husband is a baker. He and I and our three children live on a small farm in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. We have ten acres. On six, we grow corn and oats. On the rest, we have livestock. There's always plenty to do, but the exercise I got doing chores only helped to build up my appetite more.

Our evening meal was the big one. And I really mean big. Meat. Heaps of potatoes, smothered in gravy. Sometimes macaroni and cheese or spaghetti. And plenty of pastry—prune kolachy, berry pie or my favorite, homemade chocolate layer cake.

You can see what made me fat. It wasn't heredity. My six sisters are all slim. It wasn't glandular. It wasn't lack of exercise. It was simply my own oversized appetite that was to blame for the shape I was in.

What made me decide to do something about my weight? Strangely enough, my job, the very job that was helping to make me fatter. You see, at the bakery I was "out in public." I was no longer seeing just chickens and rabbits and calves every day. I was seeing people. And they were seeing me. That's when I began to see myself. There I was—Edith Henderson, in my early thirties, wearing a size 22½ dress. The other girls I worked with were all slim. The contrast was enough to move me to action.

I'd tried dieting before, but never with much success. Once, many years ago, I took a drug. It wasn't for me. Later, I tried crash dieting. Eggs and grapefruit . . . day after day after day after day until I couldn't stand it anymore. I was so ugly with my family, even they encouraged me to go back to my chocolate layer cake.

This time, however, I was determined to take off the weight gradually and sensibly. I knew, though, that I'd need help. That's when I turned to a vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy to curb my appetite. I'd read in a magazine about movie stars using it. And our local druggist thought it would help me. Oh yes, one thing more. Misery loves company. So I called a few of my overweight friends to ask if they wouldn't be interested in trying to reduce along with me. They were. So we formed the "Chub Club." Some took reducing drugs. Others tried liquid diet drinks. Still others used will power alone. I was the only one to take the candy, Ayds. And I was the only one to achieve a major weight loss.

What did I have to do on the Ayds Plan? It was really quite simple. The candy contains no drugs. There's nothing in it that made me nervous. I just followed directions — took one or two Ayds before meals, with a hot drink. For me, that was usually a cup of coffee or tea. Fifteen minutes later, I was able to sit down at the table with the rest of my family and eat what they ate. Only I ate less, because my appetite had been curbed and I wanted less.

Where cake and coffee used to be routine when we watched television in the evening, I now take a cup of coffee and an Ayds. It comes in two flavors, you know. There's the caramel kind. And there's the chocolate fudgy kind. I like the caramel kind best, because it's chewier. I *have* to have something to chew when I'm reducing. I just can't drink a meal.

How much weight did I lose in all? 97 pounds! And I've maintained the weight loss, too. My husband told me later that he never thought I could do it. But I did! And I feel great. I felt good-natured, too, all the time I was on the Ayds Plan. Not irritable like the other times when I dieted.

My whole family is just delighted with the new "me." And so am I. I seem to be more popular and have more friends than I ever did. My new figure has caused quite a lot of talk in the town where I was raised, too. A few months ago, I went back for a visit. Someone who'd known me for years stopped me on the street. Only she thought I was my sister. My "skinny" sister. What a compliment that was for me! And so it would be for you, if you'd gone from a size 22½ to a size 12! Thank you, Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
5′4″	Height	5′4″
227 pounds	Weight	130 pounds
40″	Bust	36″
38″	Waist	29″
40″	Hips	36″
22½	Dress Size	12

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men facing the pounding surf with him were his fellow selectmen.

"All right," Burling said. "We stand here. How much does the town own?"

The oldest among them, Leroy Nickerson, replied, "One thousand feet north, one thousand feet south. As much as we'll ever need."

"Nuts!" said Burling. "I've been to a lot of other countries, and this is the most beautiful beach in the world. I'd like to see the town own the whole thing, from Eastham to Chatham. All seven miles."

Mr. Nickerson looked at Burling and said, "Are you out of your mind?"

Beaches like Nauset, some even more spectacular under sand cliffs 175 feet high, ran 40 continuous miles from Nauset north to the terminal hook of the Cape at Provincetown. To the natives the beaches were free and inexhaustible, like air. In 1953 the town of Orleans had less than 2,000 citizens. Buying the whole seven miles of beach would cost more than $60,000. And though the town had quite a bit of prudent money in the bank, the idea of buying miles of open beach was a strange one.

The struggle to convince the townspeople was not easy or always pleasant. The idea of any unit of government taking over private land smacked of "Communism" to some people, and they said so to Frank Burling's face.

At the town meeting someone stood up and said to Burling, "We don't need any foreigner to tell us what to do with our property." Burling had been in town less than a decade, which classified him a foreigner.

But Burling was patient and determined. He had facts. And he knew how to appeal to the Cape Codders' respect for property, privacy and the unspoken love for their curious appendage to the American mainland.

Cape Cod is a bent arm of sand, heath, forest and pond that sticks 70 miles into the Atlantic Ocean. The slender forearm, running north and south, perversely called "lower Cape" by the natives, contains the spectacular and continuous beaches. The fatter east-west part attached to the mainland, called "upper Cape," has even more beach mileage on both sides, but since the end of World War II had begun to fill up with people and commerce. At the end of the war the Cape's permanent population was less than 37,000. Today it has almost doubled. The summer population is about five times that. A fairly careful study of the area shows that on any given summer day about 250,000 people are on the highways and beaches and in the shops and restaurants.

After World War II the beaches on the upper Cape began to fall into private hands. "I like to go swimming at lunchtime," Burling says, "and I discovered that for about 15 miles from West Yarmouth to Chatham there are only two or three small places where you can get to swim if you don't own the property or live in that town."

The woods and shrubs began to go—pitch pine, red cedar, sassafras, black oak, red maple, azalea, wintergreen and black cherry, as real-estate developers put up rows of cottages and restaurants, and motels fought like infantrymen for the highest land.

Route 28 along the southern shore of the upper Cape became a screaming exhibition of the sign painter's art. One building, with a square white-painted chimney bearing the chaste iron numbers "1712," bears these signs directly underneath: DISCOTHÈQUE DANCING, COCKTAIL LOUNGE, PARKING IN REAR, ENTRANCE, ENTERTAINMENT, COCKTAIL LOUNGE 5 TO CLOSING, BAR & GAME ROOM, COME AS YOU ARE, POOL-SNOOKER-BOWLING. BAR OPEN AT 12 NOON, SEEBURG MUSIC NITELY TIL CLOSING.

Across the street a big sign contradictorily proclaims: CHOICE HOME SITES.

Not far down the road is a white leaning tower 30 feet high with red letters, CAPE COD LEANING TOWER OF PIZZA, INC. Across the street from that is a high square glass tower with the sign, TASTEE TOWER PIZZA, DRIVE-IN DELI AND MUFFIN SHOPPE.

Despite all this, people were drawn to the Cape in ever greater numbers. No nationally preserved beach existed at the time from Acadia National Park, in Maine, southward to Cape Hatteras—a distance of more than 800 miles. Yet one third of the American population lives within a day's drive of Cape Cod. To trap the incoming tourist, commercial places began to fill the landscape and spread quickly toward the elbow and the lower Cape.

If the tourist survived the signs and gift shoppes, he ultimately reached the lower Cape, but here, too, a rash of sleazy housing and ugly roadside stands began to appear. It was this prospect that Burling held out to the town, and the equally chilling expectation that after the choicest views had been captured and shut off and honky-tonks had put down roots, not only would the place be spoiled for those who loved the Cape for its natural qualities but adjoining land values would be depressed. The town voted to acquire the seven miles, one of the longest stretches of municipally owned beach on the Atlantic Coast.

Shortly afterward there began in earnest the movement to preserve the entire ocean front of the lower Cape as a national park, a project pressed by Burling and his publisher, Malcolm Hobbs. The fight was long and agonizing. There were acrimonious hearings and there were lawsuits. At a public meeting a native called the director of the National Park Service a Communist.

In 1961 Congress passed the Cape Cod National Seashore bill. About 60 percent of the 27,000 acres in the preserve remains in private hands so long as property and topography are unchanged. Today the beach and heath remain wild and spacious. But the commercial rash is at the edge of the national park, its entries clotted with novelty and antique shops, and signs screaming such messages as: COLONIAL MERCHANDISE AT DISCOUNT PRICES.

In both San Francisco and Cape Cod, citizens struggled to create public responsibility for orderly growth and preservation of beauty. In New York City, municipal authorities had this power—and threw it away.

For almost every other metropolis it is already too late to provide convenient open space within the city limits. Most children have no large playing space within walking distance, nor do adults have places of beauty and repose. In many communities it is not practical to drive even to the city limits

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for these things because there one finds only the beginning of the concrete and steel of another city.

New York is the world symbol of such a place. Its massive Manhattan skyline is the universal model of urban density, Harlem the archetype of all modern ghettos, Brooklyn and the Bronx and Queens the examples of decrepit and depressive tracts of housing.

And yet one afternoon recently I stood at a spot only 12 miles from City Hall of Manhattan, well within the city limits of New York, on an empty hillock of tall grass and pussywillow. Through some second-growth elm and black cherry I could see the blue expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. Around a nearby pond were weeping willow and locust in which birds were singing. I walked down a dirt path to another pond surrounded by oak and green creeper, the terrain rising and falling under a carpet of old oak leaves.

This was Staten Island, probably the greatest gift of open space given to any great metropolis in the second half of the 20th century. Though it is part of New York City, it had been reachable from the other boroughs only by a ferry ride. Except for a cluster of industrial buildings near its docks, most of its 39,000 acres remained undeveloped. There were 13,000 acres of forest, glade and rolling hills. One hill is 410 feet high, the greatest natural altitude in the metropolis. Until recently the city owned a third of the whole island, having taken possession due to tax defaulting during the Depression.

In 1964 the city opened one of the most graceful bridges in the world across the Narrows between Brooklyn and Staten Island. This ended the need for the 25-minute ferry ride; it meant quick and convenient transportation by car. Quick transportation plus open space near a city equals incredible opportunity. On Staten Island the City of New York already owned an area of hills and woods and streams within its city limits equal to the size of the entire island of Manhattan. Imagine building a city the size of Manhattan if you had a chance to start all over again.

New York's budget-minded officials, recognizing a potential source of badly needed dollars, met this challenge by having more than $40 million worth of the open space sold off willy-nilly to private real-estate developers, no strings attached. The island is now a battlefield of bulldozers and hundreds of sleazy but expensive houses. Rolling countryside has become flat, square city blocks, which engineers created by drawing oblongs on a map, repeating the grim grids of the old city and ignoring hills, woods, ponds and streams. On street after identical street, house after identical new house is jammed in beside its neighbor. One development, half-completed, is instant tenement, except that the cheapest unit costs $22,000. The houses are square, two-story, their wooden back stairs stacked in geometric series like those in the slums of Brooklyn. The surrounding land is bulldozed flat, the remains of trees still lying around. The fancy name of the development is unsuitably and unblushingly sylvan.

I asked a new homeowner how she liked it. "Ask me how I like mud," she said. She led me inside. There are few windows at the front, which looks across an unpaved road at more houses exactly the same. There are few windows in the back, which looks out on a "clothesyard" of raw earth. Most of the windows are on the sides, which look out at the shingles of the house next door, 15 feet away. "Some view, isn't it?" she asked.

On Staten Island, as everywhere, some citizens are fighting to keep their community civilized. They are not pressing for a frozen place. "We'd like new people to come here to love the place, not rape it," one leader said. As everywhere else, it is very hard work. One young artist spends more time fighting bad projects than he does at his own work. A well-to-do corporation lawyer spends dozens of his employer's hours preparing briefs and hounding officials, and practically all his evening hours and weekends telephoning or attending hearings.

The battle goes on, but so does the building. Most of the houses continue to go up, shoddy and overpriced, some of them so badly designed it is hard to believe. One new house has a driveway that has a 60 percent grade and is sharply curved; it is unlikely that a standard-size car could ever enter the garage. Others are merely boring or ugly, their neighborhoods stamped as with a hot square brand upon a once lovely landscape. The hills are leveled, the grass fields turned over, the trees uprooted, the views obstructed, but most of the titles for the new and naked neighborhoods use these words:

PARK, VILLAGE, SEAVIEW, ESTATE, HEIGHTS, GARDENS, MANOR, GREEN, RANCH, ACRES, HILL, HIGHLANDS.

One carefully painted sign looking out on a busy highway reads, WANT TO LIVE HERE? It refers to a side street packed with new, identical houses placed in tight military alignment on a street still unpaved. A child of about 10 stood next to the sign with a mudball in his hand. With a muddy finger he wrote No on the sign, and then threw the remaining mud at a passing car.

A few years ago Dr. John B. Calhoun of the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Md., put 32 domesticated albino Norway rats into a four-chambered home, 10-by-14 feet, which is a nice, comfortable middle-class setting for rats. He watched them for 16 months, letting them go through their normal life cycle—with one exception. As the colony grew in size it had to live in the same space without any escape.

At first the rats did all the things expected in polite rat society. They set up housekeeping in an orderly way; males and females went through their traditional and rather civilized courtship, mothers prepared nests for the newborn and cared for them scrupulously as they grew.

But when the population went from 32 to 80, the results were appalling. Family and social patterns broke down. Individual rats had severe emotional collapse. Some males did not court, but broke into nests and sometimes ate the babies who had died from earlier neglect by the mother. Other males withdrew from all normal life, including sex. Homosexuality became common. If Dr. Calhoun had not stopped the experiment the colony would have destroyed itself. He repeated the same basic conditions with five more colonies. Each time the same thing happened.

Of this experiment, Dr. René Spitz, a distinguished, 78-year-old psychia-

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trist, has written: "Looking back over my own lifetime it seems to me that there has been a rapid increase in juvenile delinquency, ever more sadistic; teen-age crime; widespread and at the same time socially ostracized homosexuality; severe neurosis and psychosis; strange forms of social groups with, to say the least, peculiar mores; ever more inappropriate child-rearing practices. . . . In reading Calhoun's description of the 'withdrawn rats' one gets the uneasy feeling that we have heard something not too dissimilar in our own culture. . . ."

Most social scientists believe the problem that Dr. Calhoun's rats share with human beings is not simple crowding. Human beings often live without loss in greater densities than does the average American city dweller. Yet something is wrong in the cities. About one in 10 Americans suffers enough mental illness to warrant treatment, but in the cities the rate is closer to one in four.

The answer seems to lie in the fact that what is often the great advantage of the city—interaction of many people, a large normal intake of sights, sounds, ideas and emotions—can also be an intolerable disadvantage unless the interaction and intake are orderly, with easy and periodic repose and solitude and convenient escape from the cubicles of urban living to the spaciousness and grace of nature.

Cities have grown helter-skelter, usually without much regard for the nervous systems of the human beings who will inhabit them. The greatest shapers of the town have been the price of real estate and the zeal of the highway engineer. There has been a prolonged spasm of uncontrolled building to provide the largest and fastest cash profit; the people who must live in the buildings and neighborhoods are almost an afterthought. Men have drawn lines on maps for highways, usually not knowing that they were doing much more than making a trail for motor vehicles but were in fact destroying old patterns of life and forcing human beings into new and irrational ones.

Building urban America solely for the quick return in the marketplace has taken a frightful toll in social and individual stress. The rich, fleeing dehumanized central cities, have gone to the suburbs, where they have discovered that the greenery and space they were looking for is like the horizon—the more you reach out for it, the farther away it gets. In a few years the new suburbs became as barren as downtown streets.

The disorderly sprawl of cities is expensive. For every $20,000 suburban house sold, it costs the municipality $18,000 in services like sewers and schools, plus $1,000 a year in upkeep. The hidden physical costs make the bill even higher. Quick and careless scraping of the earth for highways and housing removes green cover, leaving exposed scars. The result is flooding and sedimentation damage of one billion dollars a year. This is what colors most American rivers brown.

And the bewildering mishmash of political jurisdictions—90,000 separate political units in the nation, ranging from the state governments to sewer districts—means that no one has responsibility for the total landscape.

The first need for reform is to plan the growth of cities—not to impose uniform details on all, but to assess the natural inheritance and see how best to use it. Orderly growth compatible with human needs is what has made certain cities so successful in certain periods. This was the secret of 17th-century Amsterdam, 18th-century London, 19th-century and 20th-century Santa Fe.

In Europe many cities were wise enough to look ahead two generations ago. In 1904 Stockholm bought 20,000 acres in its outskirts, a tract five times larger than its central city, leased it out to farming and then allowed suburbs to be built only as housing was needed, services extended, public transportation provided and open space preserved. The English have created new towns surrounded by publicly owned open space.

In this country, laws to channel private growth and protect public interest are more likely, and such laws are being developed. Present tax laws often punish beauty and spaciousness because local authorities are tempted to squeeze every tax dollar out of every available square foot of space. But some states—New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Vermont—make various kinds of payment to those towns that leave open space undeveloped.

Traditional zoning laws are being adapted to new uses. Conventional zoning, establishing certain areas for particular kinds of building, is better than nothing, but its history is spotty, marked by numerous exceptions that remove protection precisely from the most attractive features. Some cities require very large lots per house. But this limits residency to the relatively rich and it does not solve the problem of playground and natural space.

Unique natural features can often remain in private hands if the owner promises—either because of public spirit, or tax forgiveness, or cash reward or an unbeatable law—to keep them the way they are, or permit limited public access. Wooded skylines visible from cities have been preserved this way, as have lookouts from hills.

Communities can barter for beauty. Many acquire land over the years through tax defaults. Or, in the original mapping for the community, they have reserved generous space for schools, highways or playgrounds. As the city develops, these publicly held plots can often be swapped with private developers for mutual benefit. Some electric companies that owned property at water's edge encountered public reaction against new power stations on attractive scenery and have swapped such land for other industrially valuable land held by government.

Farmland that is near urban centers offers opportunities for preserving open space. In places like California and New Jersey uniquely valuable farms have sprouted housing subdivisions because housing was more profitable even than good farming. Much of California's best producing farmland is going into urban real estate at the rate of 375 acres a day. In the long run it would pay many communities or states to place such land off limits to commercial or real-estate use and reward farmers for permitting hiking and bicycling trails between the fields.

The most promising invention in neighborhoods is "cluster development." Instead of placing each house in the middle of its own small plot, the houses are grouped in clusters, and the land that is saved is combined into a large open space for the use of everyone—for recreation, or strolling, or a pleasant view. The houses are arranged not in monotonous blocks but according to the natural landscape, preserving unique features, each neighborhood with a sense of identity and its own adjacent living space. Whole new communities are being constructed on this principle, with the commonly held open land constituting 20 percent or more of the total.

In El Dorado Hills, near Sacramento, slopes and valleys are used for trails, picnic grounds, golf courses and swimming—and to separate 12 different villages, with each village in turn separated by natural space between its neighborhoods. In Reston, Va., near Washington, similar cluster housing will hold 75,000 people in seven villages, with 42 percent of the total land reserved for public use. But unlike many such new developments, Reston will have high-density apartments as well as single homes, low-income dwellings as well as middle- and high-income.

Where cities and towns are already heavily developed, government will have to go into the marketplace and buy open space if any is to be created. And the sooner the better. As cities become crowded the price goes up. The seven acres used for the new mall of Independence Hall in downtown Philadelphia cost the same amount as 1.8 million acres bought for a Pennsylvania state forest.

Some argue that the preservation of natural space within an urban setting is profitable in dollars and cents because it increases the tax value of the surrounding property.

But the ultimate purpose is to enrich not the bank account but the human spirit. This notion was forcefully expressed not long ago by a man who looked unlikely to deliver a defense of beauty for its own sake. He is a retired naval captain with close-cropped hair, a stiff back and eyes like frozen grapes.

"If you identify me I'll call you a liar," he said, "because it will wipe me out with the town council. I'm on the council and I'm fighting to keep the pond up on the hill by the poplar trees. The reason I want to keep that pond is aesthetics, pure and simple. Yes, aesthetics. They think that's a fancy word. I just think it's a beautiful place. My wife and I used to go up there and I used to take my son there when he was a kid to watch the swallows skimming over the water and listen to the evening wind going through those poplars. I happen to think that's worth a hell of a lot to this community. Now my son comes back here and he takes his son up there.

"You know what the councilmen want to do with it? Let a guy put up a motel. You know what that guy is going to do? He's going to cut down all the poplars and bulldoze the pond full of dirt. Hell, he can do that down by the highway. They want to give him his permit but I'm fighting. Do I dare to talk to them about aesthetics? Hell, no! I'm giving them the damnedest argument you ever heard in the only language they respect—dollars and cents. I've almost got them convinced they'll show a profit by turning this landscape wrecker down. But the real reason is aesthetics. It's a beautiful place. Why can't an American town be beautiful?" □

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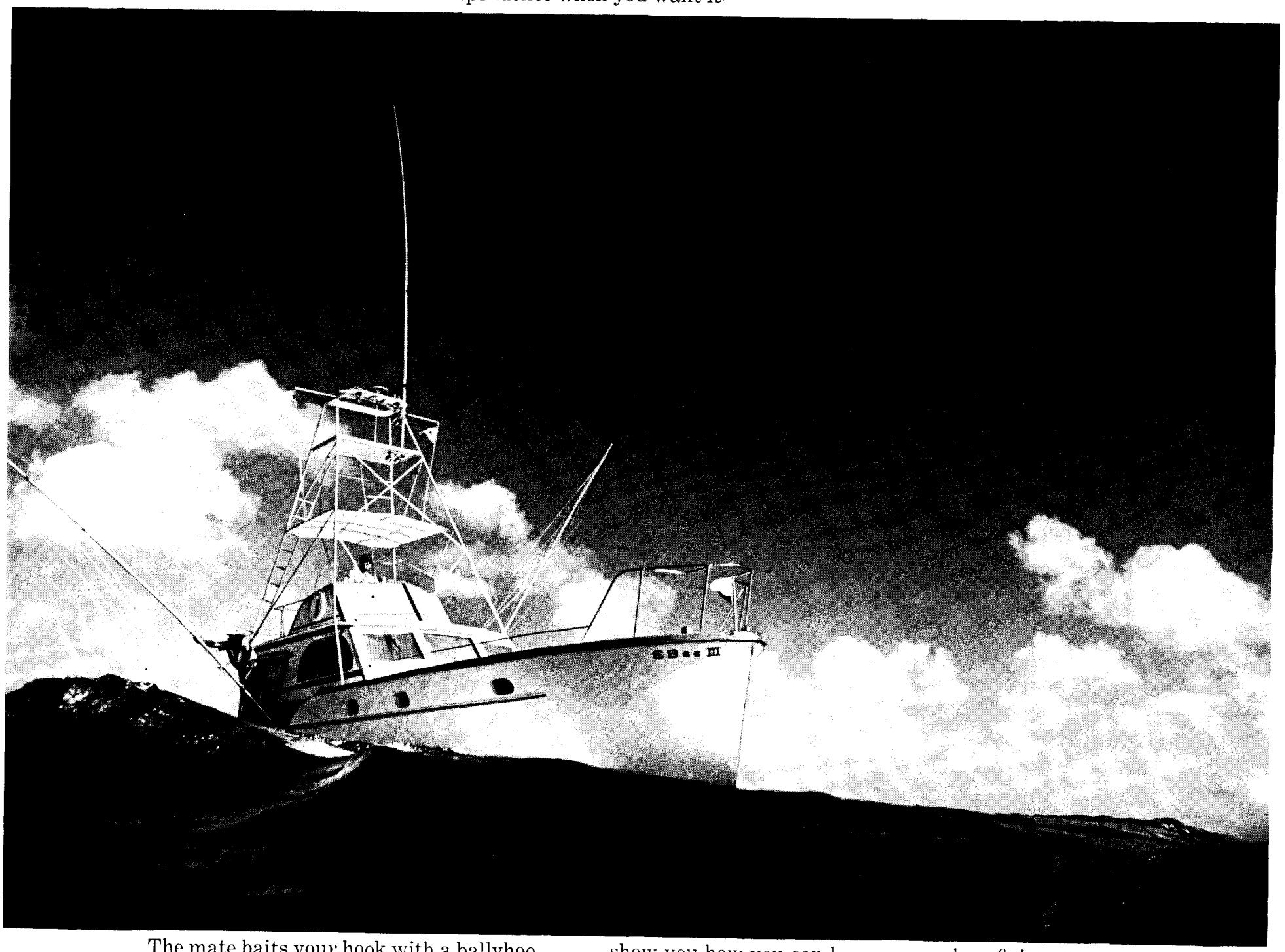

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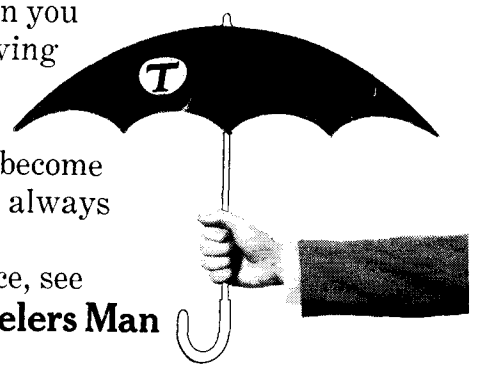

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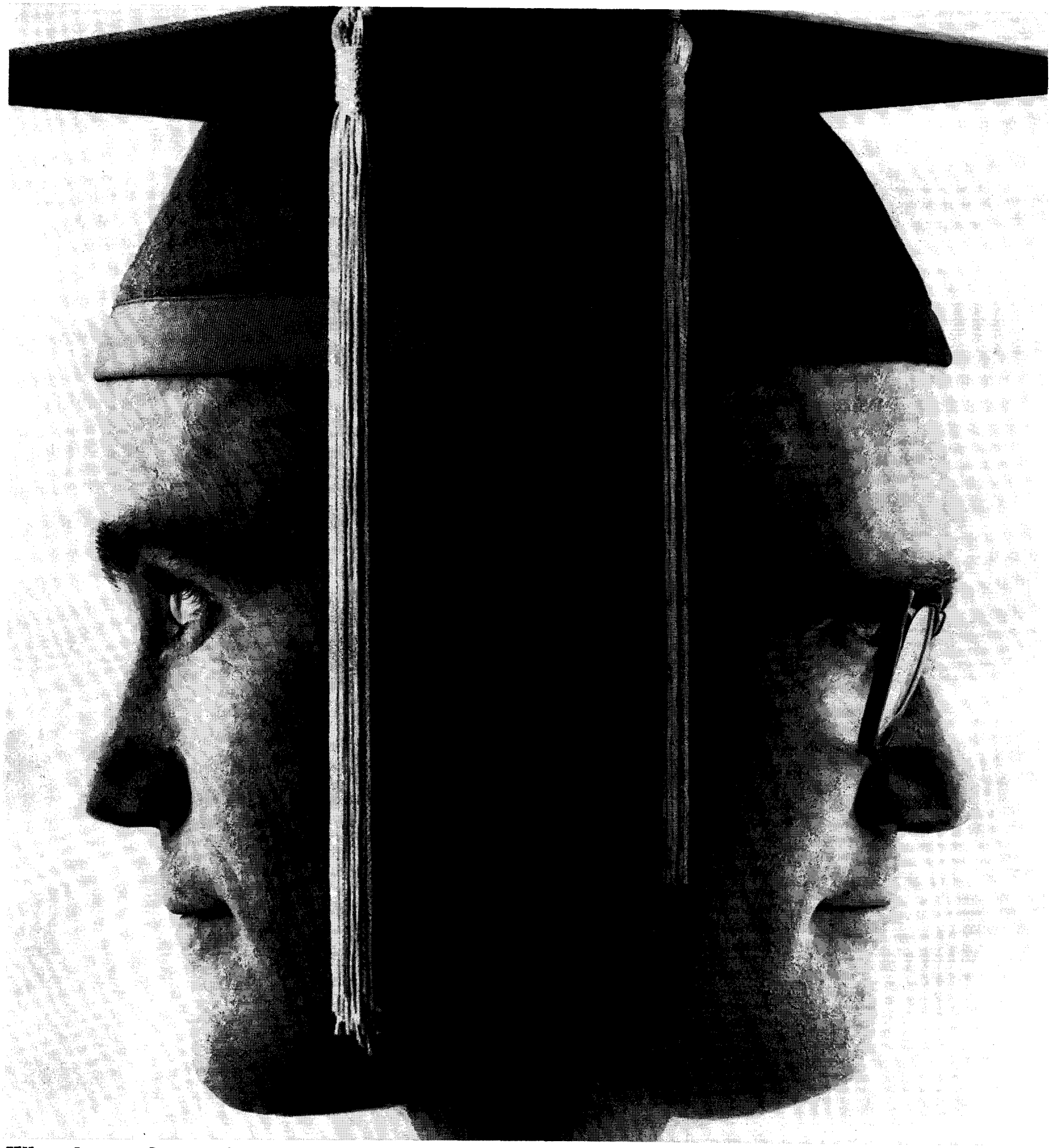

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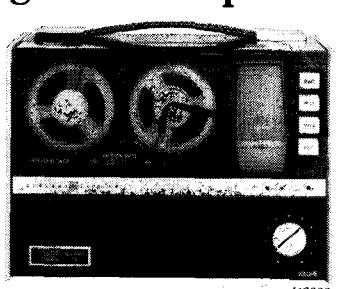

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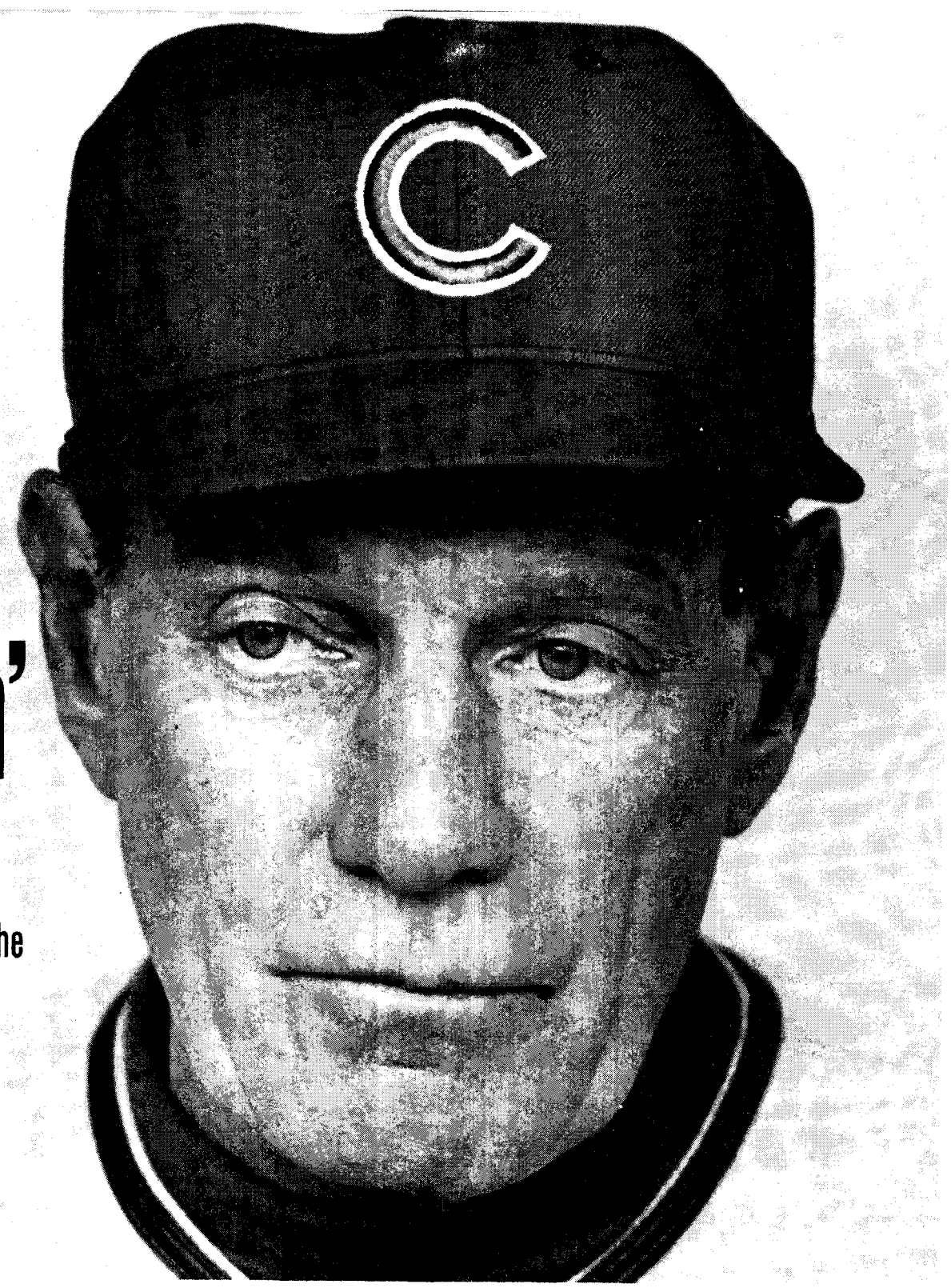

Leo Durocher is back in the big leagues, but he has the dismal chore of managing the hapless Chicago Cubs—and baseball's bad guy is starting last.

BY ROGER KAHN

Cornered by acquaintances, Leo Ernest Durocher of West Springfield, Mass., Brooklyn and Beverly Hills, Calif., concedes that his life story would make an excellent movie. It has everything, Durocher suggests. Existentialism. Good clean sex. Pathos. Pride. Prejudice. "And besides," he adds, superseding all other considerations, "Sinatra would like to play me."

As this season enters its hard, hot summer, Durocher is approaching his 61st birthday head on. Recently he confided to an interviewer that he was 59 years old, although sometime earlier he had confided to the Official Encyclopedia of Baseball, Revised Edition, that he was born on July 27, 1905. He has outworn his welcome in many towns, and he is 59 going on 61. By any standard that is an unsettling situation.

What cheers the man and nourishes his ego is that he is working at what he believes The Guy Upstairs—his favorite term for The Divinity—intends him to do. After 10 years of other employment, Durocher is again managing in the major leagues. The Chicago Cubs, the team Durocher leads, may be the worst of 20. Their organization is sterile, their owner, P. K. Wrigley (*Hi, Ho, Hey, Hey, Chew your little troubles away*), is remote and the team, which broke last this season, has not finished in the first division since the second year of Harry Truman's Presidency. But he is happy in his new job, Durocher insists. "As long as I can walk out there," he says, "managing is what I want to do."

There is no question that Durocher wanted the Cub job and still does. A larger question before the houses of the North Side of Chicago is how long he will continue to want it. No fewer than nine of Durocher's former players are currently managing in the major leagues, and the four in the National League beat his brains out more often than not. That burns a man, particularly after he has built his career on total victory, particularly after he has built himself the highest house in the most expensive subdivision in America, particularly when he is 59 going on 61 and impatient.

A few years ago, when he was married to Laraine Day, the Mormon actress, Durocher believed The Guy Upstairs had larger plans for him, including capital gains. The Cleveland Indians asked him to manage for a $35,000 salary plus $10,000 expenses, plus a lucrative, complex stock deal. "Better up the stock deal a little," said Durocher, the capital gainsman. When the Indians did not, he was disappointed and at liberty.

Yet he was all but offended later when Charles O. Finley offered him a job managing Kansas City in the American League. "I'll pay you fifty thousand on a two- or three-year contract to come to Kansas City," said Finley, misjudging his man.

"Mr. Finley," said Leo, at ease in Beverly Hills, "if I want a steak I'll send for it."

So, with some second thoughts on hubris, Durocher found himself working from 1961 through 1964 as a coach under Walter Alston, manager of the Dodgers and a stolid bucolic. One thing Durocher knew about The Guy Upstairs. He did not intend Leo to end up as a coach under a farmer. But, Leo reasoned, Alston might just get fired, and he might just be hired to replace him. Tension between Alston and Durocher did not all by itself cause the Dodgers to blow the 1962 pennant, but the club was sharply divided between Durocher men and Alston men. And the team didn't win.

After a rousing comeback in 1963, the year the Dodgers took the World Series in four straight, the team collapsed to sixth and the Dodger front office collectively concluded that someone had to go. Leo was dismissed, and Alston was retained. To make sure Durocher could not charge persecution, the Dodgers fired all their other coaches, too, including Joe Becker, a friend of Alston's and a man Alston very much

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'I come to kill ya. Anybody can finish second, but I've got to win. I'd trip my mother.'

wanted to keep with the ball club.

"I have no feud with Leo," Emil J. (Buzzy) Bavasi, the Dodger general manager, says these days. "But you know how he is, and how he wears out welcomes. He'd paid back the money we lent him—well, actually we withheld it from his salary—and then we let him go."

While these Byzantine maneuverings were transpiring in Los Angeles, the Cubs in another part of the forest offered comic relief. No one was plotting to manage the Cubs because, among other reasons, the Cubs didn't have any manager. Instead, P. K. Wrigley instituted a College of Coaches, a sort of brain trust of half a dozen men who took turns running the team.

Last fall, with Durocher employed as a discless jockey answering questions and orating for 90 minutes a night on radio station KABC in L.A., Wrigley reached a decision. Checking his attendance figures—about 640,000, or roughly a million under what Bill Veeck had once drawn with a lively Chicago White Sox operation—he recoiled as though stung, then said, "John, find me a talented and experienced man."

John Holland, a 56-year-old Oklahoman who is vice president of the Cubs, said, "Well, Durocher is both."

Within weeks the Chicago Cubs joyously announced the engagement of Leo Durocher. "But we have no immediate announcement as to Durocher's title," an official said. "We have found from long experience that it doesn't make any difference what title a team leader has as long as he has the ability to take charge."

Durocher considered the remark and the Cubs' long experience. "I just gave myself a title," he said. "I'm not the head coach here. I'm the manager."

He is indeed. He is one of the very best of all baseball managers. In 16 seasons with the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants, Durocher teams won three pennants, one World Series and had an overall percentage of .560. True, teams managed by Casey Stengel won three times as many pennants, and teams managed by Al Lopez had a better winning percentage, .588. But in baseball, numbers seldom provide a full measure of a team or of a man.

The special genius of Durocher is not only in the victory but in the manner. He is, all by himself and at once, innovator, symbol and creator. Those nine managers who once played for him view him variously with idolatry, admiration and dislike. None ignores him or his influence. He is that strong a man among strong men.

"My kind of team," Durocher says of clubs he built at Brooklyn and New York, and knowledgeable baseball men perceive a combative image. Both times he started with uncertain material, although better than what he has at Chicago, and produced arrogant and exciting champions. (Indeed there may never have been a more exciting team than Durocher's 1951 Giants, who started poorly, were 13½ games behind in August, and won the pennant when Bobby Thomson hit a home run in the ninth inning of the third playoff game against Brooklyn.)

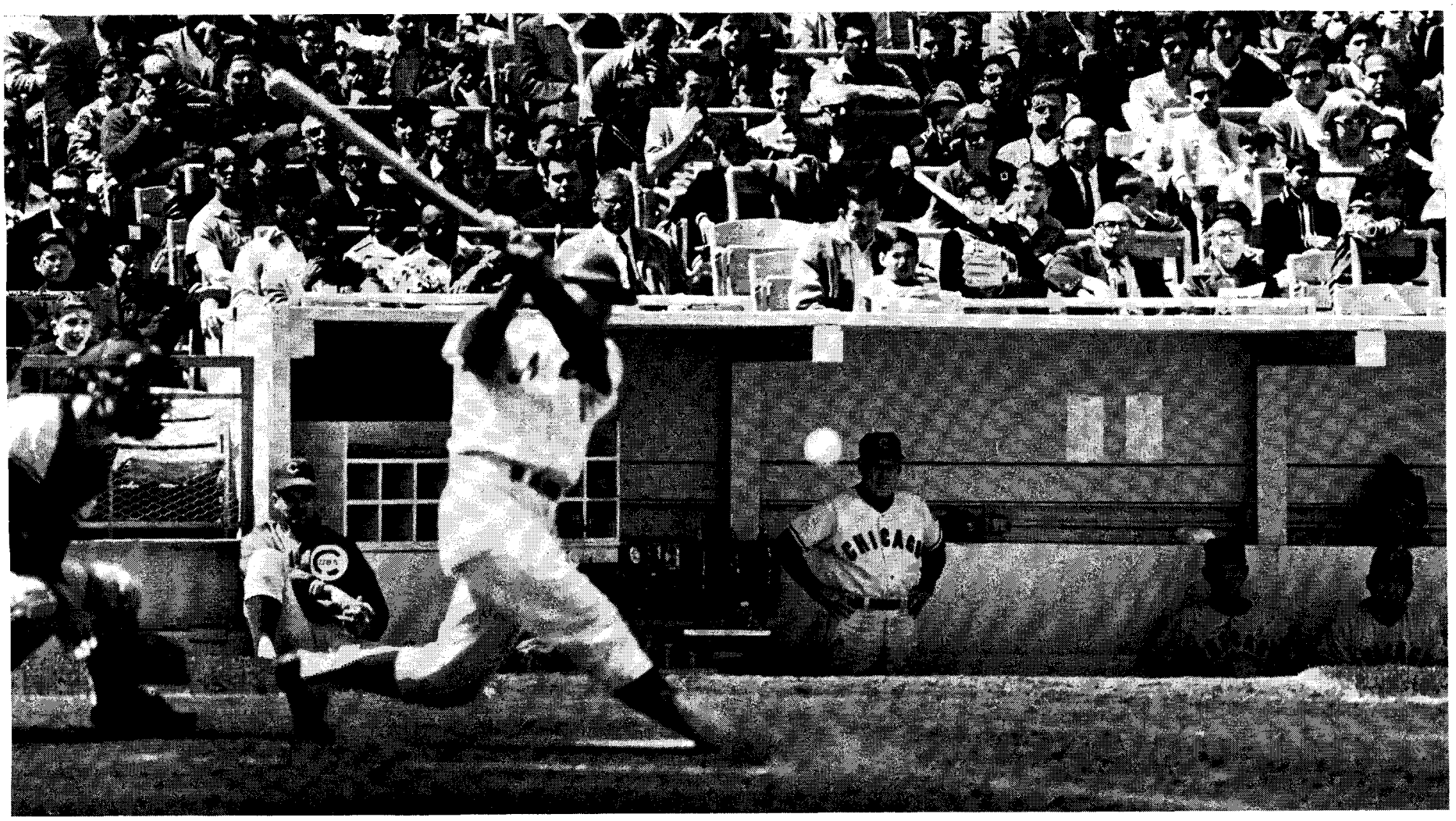
He makes phrases, strong, memorable ones, although lately it has pleased his fancy to protest that he never actually said, or anyway didn't actually mean, the one that may yet get him into Bartlett: "Nice guys finish last." Mostly he fights. Mostly, if his interest does not flag, he'll stay up late nights and get up early mornings to win. He'll bellow, beg, intimidate, curse, bless, to win. He'll kick and scratch and brawl and charm to win, and these are some of the things Durocher says:

"I'd bench my brother. I come to kill ya. Anybody can finish second, but I got to win. If we're spittin' at a —— crack in the wall for pennies, I got to beat ya. Maybe I don't understand that word 'sportsmanship,' but this is professional. What are we out at the park for except to win? I'd trip my mother. I'll help her up, brush her off, tell her I'm sorry. *But mother don't make it to third.*"

To an extent Durocher is a prisoner of his own glibness. With the essentially docile Cubs he had to labor for viciousness, seeking out words and phrases that prove he is just as mean as ever, as though the discovery of some ballfield kindness would undo it all, the revelation that he suffered bouts of civility and compassion would end the dream and transform him suddenly into Mary Poppins.

He could not be rough with the players who had no self-confidence anymore. Nor could he be rough with his employers. He had learned that lesson. Thirty-seven years ago, while arguing about his salary, he cursed at an employer, the general manager of the Yankees, and never was allowed to play for the Yankees again. That left, as an outlet for hostility and a proving ground that he had not gone soft, the sportswriters who covered the team. Durocher did not win many games for the Cubs in April and early May, but he cursed more sportswriters than any manager in either league.

The rules, he explained to the press,



Durocher glumly watches the action early in the season, when the Cubs were even losing games to the Mets. Chicago is still a long, long way from what he likes to call "my kind of team."

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were simple but absolute. "I don't answer none of your double-barreled questions," Durocher said. "If you're wondering what a double-barreled question is, it's one you can't answer right either way, like how long you been beating your wife. Now, boys, there's no sense in asking me those questions because I'm not going to answer them, and anybody who says I will or ever did is a liar."

A New York newspaperman, who wanted to interview him on opening day in San Francisco, approached softly as Durocher slouched in the front seat of the team bus.

"Nah," said Durocher. "I ain't giving any —— interviews. I got enough —— troubles now."

He had a cold. Well, he didn't know whether it was a cold or a virus or what, but when the Cubs got to L.A., he was going to see his doc and get fixed up. "Damn," he said. "I don't know what it is."

He might still have been the Giants' manager if he had not outworn his welcome with them too, and it was a hard thing for him at Candlestick Park, looking out at the two teams, his and theirs. The Cubs have a fine third baseman in Ron Santo and a good outfielder in Billy Williams. Both hit with power. But the club professional, Ernie Banks, now 35, seems suddenly old when he swings. The other talent is a long way from competence.

"You had one of those great springs," Durocher said on the field at Candlestick to Willie Mays. He had brought Mays into the majors, reared him, so to speak, and here was Willie playing for the other club. The other club had all the talent, even his own.

"Not too bad, Leo. Not too bad," Willie said.

"You hit .383 with nine home runs," Durocher said.

"I din't see no figures," Mays said.

"Willie," Leo said. "This is me you're talking to. Me. I know ya, Willie. You got the figures written on the inside of your shoes."

It was an unpleasant afternoon for Durocher. In the fourth inning Mays hit a home run, and the Giants scored six times. Later, after Len Gabrielson hit another homer, a Chicago pitcher named Bill Faul threw the next two pitches close to Mays's head.

Willie took three steps toward Faul and shouted something. That was all. The Giants won, as the wind came shrilly up the bay, by 9 to 1.

Afterward, a portly, elderly baseball writer said to Durocher in the clubhouse, "I guess when you were quoted telling Willie to stay loose at the plate you meant it, eh, Leo?"

Durocher was still weak from the virus, or whatever it was. He couldn't get warm, he said. The press felt sorry for this new old manager who had lost big on opening day.

"Quoted where?" Durocher said, clearing hoarseness from his throat as his voice rose.

"In a spring-training story," the baseball writer said.

"You're not asking the right question," Durocher said. "Why don't you ask me if I said it?" He called the writer by name, schoolteacherly. Then he shouted, "Why don't you ask me if I said it?" Suddenly Durocher did not feel weak any longer. "Because if you ask me if I said it, I'm going to tell you I didn't. Never. Never did. And any man who says I did is a liar. You are a —— liar, friend."

Delirious with joy, Durocher is guided up the steps to the New York Giants' dressing room after Bobby Thomson hit his celebrated homer to beat the Dodgers and win the 1951 pennant.

As a coach, Durocher played second banana to Manager Walter Alston after the Dodgers took the 1963 pennant. Despite this friendly pose, there was dissension between the two men.

The press was gathered in disordered rows around Durocher and his victim. Before the fury of the blast reporters swayed like evening corn. No one said much after that. No one felt sorry for Durocher anymore, but no one persisted. Had Bill Faul meant to throw at Mays, or had successive pitches slipped? If they were knockdowns, who had ordered them? Durocher? Then what about Leo's self-proclaimed love for Mays? Was that something he now forgot at game time? These were good questions, but the blast had cowed the press. Nobody asked them.

He lost two out of three in San Francisco, where he could have managed a fine team, and took his club into Los Angeles, where he might have managed last season's pennant winner. "A little twosie-out-of-threesie," he said, was what he hoped for, what he wanted his Cubs to bring him.

His health improved, and when Gen. William Eckert, the trim, quiet man who is the new Commissioner of Baseball, appeared on the field of Dodger Stadium, Durocher burst into the free flight of a Hollywood master of ceremonies.

"Mr. Commissioner," he said. "I'd like you to meet my shortstop, Mr. Kessinger. Don, boy, say hello to the Commissioner."

"Hello," Don Kessinger said.

"Abbie, come over here," Durocher ordered. "Ted Abernathy, Mr. Commissioner. One of my pitchers. Good relief man. Yes sir, Mr. Commissioner. Fine boys. Yes sir."

The Cubs almost won that game, but after they botched two double plays, a homer beat them. They did not approach two for three. They lost all their games, and before the last one on Sunday Durocher did not hold court near home plate. Instead, he stood at second base where he could relay outfield throws to the batting-practice pitcher and be safe from anyone who might ask how he thought things were going.

Sunday was the day that Sinatra, Dean Martin and Joey Bishop were supposed to have flown in from Las Vegas to watch Durocher manage. But reporters found three anonymous children occupying Sinatra's seats. "I see," said Sinatra in Las Vegas, "my man Leo, he's not doing so good." That was not much comfort to a manager hell-bent on victory and losing games at the age of 59, going on 61.

Opening day in Chicago was not much better. Already the Cubs were 1 and 5, and now they had to play against the Giants again. On the way to Wrigley Field, Durocher turned into Lake Shore Drive on a changing light, and a car plowed into the back of his Buick Riviera, disabling it. He was not hurt, but he had to ride the rest of the way in a squad car. That bothered him and so did a forthright series of articles in the Chicago *Daily News* called DUROCHER: THE LEGEND AND THE MAN. It was a wet day and chilly, and the stands were not full, but on the field Durocher found himself surrounded by interviewers. For a little while he was cordial, saying orthodox things. "I don't see how this club didn't finish higher with all the talent it's got. We're gonna cause a little trouble. Make a little noise."

After a while he was talking into a microphone held by Rudy Bukich, quarterback of the Chicago Bears, and when that was through it was time to attack again. "Ya gettin' this all down?" he barked at a newspaperman. "Yeah, yeah. The writers come around and they're real nice, like that guy from the *Daily News*. He was sitting by the pool, and I couldn't have been nicer, and all the while ya know what he had up his sleeve? A —— hatchet. Well, yah, you can all get your hatchets out, boys, and work on me all you want, cause I got news for you boys, it's been done before. When they hatchet me they ain't getting no —— maiden."

The style is first to try intimidation. After that, perhaps amiability. "Now there is no sense," Durocher says, "if you are going for a pennant, of being mean to a bad club. If I'm on the contender and we're playing the last-place team, it's how do ya do. Glad to see ya. Welcome to town. Take 'em out. Buy 'em a drink. Beat 'em a run or two. That's fine. Don't show 'em up. They're sleeping dogs, kid, and you know what they say about them." The style is always loud, but flexible.

He is an absolute pragmatist in all things. "With a girl, you've got to make your move fast," Durocher once instructed a younger man. "Say you pick her up at seven o'clock. Well, then make your first strong move at 7:05. No go? Tough, but hell it's early yet. There's still time to call another broad. But say that move you make at 7:05 works. She says okay. Well, then, hello my dear. You'd be surprised. Some damned famous broads say okay quick."

Within baseball Durocher's pragmatism is not everywhere admired. Among his former players who are managing, Ed Stanky of the Chicago White Sox, Bobby Bragan of the Atlanta Milwaukees, Gene Mauch of the Philadelphia Phils and Herman Franks of the Giants are party-liners. They praise the man. Al Dark in Kansas City, Bill Rigney in California and Gil Hodges in Washington are devi-tionists. From Wes Westrum of the

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'Damn,' said Leo, long after the game was done, 'we shoulda beat you today.'

New York Mets and Billy Herman of the Boston Red Sox one gets a sense of outright hostility.

Westrum, who once caught for Durocher, has gone a short distance out of his way this season to point out that he is not playing injured men "like Durocher made me play when my hands were hurt." Westrum feels that playing with bad hands was his ruination as a hitter. His lifetime batting average in the majors was .199, and Westrum regards Durocher with appropriate warmth.

Herman, a superb second baseman with the Cubs, later under Durocher at Brooklyn, now manages the Boston Red Sox. During spring training Herman let slip a fantasy when a reporter asked about Durocher in Chicago. "I don't think he'll last a month," Herman said. "They play the Dodgers the second series of the season. There will be a rhubarb started in one of the games. There has to be. Leo will run out onto the field to get into it, and the big guy with Number Twenty-four on his shirt will pinch his head off." The big guy with Number Twenty-four on his shirt is Walter Alston.

Herman Franks, the manager of the Giants, dissents from all criticism. "I can't tell ya about him," says Franks. "You make something up. You make up anything you want and say I said it, long as it's good, okay? Look, when they made that guy, they threw away the mold."

Durocher came out of West Springfield, Mass., schooled in poolrooms and streets, with a blurred background. There have been reports in the past that he is part Jewish. Durocher says no, that is not so. The name is French. His antecedents are French Canadian. He seldom talks about his father. Once he told a biographer that he had spent his life looking for father images.

In the happier days of 1961, Durocher kicks the shins of Umpire Conlan, who kicked back.

He was an expedient ballplayer rather than gifted. He had good hands, quickness, drive and profound self-knowledge. He played shortstop, a good position for a weak hitter since defensive shortstops are at a premium. His throwing arm was not outstanding, but he taught himself to scoop and throw with remarkable speed. He is credited by baseball men with being the best of all shortstops at getting rid of the ball in a hurry.

He never could hit. His lifetime major-league average of .247 was acquired in decades when batting averages were higher than they are now. Someone who played with him on the sandlots of West Springfield says that he could not hit even then. "I don't know what it was," Durocher once said. "The guy would pitch, and my butt would fly out. Good-bye." The reference is to a slight, significant, involuntary movement that carried his weight away from the speeding pitch. Excellent self-defense; poor batting form.

He appeared, incredibly, on what may have been the greatest of all hitting teams, the Yankees of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Up for a cup of coffee in 1925, Durocher made the Yankees in 1928 and played in 102 games. Some of the older men called him "Fifth Avenue" because of his penchant for garish clothing, and he seems to have been nothing more than a boisterous spear carrier for two years. But there he was, the expedient ballplayer with a great Yankee team, until he told off his employer and had to play for Cincinnati, an exile that lasted four years.

He was always moving, wearing out a welcome, and at 28 he was dealt to St. Louis where he played shortstop for the Gashouse Gang, loudly and well. He came to Brooklyn in 1938, when the Cardinals tired of his noise after a season in which he batted .203. Larry MacPhail, a skilled and raucous promoter, had come into Brooklyn, and word was that MacPhail was looking for a new manager for 1939.

There were two prominent candidates for the job. One was Durocher, by now famous for his ferocious drive to win. The other was Babe Ruth, whom MacPhail had hired as a coach. Late in that lost season in Brooklyn long ago, a young baseball writer reported that Ruth, coaching at first, had flashed the hit-and-run sign to a batter.

Now that was a joke, Durocher said in the clubhouse at Ebbets Field. How could the big baboon have flashed a hit-and-run sign when he didn't even know what the sign was? Probably what Durocher said was true. Signs and inside baseball were alien to Ruth. But he had been publicly humiliated, and Ruth decided to avenge himself on Durocher with his fists. He made the threat while seated on a three-legged stool before a narrow locker.

Quickly Durocher shoved Babe Ruth into the locker and cuffed him about the face. "I knew," Durocher said later, "that if the big guy got to me first, I'd be a goner. I also knew fights get broken up fast. By shoving him in there I figured I'd get my shots in, and before he could come back at me, the fight would be over."

Just before the season ended, Durocher was playing bridge on a train when Cookie Lavagetto, now coaching in San Francisco, made an inept play. "Dammit, aincha got any brains?" Durocher said.

Ruth had been reading a comic strip. Now he looked up. "Yeah, Bananas," Ruth said to Lavagetto. "Don't ya know that the only guy on this club with any brains is the big man?" And Babe Ruth solemnly pointed to the big man, Leo Durocher.

Durocher became manager in 1939, and the Dodgers jumped from seventh place to third. They won the pennant in 1941 and have been contenders more often than not ever since.

In mid-1948 he became the manager of the Giants, then a team of strong, slow sluggers. "I'm gonna build my kind of team," Durocher promised. A swift, gifted, opportunistic Durocher Giant team won the pennant in 1951. Since then the Giants, too, have been contenders more often than not.

Durocher's Giant welcome wore out in 1955, the season after his club had won the World Series. With familiarity, he became inclined to make sarcastic remarks about the Giant management, telling a story here, and another there among his friends. One friend, Danny Kaye, later entertained scores of people at a banquet with an imitation of a Giant executive. It was a crude performance, but it made Durocher laugh out loud. When the laughter reached the highest offices of the Giants, it became one more of the complex of reasons that led the Giants to fire him.

After that Leo announced that he would never manage again unless he was given "a piece of the club." Sour years followed. He worked at N.B.C., but that job dried up. He missed the chance at Cleveland. His marriage to Laraine Day ended, transporting him from a comfortable home to bachelor quarters. He was hard put to maintain his lavish standard and so, with much talk of swallowing pride and a great dumbshow of humility, he took a job in 1961 as coach under a farmer.

There were painful days for coach Durocher and manager Walter Alston. "We're in Cincinnati," Durocher says, recalling one day of frustration, "and they got a man on and Don Drysdale is pitching to Gordie Coleman, which is a low-ball pitcher pitching to a low-ball hitter, and the fellows on the bench, some of the players, said, 'What would you do, Leo?'

"I said, I'd put him on because Marty Keough, the hitter after Coleman, is a high-ball hitter. Well, Alston don't put him on, and the first ball pitched to Coleman, boom, a home run, and now we're down 3–0. But I'm not second-guessing Alston. I made this statement before Drysdale ever pitched the ball.

"All right. The eighth inning. We

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score a run. We tie it in the ninth 3–3. In the tenth we score three, and now it's 6–3. Looks great. They're up. First man singles and the next man doubles. The tying run at the plate and nobody out.

"Alston finally tells me to bring relief pitcher Ed Roebuck in. The next man hits a fly ball, scoring a run, making it 6–4, and the man on second went to third. Next man hit another fly. It's 6–5. Two outs. Nobody on. Next man doubled. Coleman the batter.

"*Now* they ask me. I said, 'Why didn't you ask me earlier, that other time? You're asking me now.' And I said, 'Put him on.'

"They said, 'How can you put the winning run on?'

"I says, '*If you're scared go home.*'

"So Alston got teed off, but finally they did what I said, put him on, and the first ball pitched to Keough, the next hitter, right back to the pitcher. Game's over. We're in the clubhouse."

Afterward Durocher and Alston were undressing in front of adjoining lockers, when a newsman asked Alston, "How come you put the winning run on?"

"Well, I thought about that," Alston said slowly. "It was a kinda tough decision, but I thought it was the right thing to do."

Durocher moved his gear and dressed a good distance from Alston after that. He will not talk about him any longer.

Bavasi says now that he never considered replacing Alston with Durocher. "We hired Leo for a couple of reasons," he says. "Remember, there was talk that Leo had been blackballed by organized baseball. We wanted to prove that wasn't so. Then we heard he was in trouble—I mean hurting to get back in the game."

There is reason to believe that Walter O'Malley, the president of the Dodgers and Bavasi's boss, wanted Durocher to manage after the '62 season, when the Dodgers blew the pennant. Bavasi said not only no, but never. He had assured Alston that Durocher was no threat as a replacement, and he intended to stand by that promise. If Alston was fired, Bavasi said, he would have to quit too. "You can put it like this," Bavasi comments. "Leo could never manage for me in Los Angeles. I'm not saying if I was working for some other club I might not want him. He's a good manager. But never in L.A."

Durocher did not have to take the job with the Cubs, although he had gone deeply into debt building a mansion while he was a Dodger coach. The house, which cost perhaps $200,000, is located in Trousdale Estates, a Beverly Hills development that advertises sites for $54,000 and up. But his radio program was lucrative. He landed some television jobs. According to a former agent, Durocher out of baseball in 1965 earned more than $75,000.

The real reason he took the Chicago job, Durocher says, is that he didn't see how the Cubs could "finish eighth with all those good ballplayers." Would you believe it? (Would you believe 10th?)

Last winter he went on the road in Illinois, through Peoria, Joliet and the rest, with some players and a spiel. "Now look at my club," he'd say. "Mr. Ellsworth, the lefthander. Who's a better one? Koufax? Right. Who else is better? Nobody. There's nobody. Mr. Williams in my outfield. One of the five best players in the game. Let me tell you, we got speed, leg-men and some power and . . ."

He doubled the Cubs' advance sale. It is kindless to point out that Ellsworth lost his first four starts and that Williams was batting .215 on May 15th. "Leo had those guys convinced back in January," says Joe Black, a former Dodger, who caught some of the road show. "They really thought they were good. Trouble is they didn't open the season till April. The spell wore off."

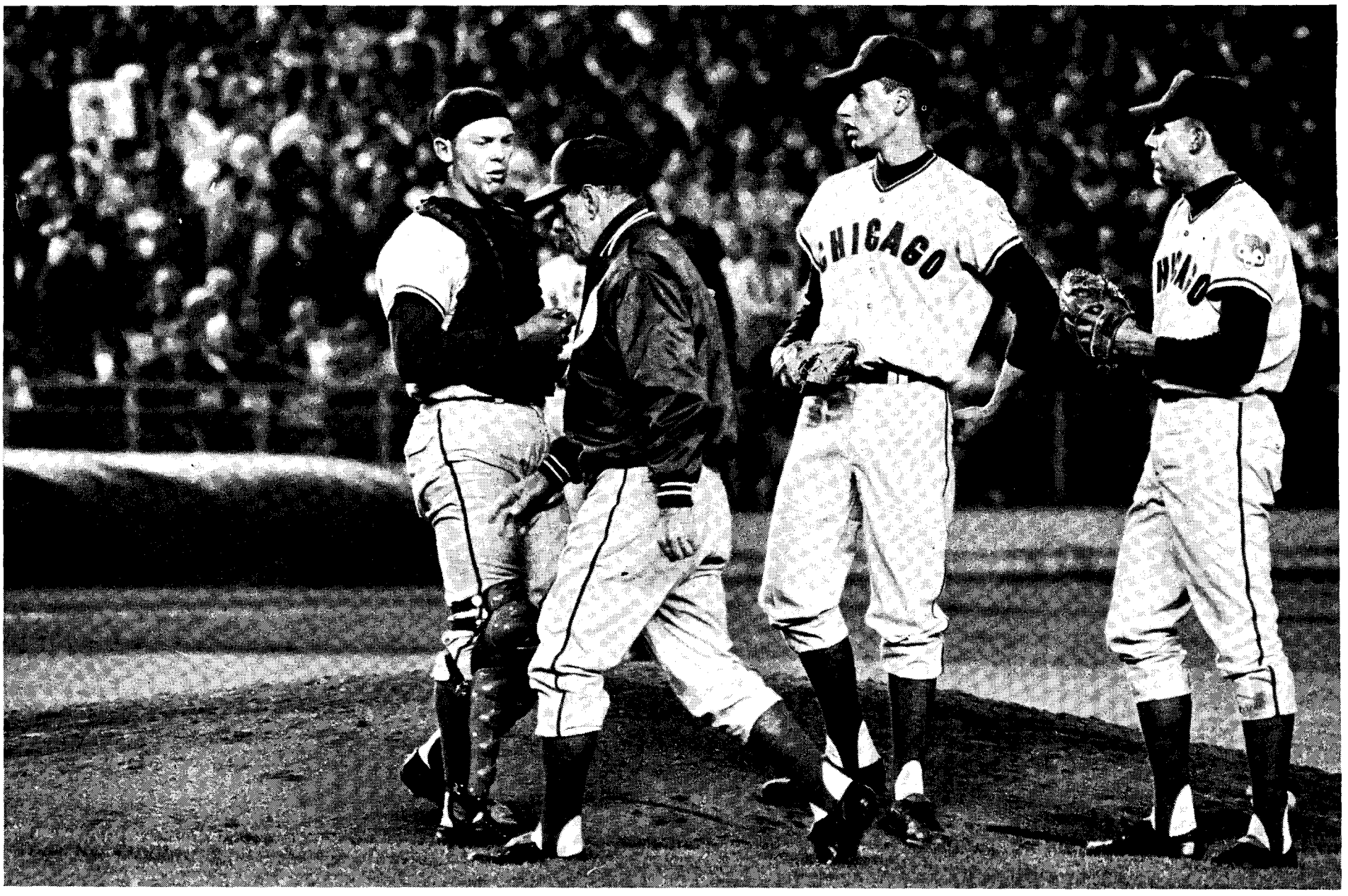
He has a three-year contract in Chicago, and he says it will be July at the earliest before he has the Cubs really playing his game. If trades work out well (and his usually do), and young talent develops fast, he might have a presentable team some time next year. Not contending, but presentable; good enough, say, to lure Dean and Joey to the ball park once in a while.

Meanwhile he has to wait and see his players stumble and watch his former pupils drive better teams toward the pennant. For all the bravado, this is still the downbeat phase, the sort of thing that Frank Sinatra would condense or cut from a movie.

Not long ago Durocher took a drink and talked about old times with Herman Franks, who had caught for him 26 years ago and batted .183. "Couple of outs," Leo said. "Me and Herman the Whale." He talked some more. "If I can't win this myself . . ." And now he seemed about to say that the pennant might as well go to his friend, Herman the Whale.

One does not speak that way in baseball. By ritual and by fiat, all managers are supposed to hate all others equally. Nobody favors anybody else in public. "Come on, Leo," Franks said firmly, cutting him short. Then gently, "Come on, ol' buddy. Let's go."

Durocher turned and walked away on the arm of his pupil. "Damn," he said, "we shoulda beat you today." □



Durocher strides confidently back to the dugout, leaving his confused young Cubs on the mound to worry about carrying out his orders.

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Editorials

Bulldozers and butterflies

A few weeks ago the wife of a British cabinet minister caused a small stir by proposing that public moneys be spent to breed butterflies. The bright, lightsome little creatures, she suggested, would cheer up London's parks. The newspapers, of course, had a good laugh at her expense. Poking fun at people who have odd notions about animals is the feature writer's stock in trade, and it was inevitable that the woman was dubbed "Madam Butterfly" and her scheme ridiculed.

Concern over butterflies, however, may not be entirely frivolous. Lepidopterists, the scientists who study butterflies, say that the butterfly population in the United States is seriously declining. Shopping centers and housing developments and highways and factories, they explain, are sprawling out over the butterfly's natural habitat, destroying the fields and meadows where he dances away his brief summer of life.

Since urbanization will continue, must we then look ahead to a world without butterflies, to summer days without their beguiling, lackadaisical, pacifying presence? Perhaps so, and human life will of course go on, with or without them. But must bulldozers and butterflies be enemies?

On page 25 contributing writer Ben H. Bagdikian shows how unplanned building is fast destroying the last of the natural, open areas near our population centers, and how ill-conceived suburbs are eliminating the very greenness and spaciousness that made suburbs so appealing. And eliminating them needlessly. Bagdikian shows that if growth is intelligently planned, we can still have all the houses and factories we need and still keep the precious woods and fields and beaches that sustain our spirit. Which is to say that the bulldozer can preserve and enhance the domain of the butterfly.

Bagdikian's article is the second in a series of *Post* reports on the plight of the American environment. Eight weeks ago the *Post* published OUR DYING WATERS, an intensive look at the scandal of water pollution, and in forthcoming issues we will offer articles on other ways in which Americans foolishly are jeopardizing their natural surroundings. Together the articles reveal both a land still rich in beauty and resources and a people poor in appreciation (when it comes to preservation), deficient in foresight and suspicious of any solution that restrains a man's right to do what he pleases with his property, even if restraint is in the common good. At the same time, the articles reveal a rising new public sentiment against despoliation and a popular determination to bring it to a halt. It is to this determination that the *Post* dedicates these articles.

Welcome back, Senator

We are delighted to hear that Sen. Everett Dirksen is having a swift recovery from his broken leg. The Senator is a real ornament to Congress—a lineal (albeit spiritual) descendant of such golden-tongued orators as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. However simple an idea may be, Dirksen can wrap it in such euphonious rhetoric, with so many references to scripture and to the Founding Fathers, that even his most intractable opponents cannot but relish the performance. But he can deal very effectively with complicated ideas too. He has, for instance, fought hard against any tendency among his Republican colleagues to play politics over the war in Vietnam. There are legitimate differences of opinion over our conduct of that confused and tragic war, and even over the wisdom of our participation, but at least there is no Joseph McCarthy, as there was the last time American troops were fighting Communists abroad. We believe that men like Senator Dirksen are helping to keep the Vietnam debate on a responsible level, and we welcome him back to the job.

Science and snakebites

The dramatic advances of modern medicine have swept aside a great many of our most cherished home remedies, and in most cases this was probably a good thing. Whatever the virtues of mustard plasters, and vinegar and honey, they don't really stack up very well against the likes of chlorpromazine and penicillin. But it still was rather heartwarming to read about the experiments conducted recently by Dr. Herbert L. Stahnke, a professor of zoology at Arizona State University. Dr. Stahnke injected rattlesnake venom into a number of rats, then gave half of them a good stiff drink. Many more of the rats that had been given Scotch and vodka survived. While Dr. Stahnke admits that this is far from conclusive, and points out that if a man were to be fed whiskey in direct proportion he would have to consume a quart, it is good to learn that the folk remedies and "old wives' tales" were not necessarily wrong. Some of those "old wives" were pretty healthy too.

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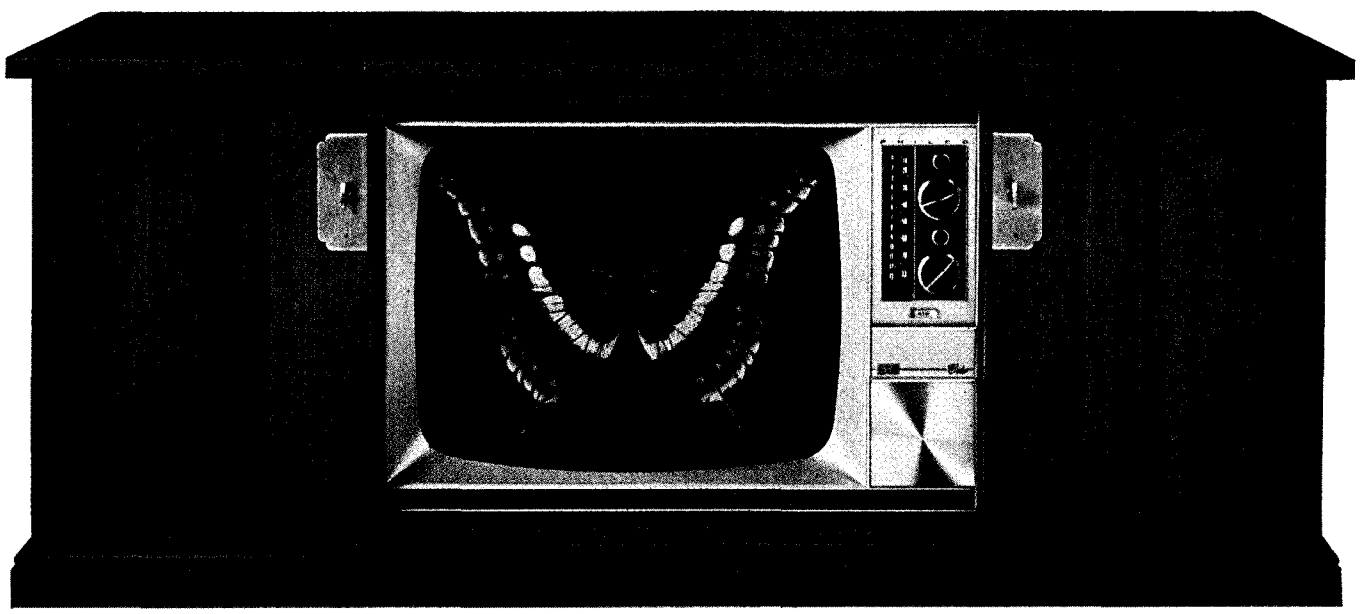

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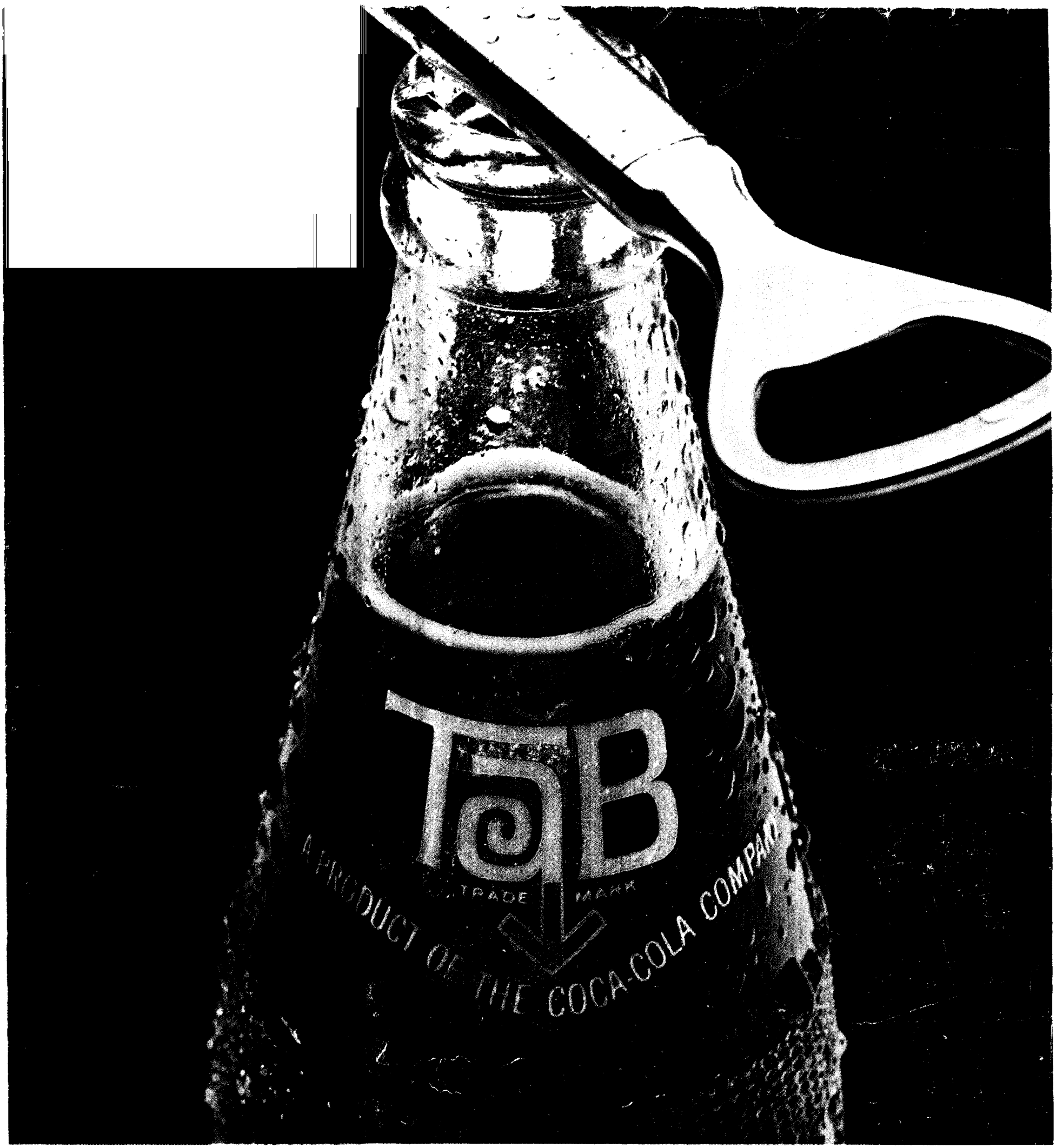

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